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ART. I. — 1. *Waverley Novels.* Household Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857 – 58.

2. *The British Poets.* SCOTT. In Nine Volumes. 12mo. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857.

THE works of no modern writer have been presented to the public in greater variety of form, with more typographic skill, or with more ample wealth of illustration, than those of Sir Walter Scott. Yet the market seems never overstocked, and every edition, from the cheapest and poorest up to the richly adorned "Abbotsford," or the still more beautiful "Library Edition," finds its appointed readers. Until now, however, there has been no American edition, at once satisfying the most critical taste, and yet within the means of the poorest lover of letters. The enterprising publishers to whom we owe the beautiful volumes noticed at the head of our article have really left us nothing to desire. The novels, gracefully and appropriately dedicated to "Washington Irving, the Friend of Sir Walter Scott," are printed from the four best edited English editions, subjected to very critical proof-reading, and illustrated by the latest notes and emendations of the author. Of the poems, we doubt if there had previously appeared so complete and carefully edited a collection as that of Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. It contains, besides the larger and well-known works, all the shorter pieces,

mottoes of chapters, and playful trifles scattered through the novels and the biography by Lockhart, with brief notes by the editor, and not unfrequently with short illustrative criticisms from the most eminent contemporaries of Scott.

To what is owing the undiminished popularity of the "Wizard of the North," magician no less when he stood openly confessed, than when veiled under the semitransparency of a pseudonyme, — no less now that the wand has been long broken, than a third of a century since, in the full plenitude of living power, — is a question which we do not propose particularly to discuss. It is the prerogative of genius to be in advance, not only of its own age, but, in large measure, of every age. Its productions never grow old. They are literally possessions for ever, κτήματα ἐς ἀεί. Homer sings to us as heroically as he did to the Greeks at Athens. Shakespeare will be as reverently studied in New Holland and New Zealand a thousand years hence, as he is in England in this day of Collier and Halliwell. And Scott will be the delight of many generations, in lands which are now the abode of savage beasts and savage men.

We review, with pleasure undiminished by familiarity, the story of Scott's early life; — the weak and sickly childhood; the vigorous youth; the activity, firmness, and courage of the boy; the sound good-sense gradually and surely developed; the story-telling dimly prophetic of future fame; the fondness for history, and stirring events, and Scottish scenes, highland and lowland; the genial companionship and joviality; the *raids*, as he called them, into Liddesdale and still more distant regions, when he explored the streams and lakes, the mountains and ruins, — when he became familiar with the huts of the poor, and learned their habits and language and songs, and stored in his capacious memory the wealth of incident and adventure which was afterwards to be poured forth, varied, combined, and enriched with all the power of an untiring fancy. Scott's acquisitions at this early period were not in the line of patient and exact scholarship, but they were abundant in the substance of literature and knowledge. He knew no Greek, confessing in late life that he had forgotten even the letters; and in Latin, though able to read most of the authors

with readiness, he was more interested in the narrative or the poetry than in the language. But one would have a narrow idea of learning and scholarship, who did not see that the boy was rich in that spirit which is the chief end of wise study.

After a due period of discipline at the high school, due attendance on the classes in the university, and the usual amount of preliminary professional study, Scott entered upon his proposed course at the bar, with fair prospects of success. This was in 1792. The weakness of the child had given place to an uncommonly vigorous manhood. A slight remaining lameness did not prevent the love or the practice of the most manly and athletic sports. "Will," said Archie Park, brother of the celebrated traveller, to William Laidlaw, when Scott first met the Selkirk troop of yeomanry, — "Will, what a strong chield that would have been, if his left leg had been like his right ane!" A few years later the young advocate, after one disappointment in love, was married to Miss Charlotte Carpenter. By degrees a taste for letters gained the ascendency in his mind. He acquired the German language, and translated from Burger and Goethe. He plunged deeper into Scotch antiquities; extended his acquaintance among literary men; visited London; printed several ballads; and altogether gave evidence of rising power. His first important work, however, was "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," published in 1802, when he was at the age of thirty-one. It brought him little money, but much fame; and more than all, it opened the way for subsequent publications, the success of which decided his course in life. His inquiries and studies, during the preparation of these volumes, had led to immense acquisitions of that peculiar knowledge which formed afterwards so largely the body of his works. Already, quite unconsciously to himself, were gathering those beautiful and gallant companies, to be in after time marshalled by his genius before the eyes of the world, and to move in imperishable beauty and spirit, beside the immortal Pilgrims to Canterbury, beside Godfrey and Tancred, beside Desdemona and Ophelia.

One step forward was still to be taken, however, before the irrevocable decision in behalf of literature was made. His

mind was already more than wavering. He had already casually remarked to Wordsworth, with a confidence which surprised the English poet, that "he felt sure he could, if he chose, get more money than ever he should wish to have, from the booksellers." Before the publication of the Minstrelsy, he had received the appointment of Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, an office of small demands upon his time, of considerable local importance, and bringing with it the acceptable addition of three hundred pounds a year to his income. Its indirect influence was still more important. It compelled him to fix his residence in the county, and thus led the way to Abbotsford, preserved and cherished the healthful freshness and simplicity of his tastes, and the breadth of his sympathy, and did much, we doubt not, to insure the soundness of his judgment, and to free him from the danger of narrow and local influences.

During these years Scott's income was such as to place him quite at ease. In 1804, from one source and another, apart from the receipts from his profession and the rewards of his literary labor, it had reached the fixed sum of a thousand pounds sterling. It is no wonder then, that, when "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" came from the press, and was so eagerly received, Scott, conscious of his own powers, and secure at any rate against want, should have determined to abandon a mistress he never loved for another whom his heart chose, and who promised him the noblest rewards. "My profession and I," he says in the delightful Introduction to that poem, "came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance.'" Yet his fee-book shows no necessity for this change, since his professional income was gradually increasing, and gave fair promise of an honorable reward to his labors, if he had chosen to continue them.

The "Lay" was born of the "Minstrelsy," but the direct occasion of its production was the request of a lady (the Countess of Dalkeith), that he would write a ballad on Gilpin Horner. The recollection of the wild music of Coleridge's

"Christabel," repeated to him some time previously by a friend, suggested the then unusual metre. The kick of a horse, when he was on duty as Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons, confining him for three days to his lodging, the sound of the bugle and the sight of military manœuvres expanded his ideas on a larger scale, and suggested the tumults and incidents of border warfare. A friend advised the division into cantos, with a suggestive motto to each, and his mind, in a moment of inspiration, leaped to the happy conception of the last minstrel. After being long on the stocks, and part of it having been communicated to many friends, the poem was at last published, in 1805. It at once flashed into universal popularity. Critics and poets, gentle and simple, were alike charmed. Both Pitt and Fox, bending from their high places, united to render their tribute of sincere admiration. The life and freshness, the rapid movement and picturesque scenes, the touch of mystery and magic, the solemn earnestness, and the pathos touched the common heart. Poetry descended from her lofty throne and walked among men. Her stiffness and formality were dashed aside by the new-comer, who seemed clothed with the fire of Homer and the tenderness and simplicity of the old ballads.

His great success left Scott, as we have said, no choice but to abandon the bar as a profession, and to betake himself to literature. But even now his calmness, self-possession, and good sense did not fail him, in the midst of the universal adulation, and he seems to have entered on his new career with modest hopes, justified by a fair estimate of his own capacities, as well as by the favor of the public, on which he seems not to have reckoned too strongly.

The introductions to the different works of Scott, furnished for the complete edition of 1830, abound in pictures of great beauty and exquisite humor, deepening not unfrequently into tender pathos or profound wisdom. In that prefixed to the "Lay," he indicates the principles by which he early determined to be guided in his literary life, — principles which, if generally followed by writers, would have saved many a child of genius from unnumbered sorrows.

"It was my first resolution," he says, "to keep as far as was in my

power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, is apt to ascribe a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement, of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick to the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

"My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple brass of Horace, of which those of my profession are seldom held deficient, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

"It is to the observance of these rules, (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labors of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a still more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties."— *Introduction to the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, pp. 13, 14.

Thus Scott found himself, at the age of thirty-four, after thirteen years of indifferent service, withdrawing from the bar to a more congenial life. He was destined, however, for many years to sit beneath the shadow of the Bench in the Scottish Court of Session, and to spend a portion of every day in the mere mechanical occupation of a clerk. In looking about for some mode of retreat at once honorable and not without profit, he soon found one of those "respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher honors." Through the kindness of his friends, he obtained, during the year 1806, the reversion of the clerkship of the above-named court, upon the labors of which office he at once entered, although he did not

receive its emoluments for many years after. His prospects had now come to be most flattering. Living at ease, with a sufficient income, surrounded by friends whom he "grappled to him with hooks of steel," known and esteemed all over the kingdom, with a family growing up about him in health and prosperity, there seemed little more for him to desire, or little which he might fairly desire that he could not obtain. Yet, as all prosperity has its attendant peril, and "no man may be accounted happy till his death," one who could have seen the end of Scott's career from its beginning, would have preferred for him a more moderate measure of early success.

James Ballantyne, at Scott's suggestion, had removed from Kelso some time before, and established himself as a printer in Edinburgh. The demands upon his press, in consequence of the beauty of his work, exceeded his power to meet them without an increase of capital. He applied to Scott, his old friend, from whom he had already received assistance, for additional aid. Scott at first demurred, but finally agreed to furnish a loan on condition of being admitted as partner in the business, and at once put into it the whole fortune at his disposal. Thus he entered on that career which, bringing to him many facilities, and making his way easy along heights of unexampled prosperity, finally ended in a precipice off which he fell with those to whom he was thus irrevocably bound. For a while all went on, not only well, but in a manner the best possible. Gigantic undertakings already loomed up in the distance, — a complete edition of the British Poets, the works of Dryden, poems, even novels. Some of these were carried out, and some failed. It is certain that Waverley was commenced as early as 1805, though it was thrown aside for a seven years' sleep after a few chapters had been written. The poet seems also to have entered upon that methodical employment of his time, without which not one of his schemes in a hundred could have been realized. He habitually rose early, dressed himself as he intended to remain till dinner-time, and by six o'clock was at his desk. At noon his day's work was done, and he was ready for those constant excursions on horseback or on foot to which he owed so much of his health of mind as well as of body.

"Marmion" was published in 1808, and was received with little less enthusiasm than the "Lay," although with somewhat more closeness of criticism. It certainly has held its ground for fifty years quite as firmly as the earlier work, and the general opinion would probably affirm that Scott never rose to a loftier or more vigorous flight than in the last canto; nor indeed would it be easy to find a poet, from Homer downward, by whom this portion of the poem has been surpassed. The following years were very busy and very happy. One work followed another, and the literary labor was interspersed with a constant succession of agreeable occupations, visits to friends, buying, building, and planting at Abbotsford, journeys to London, and excursions northward even to the "wind-swept Orcades." The Quarterly Review sprang up from Jeffrey's article on Marmion. Dryden, Somers, and Sadler were edited. In 1810, "The Lady of the Lake," the most widely popular, perhaps, of all the longer poems, saw the light. "The Vision of Don Roderick," "Rokeby," and "The Bridal of Triermain," followed in rapid succession.

And now, when the vein of chivalric poetry was somewhat exhausted, a new candidate for public favor arose, more audacious, less scrupulously moral, at once surprising and delighting by strength and intensity of movement, by absolute command of an unusual metre allowing a more noble music, by new yet familiar scenes, and by the powerful exhibition of human sympathies and passions. Scott did not yield the ground at once, yet he felt that his empire was less secure; and while meditating the abdication of the poetic crown, he fell by accident upon the forgotten pages of Waverley. At once he determined to try a new venture. The novel was finished with great rapidity, — the last two volumes being written during the evenings of three weeks, while the author was performing all his duties as clerk, — and printed anonymously. There was a risk, it was thought by the booksellers, in the publication. Constable, the most enterprising of the tribe, refused to give a thousand pounds for the copyright, at the same time that he was glad to offer fifteen hundred guineas for one half the copyright of "The Lord of the Isles," and it was finally published on an agreement to divide the

profits equally between author and publisher. Within a year several distinct editions had been disposed of, and each partner in the bargain had received considerably more than a thousand pounds. The vein proved indeed rich, — how rich no one then conjectured, — and the author needed but a single experiment more to lead him to desert the old mine for the new. That experiment was "The Lord of the Isles," the sale of which, compared with anything he had written before, was small, and still less when compared with the vast circulation which was at once given to some of Byron's poems.

The announcement of this fact, made to him by Ballantyne, was a trying disappointment, but he rallied at once, with accustomed manliness. "At length," writes Ballantyne, in his memoranda, "he said with perfect cheerfulness, 'Well, well, James, so be it; but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else'; — and so he dismissed me, and resumed his novel." The new novel was Guy Mannering, "the work of six weeks at a Christmas." "It was published, like Waverley, in three humble little volumes," within a month after "The Lord of the Isles," and, by its appearance so soon, increased the doubt whether it was possible for the author of both to be the same person. The secret of authorship, — at first concealed, partly in caprice and partly from prudence, assuming some importance from the unexpected popularity of the novels, adding to the interest by stimulating curiosity, and prompting some very ingenious literary criticisms, — though open to many friends, was carefully preserved, occasionally by means of at least doubtful morality, it being denied sometimes playfully, and sometimes with rather too much seriousness, until the bankruptcy of the publishers compelled a disclosure; in which, after all, the main interest was the assertion of Sir Walter's sole and undivided claim to the production of his own works.

It is quite unnecessary to follow the career of splendid and unexampled successes, as rapid, startling, and contrary to all precedent, in literature, as those of Napoleon in war. The times favored the writer. All were waiting for his coming. Scottish literature had not kept pace with Scottish science,

nor advanced much beyond the conquests of a former day. Black, Playfair, Adam Smith, Hume, Reid, Stewart, Robertson, were hardly equalled by Ramsay, Home, Beattie, and Mackenzie; Burns was comparatively little known, and imperfectly appreciated; and especially throughout the whole island was there a dearth of fictitious literature. Scott's intellect seems to have been in its high meridian between 1814 and 1819, in the years of his own life from forty-three to forty-eight. During this time he finished Waverley, and produced Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Old Mortality, Rob Roy, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, and Ivanhoe. In the last of this grand and unequalled series, his genius may be said to have culminated. Certainly, in splendor of exhibition, vigor of movement, extraordinary vividness of scenes, exhibition of manners and life, and breadth of interest, if not in tenderness of personal feeling, nothing that he wrote ever surpassed it. Both before and after this period he did great things, — enough, and more than enough, to secure perpetual honor in the world of letters, — enough to make the fame of half a dozen men of ordinary capacity. Outside of these limits we find on one side, the Lay, Marmion, and The Lady of the Lake; and on the other, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, The Talisman, and Woodstock. But these, beautiful, grand, and unique as they are, are the lesser peaks of the majestic range, the Eiger and the Mönch, compared with the Jungfrau, Monte Rosa, and Mont Blanc.

To estimate the rank of Scott's genius, we must look at its force and its nature, at the quantity of the production and the quality. When we remember that from 1802, when the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border appeared, until 1831, a period of twenty-nine years, not a twelvemonth elapsed (with but a single exception), in which he did not publish some original work, and in some years so large a number of such works that the average reaches four volumes a year for every year of his life after he was thirty, besides editing such ponderous works as Somers's Tracts, Sadler's Life and Letters, Dryden's Works, and Swift's Works, besides, also, reviews and songs and letters without number, we may form some idea of the irrepressible force within, as well as of the exhaustless energy in

execution. For a considerable portion of this time, Scott was not impelled to write by present or prospective want. He was in possession of an ample income, and had already accumulated, as he thought, not only a competency, but what might be fairly considered affluence. Yet he labored as if the bread of every day were dependent on his unflagging exertion. Now this power of continuous production, even were the material produced but of moderate value, is no small gift. The full and steady stream gushes not from a cistern, but only from perennial fountains, with their sources deep within the everlasting hills. The works of Scott were not the result of an accidental stimulus, but of native, irrepressible faculties, whose very life was action. With equal force of thought, there is doubtless in different men a vastly different amount of written production. One often spends his time in concentration, composes slowly, meditates profoundly, and brings forth with pain. With Scott, to write was almost as easy as to think. His facility of composition was really prodigious, and combined with this were an industry and a resolution quite as extraordinary. When a novel was on the stocks, it may be said that he was composing at *all* times; not only in his study, but in his rides, his walks, and even sitting at his clerk's desk in the courts. Of this, one of his biographers gives an interesting, and, we can easily believe, an authentic account. On one occasion when Jeffrey was arguing a case with great felicity and eloquence, Scott was observed to be very busy in writing. After the plea was finished, Jeffrey leaned over the bar, and archly requested of Scott a sight of his *notes*. The request was at once granted, and the manuscript, written with flying pen, proved to be the lyric commencing: —

> "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
> Pibroch of Donuil,
> Wake thy wild voice anew,
> Summon Clan-Conuil."

Scott asserted that the spirit of the lyric was all owing to the eloquence of the advocate. At another time, it is said, the poet was so much engrossed in his own thoughts, that, in drawing up a decision of the judges, he precisely reversed it.

Fortunately, it was examined before being signed, and the error remedied by a new record.

"Frequently," says one writer, "Scott sat doing nothing but staring about him in a vacant manner, with his under lip far drawn into his mouth, as if he experienced a difficulty in breathing. At such times, his countenance seemed to have rather a stolid expression; but to those who examined it closely, it evidently arose from intensity of internal rumination. He would frequently cast his eyes up to the gallery, which fronted the bench, and when any strange-looking rustic lout happened to be there, he usually watched his demeanor for a good while, and often broke out into a hearty laugh, as if tickled by the associations called up by the appearance of the personage before him. During these involuntary cachinnations, his face assumed a peculiarly droll expression. His eyes, which, in what may be termed the moments of repose, gave little animation to his features, appeared then to light up the whole visage with the sunshine of humor."

So well did this habit of his seem to be understood by his friends and intimates, that, when walking in the "outer house," as was his custom during the recesses of the court, he was frequently left to himself, as if they were unwilling to interrupt, by unimportant conversation, the train of thought which he might be carrying out for a new novel or poem. The preliminary labor may thus be said to have been often entirely accomplished when the author took his seat at his desk, and his pen seldom waited for his mind. Scott was undoubtedly aided in this power of rapid composition by his methodical habits, as well as by that extraordinary memory, which kept sleepless watch over every fact, event, and word once committed to its charge, and rendered them up in due time with untiring docility.

In turning to the quality of these productions of Scott, we believe that time will never reverse the decision pronounced by acclamation throughout the civilized world. We accept the judgment given more than a generation since, that "the Waverley Novels are, even from their mere popularity, the most striking literary phenomena of the age." Scott is still the monarch of novelists, — still wears the crown, the right to which none has dared to dispute. He marches in the van of a bold, ambitious, daring, and chivalrous company of friends

and rivals, drawn from all countries and climes, and armed with all sorts of weapons. One is more agile, another more wary, one with sharper wit, another more subtile in delineation of character, another keener in satire, this more a master of the sea, and that more familiar with the slang of thieves and the vulgarities of crime; but in the completeness of accomplishment in the whole circle of "morall and polliticke vertues," who can be compared with him? The Red Cross Knight and Sir Guyon, Artegall and Britomartis, move before us with dignity and power, they compel our admiration and win our love, but Arthur overtops them all.

If one seeks for terrible and bloody catastrophes, for intense excitements, for sly and bitter satire, for plots intricate as the problem of the perturbations of Uranus, or for any unnatural or fantastic modes of exciting or keeping the attention, he will be disappointed. If he is looking for the profoundest depths of passion; obstinate questionings; thoughts which wander through eternity; hearts dissected in the agony of awful sorrow; crime working out by slow degrees and against itself its own punishment, or overwhelming the good in remediless ruin, the avenging Nemesis tracking her victim to the world's end; the intensity of Dante; the cold subtilty of Goethe; the wild and beautiful and terrible scenes which Shakespeare calls up so easily, — he will find but glimpses and intimations. Tragedies and comedies there are in Scott, but almost every single quality which goes to constitute them we may see matched in some other modern novelist; yet none can equal the grand combination of excellences which we trace in him. He still remains the standard by which we unconsciously measure all others.

One ground of the fame of Scott is, that he virtually created a new school of novelists. Detecting the weaknesses, while he acknowledged the power, of the great story-writers that had gone before him, from De Foe to Smollett, he chose a new path, capable of endless ramifications, and leading over loftier and serener heights, through sweeter meadows and by purer streams. When he appeared, but one novelist, Miss Edgeworth, commanded the popular ear; and her genius, though admirable, moved within well-understood limits.

"The dead past had buried its dead." The field was fresh for the new champion, and he careered over it with such grace and strength, such splendor of appearance, such kingly courtesy, such gentleness and sweetness, that for a time there seemed room for no other.

The permanent grounds of the perpetual delight which Scott affords, are found in his broad and strong pictures of life in many ages and countries, his high and generous spirit, his refinement, gentleness, and delicacy, his catholicity of taste, his high-toned honor, his patriotism and humanity, and, in general, his sound morality. He shares with Shakespeare the great virtue of being at once thoroughly national and widely cosmopolitan. Each product has the flavor of the native soil, yet each is rooted in sympathies of which none can claim exclusive possession. Scotland owes him a debt which she may well despair of paying. He made her a classic land. He peopled her shaggy solitudes. Her cities and towns, her forests, her lakes, her mountains, her battle-fields, her great men, her martyrs, her history, started into new life under his magic touch. Scotchmen all over the world received higher honor, and might well become more proud of their birth-land, because of him; and through his writings Scotland herself acquired more substantial power than by any political event in her history since the union of the two crowns. No future Johnson will repeat his sneering definition of "oats," nor can any general satire on the country be other than malicious dulness or falsehood. This high praise cannot be given, in equal extent, to any writer of the world. At the same time he touches the universal heart of the race. If he moves with consummate courtesy and grace among the most cultivated and refined, he is no less at home with the lowly, as true in delineating their life, as full of admiration for their humble virtues, and of pity for their misfortunes. Hence no writer seems more closely bound to his readers by something like the ties of a personal friendship.

We cannot help quoting a few words in evidence equally of Scott's sound literary judgment and of the healthfulness of his sympathies. They were in reply to Lockhart, who had said something of poets and novelists as looking at things only in reference to art.

"A soft and pensive shade came over Scott's face as he said, 'I fear you have some very young ideas in your head. Are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature, — to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.'"

Of similar purport is his reply to his daughter Anne, who happened to say of something, "that she could not abide it, — it was *vulgar*." "My love," said her father, "you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar?* 'T is only *common;* nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon*."

This feeling it was which led him with the truest instinct to avoid the rock on which, with his high tastes and ambition, he might have been wrecked. If we look at it closely, we may find no one trait so thoroughly distinguishing Sir Walter from the great body of romance-writers who preceded him, as his deep spirit of humanity; and it is precisely this which takes his writings from the sphere of merely immediate and temporary interest, and stamps them with immortality.

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,"

into the fleeting and transitory scenes which he has pictured so graphically, he has thrown enough of the salt of human joys and sorrows, of temptation and triumph, of patient endurance and high resolve, of fidelity and love, to preserve them for ever. We may become indifferent to joust

and tournament, to Highland and Lowland, but never to Rebecca, the "bright, consummate flower" of a despised and persecuted race,—never to the self-denial and truth and meek heroism of Jeanie Deans, the high loyalty of Flora M'Ivor, the courtesy of Mannering, the rough virtues of Rob Roy, or the good sense, kindness, and substantial excellence of the Antiquary.

No writer but Shakespeare has so largely peopled our world with real characters endowed with more than the life of history. What a void would be left in our thoughts were they removed! These characters, too, not a few of them, partake largely of the Shakespearian type of vitality. They are made known to us, not by description, but by their words and their actions. They glow with life. They act and speak as they do, because they are what they are. Nor are we stimulated to observe them through any unnatural exaggeration of qualities, or caricaturing of faults and foibles, but by a well-sustained exhibition of traits which in themselves are replete with interest. To excite surprise and attract attention by a display of the monstrous and distorted, is far easier than by justness and accuracy of delineation to depict some of the multitudinous forms of original character. A writer of an inferior order may seize upon some hideous or ludicrous characteristic, and make it play a striking part among the scenes and incidents of fiction; but it requires higher powers to develop the various and conflicting elements of a complicated character, and higher still to interweave the thousand strands of many lives so as to produce an harmonious unity. It is easy to determine the law which governs the falling of a stone, but to discover and demonstrate the complicated laws of the celestial mechanics is quite a different matter. Now Scott is none the less a master in this subtile and grand department of fiction, because he conceals his skill, and leaves us to discover it only by the results.

In reviewing at this distance of time the historical fictions of Sir Walter, we are struck with their general truthfulness. Individual pictures are liable to criticism. Neither Cromwell nor Charles may appear in the exactest colors and propor-

tions. Claverhouse may be too attractive, and the Puritans too sour. Scott was strong in his political feelings, yet he was also magnanimous, chivalrous, and just. No history will give us pictures so thoroughly true, or half so vivid, of the unsettled and turbulent society of England in the time of Richard, as does "Ivanhoe"; of the strifes and dissensions of the Crusaders, and the arts of the Saracens, as does "The Talisman"; of the spirit and policy of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, as does "Quentin Durward"; of the strangely compounded character of James, as does "The Fortunes of Nigel." And even on the more delicate and hazardous ground of religious differences, although correctness of statement is much more difficult, and prejudice stronger, we cannot see that Scott fairly laid himself open to very severe criticism. His mind, though serious and earnest, was not profoundly religious, and he might well mistake or misunderstand the depth and awfulness of those convictions and emotions which led martyrs joyful to the stake, or even misconceive the better side of that enthusiasm and fanaticism by which they were driven to the caves, or "scattered on the *Scottish* mountains cold"; yet not only was Scott's life irreproachable on the score of morality, but the national spirit, devout, simple, and steadfast, came down to him through his ancestors, the under color of old Presbyterianism shone through the lights and shadows of his maturer tastes, and the noble and beautiful liturgy of the Church of England was familiar to him by choice. The Colonel Gardiner of Waverley is the Colonel Gardiner of Dr. Doddridge. The truthfulness of Jeanie Deans under the most terrible temptation that could assail a loving heart, sprang from a devoutly religious, God-fearing soul. When "Old Mortality" first appeared, it was assailed vigorously and angrily by Dr. M'Crie, on the charge of its defaming the character of the Covenanters; but the criticism seems to us more vehement than necessary, and we more than doubt whether the early defenders of the faith in Scotland against the unwise efforts of the English government and the persecutions of Lauderdale and Claverhouse, stand less high in the general esteem than they would have done had Scott never written. They certainly are more widely known, and as a body they move

before us even on his canvas, pure in life, lofty in resolution, and heroic in endurance.

It has been somewhat the fashion to speak slightingly of the poetry of Scott; yet in its line what other has been so popular, or has maintained so permanent a hold on the public regard? There is indeed a "fatal facility" in the metre which he chose, and a strong temptation to be betrayed into carelessness and superficiality. Yet in dwelling upon the spiritual essence of poetry, it is possible to estimate its music at too low a rate. And when we look at the pictures of life, at the movement of the action, the variety of incident, the gentleness and tenderness, the truth and moral purity of every poem, we need not be surprised that no poet of "fifty years since" has so entirely kept his ground. It were quite unfair to compare him with Shakespeare or Milton or Spenser or Byron or Wordsworth. He aimed at no such flight as the "first three"; he yielded before the intense vehemence and the philosophic profoundness of the others. But he was free from the morbidness and immorality of Byron, and from the didactic quietness, the occasional prosaic simplicity, and the rather dangerous self-esteem of Wordsworth. Not occupying the "glory-smitten summit" of English song, to which indeed he did not aspire, he will long move, we believe, in honorable fellowship with those who midway encircle the poetic mountain with beauty and joy.

The four or five years following the publication of Ivanhoe were among the happiest. Scott had acquired an ample fortune, and re-established an honored name. For more than two thirds of the period ordinarily assigned to a generation, he had contributed more to the delight of tens and hundreds of thousands than any other man. His productions had become almost a necessity of life. He was overwhelmed with attentions and praises, which would have destroyed the balance of a mind not firmly fixed upon its centre. Not without labor, yet with few disheartening struggles, with the least possible envy and jealousy, and attended all along his way with congratulations and kind wishes, he had reached the highest literary eminence in the kingdom. He was the representative man of Scotland, and daily more and more the observed of all

observers. Lawrence, at the command of his sovereign, painted his portrait, and Chantrey sculptured him in marble. Both Oxford and Cambridge tendered to him honorary degrees. The king, of his own motion, created him a baronet. Wealth flowed in upon him in a stream so deep and full and steady as to seem exhaustless. Ashestiel, where he was a tenant, had long before been exchanged for Abbotsford, and Abbotsford had grown from the small though comfortable house, into the fantastic, castellated, pointed, pinnacled, and turreted structure, his joy and pride, crowded with comfort, bursting full with books and paintings, steel armor and curious weapons, relics of the chase and objects of antiquity, — the Mecca of pilgrims from many countries. From its windows its master looked out over his broad plantations, upon objects to whose fame his pen had contributed not a little, and which he loved almost as a child loves its mother, — upon the Eildon Hills, Melrose Abbey, and the Tweed. The love of possession grew by what it fed on. Land and still more land was added to the original estate; — here a hill and there a glen; a loch on this side to correspond with the river on that; here the veritable haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, and there the battle-ground of Melrose. Nature had clothed his possessions with richness. The hills which he purchased barren and bare were waving with foliage and fruitful with harvests. He cut timber from forests which his own hand had planted. His children were prospering in the world; his grandchildren already enlivening the house with their prattle. His name and lineage should not close with himself. Strangers in ever increasing numbers flocked to Abbotsford, attracted not only by the fame, but by the ample hospitality, the considerate, refined, and gentle courtesy of the host. Friends, too, among all classes, gentle and simple, were becoming more numerous and more kind. We are not surprised at the strong and universal attachment to Scott, personally, among all who knew him; for there have been few natures more happily formed for friendship than his, few with a spirit more genial, with a disposition so destitute of envy and jealousy, or with manners less lordly, overbearing, or dictatorial.*

* An anecdote, never, we believe, printed till now, may illustrate Scott's gener-

Scott was a high Tory in politics, yet some of his most intimate acquaintances were Whigs. He was devoted to royalty and power and rank, yet his sympathies were ever with the lowly and humble, with the natural and not the artificial; and the characters which he portrays with the most warmth, and through which his own heart's blood seems to circulate, are such as the poor fishermen of Fife, or the devout cow-feeder of St. Leonard's.

His relations to other authors had always been genial and friendly. We do not remember a word of harsh or unkind criticism, or an ungenerous judgment, and many were the young writers to whom his sympathy and counsels, and sometimes his pen, were free. He who loved so broadly, how could he but be loved in turn? Men as opposite as Byron and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Moore, seem reconciled under the shadow of his wide humanity. No literary life was ever attended with such a splendid retinue; no literary man — not even Johnson — was ever the centre of a group of philosophers, poets, critics, artists, and men of affairs, more ample in intellect, more various in tastes, more hearty in friendship. Yet how mingled with sadness now is the thought of all that building and buying and furnishing, the taste and kindness of friends called so largely into requisition, the rejoicing of neighbors, the enjoyment and hope of the illustrious owner! All the apartments of Abbotsford were thrown open on the 9th of January, 1825, at a ball given in honor of the affianced bride of young Walter. They were never but once thrown open for company again, and that was at Sir Walter's funeral. The wheel of fortune never stands

ous appreciation of favors received, and the enhanced value he gave to the acknowledgment by his manner of expressing it. There had been some obstacles interposed by the friends of Miss Jobson to her marriage with Scott's eldest son. These — known, of course, only to the parties interested — were removed mainly through the intervention of a mutual friend, Rev. Dr. Dickson of Edinburgh. After the matter had been fully settled, the Doctor was invited to dine with Sir Walter and a few friends. Near the close of the dinner, Scott asked Dr. Dickson, who sat near the opposite end of the table, to do him the favor to exchange snuff-boxes. As the boxes passed to the opposite ends of the table, Scott proposed as a toast the health of the Rev. Dr. Dickson, *a friend at a pinch*, and the Doctor, on looking at the box, saw that it was an elegant one of gold, bearing his own name, with the addition, "From his friends Walter Scott and Ann Jobson."

still, and he who would moralize on the vanity of human wishes finds here, not only the text, but the sermon.

During all these last proud and happy years, a sagacious observer might have more than once noticed something — leaning buttress, or loosened stone, or settling foundation — to awaken suspicion, and excite fears for the security of the aerial structure of that great fortune,

> "rising with the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

Recent purchases, at high prices, had made a demand on Scott's resources not very easy to be met. Personal and family expenses had increased. The sale of the later novels had fallen off from the standard of the Heart of Mid-Lothian and Ivanhoe, and this, with injudicious kindness, had been kept from the knowledge of the author. At the same time, his publisher, proud of success, was forming gigantic plans, and pursuing them with something of the audacity and recklessness of a despot.

At the moment, then, of highest prosperity and unclouded joy, when the marriage-bells were ringing, and he had just settled Abbotsford with its ample domains upon his son by the marriage contract, the shadow of the coming eclipse was already creeping over the horizon, and within a twelvemonth all was darkness and dismay;

> "The lights were fled,
> The garlands dead,"

and Scott was left to a few years of comparative poverty, to the most overwhelming labor, but yet to friendships the noblest, because proved so severely, and to high, perpetual honor.

Scott lived a double life; — one genial and free among his friends and neighbors, a life of activity and business, of prudence and sound sense and practical judgment, of planting and building, of hunting and fishing, of visiting and entertaining; and another of fancy and romance, in the past and the distant, among the shadows of early history, among the creatures with which his own imagination had peopled the world. He lived in a world of books, and of rare books. He seldom read newspapers, and except the larger questions

of politics, or the immediate interests of his friends, seemed to have little concern in what was going on among men. It was not strange then, if, dwelling so much in an unreal world, his plans should have been sometimes visionary, nor that, in the full tide of the most extraordinary literary success ever seen, he should have forgotten some of the requisites of commercial soundness and strength. It much exalts, then, our estimate of the self-possession, the entire self-mastery of his mind, to read, in some of his letters, the prudent and wise counsels which he was able to give to others, and the unquestionably sound principles of conducting pecuniary affairs which he commended. His mistake was, in being linked with those over whom he had but a partial control, and of whose affairs he had but a partial knowledge.

Early in January, 1826, came the crash which involved Sir Walter in irretrievable ruin. Constable failed. Ballantyne was connected with Constable, Scott directly or indirectly with both, and all went together. "It was between eight and nine in the morning," says Ballantyne, in his memorandum (January 17), "that I made the final communication. No doubt he was greatly stunned, but upon the whole he bore it with wonderful fortitude." Soon after, his friend Mr. Skene came in by appointment. Scott rose and said, "My friend, give me a shake of your hand, — mine is that of a beggar." Then came the revelation to the world of the great author's commercial relations. Then followed how many sneers from the vulgar, how many self-complacent expressions of pity, how much blame from the prudent, what profound sorrow from his friends, what deep mortification to Scott himself, who had concealed his business partnership from his most intimate companions, — yet how much noble sympathy from every land penetrated by his fame! In a moment his air-castles were dissolved, his children were without patrimony, Abbotsford fading from his grasp, and a debt of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds weighing upon his shoulders. His own imagination had hardly conceived a position more appallingly calamitous, or demanding more force of character to meet and surmount it. Yet even this was

necessary for a complete demonstration of the true nobility of Scott's life. "All was lost but honor"; but that never shone so bright, never rose so high and beautiful, as when emerging from the clouds of that melancholy year. The oak was fearfully wrenched by the blast, stripped of its leaves, and bereft of some of its branches; yet it stood firm, its trunk unbroken, and its roots still going down into the heart of the earth.

"Scott ruined!" said the Earl of Dudley when he first heard of the catastrophe; "the author of Waverley ruined! Good God! let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild." This was said of Englishmen in 1826. But give it a literal and universal application at the present day, and what a fabulous stream of wealth would be flowing towards Abbotsford from every province of the world! It is sad to think that for the want of a tithe of that which millions would have counted it all honor to give, a frame so strong, a mind so affluent, should have been pressed prematurely to the grave. But no constitution could avert the inevitable result, nor indeed would any aid be received. It was most generously offered, but respectfully and firmly declined. The harvest must be gathered by him who sowed the seed.

It would have been commercially fair and honorable to attempt a composition with the creditors, and none would have refused the most favorable terms. But Scott's nice sense of justice would not allow this, so long as a possibility remained of a more favorable issue; and he at once set himself to the monstrous task, of which no literary man before or since could so much as have dreamed, of coining from his own brain six hundred thousand dollars. The narrative reads like a romance, yet no writer of novels would dare attach to any hero so improbable a story. He proceeded at once with cheerfulness to adapt himself to his changed circumstances. His town residence was given up; his establishment at Abbotsford diminished; his hospitality somewhat curtailed; his property fairly put under the charge of his creditors; and he himself, bending to work as if in the full vigor of youth,

sent forth volume after volume, novels, biographies, histories, as if he commanded a score of brains and a hundred hands. Henceforth no time was given to himself. The methodical diligence of former years was insufficient. His labor began as before with the early morning, but it ended only when he was obliged to sleep at night. No hour was allowed for reading, for recreation, or for pleasure. All was cheerfully consecrated to work. Woodstock went on at the same time with negotiations with creditors. The Life of Napoleon followed close upon it. The Chronicles of the Canongate, first and second series, appeared soon after. Then the Tales of a Grandfather, Anne of Geierstein, the History of Scotland, and Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, all at the rate, for three years, of nearly ten volumes a year! The copyright of the Waverley Novels was also bought in, and a new edition published, which reached an average sale of twenty-three thousand copies. "In the mere *production* of the work, apart from the sale," says Mr. Chambers, "nearly a thousand persons were supported." Within four years, besides his personal and family expenses, he had paid to his creditors fifty-four thousand pounds. At this rate of working, it was evident, even to the incredulous, that the great debt would soon be cancelled. But, alas! his sturdy frame could not endure the unrelaxing labor. He was coining his blood for drachmas. And of this he was not unwarned. Not yet an old man, he grew weak, and still more weak. One recreation after another was abandoned. At last a stroke of something like paralysis startled all his friends, as too sure a monition of what might be near at hand. His physicians forbade labor; but what could stop the working of his brain? The mill would grind, if not wheat, then the stones themselves. At last it became evident that the only hope lay in rest so far as it was possible, and a long absence from home. A voyage to Italy was decided on. The government placed a frigate at his disposal. On the 23d of September, 1831, Sir Walter left Abbotsford to return only to die. Wordsworth had come to take leave of him the day before, and commemorated his visit and the sad occasion of it in one of the finest sonnets in our language.

"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!"

The journey, the voyage, and the foreign residence were attended with the most assiduous kindness of friends, the delicate courtesy of strangers, and with some pleasure to the invalid. Yet the clouds of disease gradually gathered thicker and thicker, and the party were obliged at last to hurry home, almost by forced marches. On the 11th of July, 1832, lying almost torpid in his carriage, Sir Walter drew near to Abbotsford. The old scenes revived the old affections, and for a little while seemed to feed the exhausted lamp with fresh oil. His mind, in its few hours of consciousness, turned to the Bible, the Liturgy, and a few favorite poets, especially Crabbe. On the morning of the 17th of September, he awoke with perfect consciousness, and, calling for Mr. Lockhart, gave him his touching legacy of kind advice, too memorable to be forgotten, deserving to be engraved in letters of gold: "*Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, — be virtuous, — be religious, — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.*" These were among his last words. Four days of almost entire unconsciousness followed, and the generous, noble heart ceased to beat.

"It was a beautiful day, — so warm that every window was wide open, — and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

"So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings."

The title of great has been denied to Scott. His ambitions have been pronounced "worldly," and his life merely "economical, material, of the earth, earthy." This judgment seems to us not only harsh, but narrow and false. It were easy to adopt a standard according to which no man could be called great. "God only is great," said the French preacher, and who will deny the truth of the utterance? It is the dictate of inspiration, and equally of philosophy and of history. But when we speak of greatness in man, it is, of course, in comparison with man. We confess that, in the sphere in which he moves, we look upon Scott as very great. As a writer, and still more as a man, judged by what he did and by what he was, we cannot fail to acknowledge the propriety of that eminence which, by common consent, he occupies. That he stands on the same ground with Dante and Shakespeare and Milton, we of course would not affirm. He nowhere presents us with the model of a perfect character, or attempts to solve the full problem of life. Such is not the aim of his fictions. But in depicting the peculiarities of different times and scenes, in giving to the abundant suggestions of his imagination "a local habitation and a name," he has realized high thoughts, generosity and magnanimity, the constancy of martyrs, the self-devotion of patriots, the courage of men and the modesty of women, and a thousand of the virtues and graces which go so far towards ennobling and beautifying life. And still he himself was always greater than anything that he produced. We are not surprised in him at any production of high quality, but are rather surprised, and ascribe it to some accident, if by any distance he fails of the noblest aim. True, the splendors of life caught and delighted his eager eye; the temptations of wealth and applause, the fascination of rank, position, and an honored name, were nearly irresistible. Let us acknowledge that he thought more of these things than a very wise man would. Yet to consider these as the governing elements of his life would be no more just, than to see in

Bacon only his dishonor, or in Goethe nothing but his cool and detestable selfishness. And, allowing these strong tastes of Scott, do they not enhance the serenity and self-possession with which he yielded his hopes and expectations? Few men have been tried by such prosperity and by such adversity, and proved themselves so fully equal to either fortune. Few men have climbed to the dizzy heights of wealth and popularity, and stood there with firmer feet and more unmoved brain. Fewer still have seen the highest worldly good vanish in smoke, and still retained in undiminished lustre all their strength and beauty of character. If he had loved these things as the supreme good, could he have relinquished them with so little regret? "I have seen," he says to Laidlaw, after the catastrophe, "all that society can show, and enjoyed all that wealth can give me, and I am satisfied that much is vanity, if not vexation of spirit." Here, at least, as well as in those last words to Lockhart, is there not an effluence of divine wisdom? We do not commend the life of Scott as being governed by absolutely the wisest aims. We see and feel that, if he had obtained all that he struggled for, it would not have been the greatest or best possession. But did not he feel this too? Did he not form an estimate of wealth and popularity, and station and power, on the whole as nearly just as any of his critics have?

Great praise indeed it is that Scott preserved in all his writings so high a moral tone. He was not betrayed by his popularity into any licentiousness of picture or of phrase, and from beginning to end scrupulously avoided every sentiment which would offend the moral judgment of the most sensitive. He had no ambition to attract the praises of the vulgar by ministering, however indirectly, to their self-indulgence. And this not from policy, but from principle. We cannot forego the satisfaction of quoting a short passage from the Introduction to Ivanhoe, as showing a striking clearness of moral insight, as well as the method in which that element of character affected his productions.

"The character of the fair Jewess," he says, "found so much favor in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not

assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such a union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, verily virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

With these words of truth and wisdom, we close. We assent again to the free, spontaneous judgment of the world; and, with reverence and love, would add one more leaf to the immortal chaplet, one more flower to the ever-blooming amaranth.

ART. II. — 1. *Botany for Young People and Common Schools. — How Plants Grow, a simple Introduction to Structural Botany. With a Popular Flora, or an Arrangement and Description of Common Plants, both Wild and Cultivated.* Illustrated by 500 Wood Engravings. By ASA GRAY, M. D., Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

2. *First Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology, illustrated by over 360 Wood Engravings, from original Drawings by* ISAAC SPRAGUE. *To which is added a copious Glossary, or Dictionary of Botanical Terms.* By ASA GRAY, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., and Ivison and Phinney. 1857.

3. *Introduction to Structural and Systematic Botany, and Vegetable Physiology, being a Fifth and revised Edition of the Botanical Text-Book.* Illustrated with over thirteen hundred Wood-cuts. By ASA GRAY, M. D. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

4. *Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States. Revised Edition, including Virginia, Kentucky, and all East of the Mississippi: arranged according to the Natural System.* By ASA GRAY, M. D. (The Mosses and Liverworts, by WILLIAM S. SULLIVANT.) With fourteen Plates, illustrating the Genera of the Cryptogamia. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

LET no tyro in science, whatever else he may attempt, undertake to write elementary books; for to simplify knowledge and make it interesting to the opening intellect requires a mind thoroughly imbued with the subject. Yet most learned men who attempt to teach the rudiments of their specialties signally fail. Doubtless they fancy, having forgotten when and how they learned first principles, that they are innate, — a part of the birthright of humanity. So they commence as if the student were already familiar with what ought to be the initial chapter, and virtually bid him read before teaching him the alphabet.

Far removed from this class is the eminent and able author

of the volumes under consideration. Beginning with the alphabet of Botany, he carries us easily and pleasantly onward, explaining every difficulty in clear, concise terms, so that one must be dull indeed who can even read attentively the "First Lessons in Botany," or the more recently published volume entitled "How Plants Grow," without obtaining a tolerable comprehension of their structure and classification, their mode of growth, and the general scope of the science. These two recent botanical works by Dr. Gray are designed for quite young persons and common schools, and are intended to enable any one to understand the nature and names of the plants that cluster around our daily paths and our homes.

What the Text-Book and Manual are to older and maturer students, "How Plants Grow," with the "Popular Flora," is to beginners; and we doubt not it is destined to become a decided favorite among all young persons. The excellence of these elementary books is what every one who has had any knowledge of Dr. Gray's previous works must have expected; for to a perfect knowledge of his subject he adds a clearness and exactness of style seldom met with, and the power of condensing in a few words a great amount of information. As an accurate analyst, he has received a just meed of praise from all foreign botanists. Standing as he does at the head of the science in our own country, and scarcely inferior to any botanist of the Old World, we consider it a subject of congratulation that he has found time, among his multifarious avocations of a high order, to write two books expressly for the young. The urgent need of a botanical primer, to introduce so charming a study into the school-room in a form attractive to children, has long been felt. The habits of observation, research, memory, and judgment, which are exercised and developed by the pursuit of natural history, are the very qualities which are most needed in every day's practical life; and if by proper educational training these discriminating powers are quickened at an early age, they will continue a constant and unfailing source of instruction and delight.

The introductory chapter presents the subject of Botany in so interesting and appropriate a light, that we cannot forbear quoting from it.

"'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' — Matthew vi. 28, 29.

"Our Lord's direct object in this lesson of the lilies was to convince the people of God's care for them. Now, this clothing of the earth with plants and flowers — at once so beautiful and so useful, so essential to all animal life — is one of the very ways in which He takes care of his creatures. And when Christ himself directs us to consider with attention the plants around us, — to notice how they grow, — how varied, how numerous, and how elegant they are, and with what exquisite skill they are fashioned and adorned, — we shall surely find it profitable and pleasant to learn the lessons which they teach.

"Now this considering of plants inquiringly and intelligently is the study of Botany. It is an easy study, when pursued in the right way and with diligent attention. There is no difficulty in understanding how plants grow, and are nourished by the ground, the rain, and the air; nor in learning what their parts are, and how they are adapted to each other, and to the way the plant lives. And any young person who will take some pains about it may learn to distinguish all our common plants into their kinds, and find out their names.

"Interesting as this study is to all, it must be particularly so to young people. It appeals to their natural curiosity, to their lively desire of knowing about things: it calls out and directs (i. e. educates) their powers of observation, and is adapted to sharpen and exercise, in a very pleasant way, the faculty of discrimination. To learn *how to observe* and *how to distinguish things* correctly, is the greater part of education, and is that in which people otherwise well educated are apt to be surprisingly deficient.

"Natural objects, everywhere present and endless in variety, afford the best field for practice; and the study, when young, first of Botany, and afterwards of the other Natural Sciences, as they are called, is the best training that can be in these respects. This study ought to begin even before the study of language. For to distinguish *things* scientifically (that is, carefully and accurately) is simpler than to distinguish *ideas*. And in Natural History the learner is gradually led from the observation of things, up to the study of ideas, or the relations of things.

"This book is intended to teach young people how to begin to read, with pleasure and advantage, one large and easy chapter in the open Book of Nature; namely, that in which the wisdom and goodness of the Creator are plainly written in the Vegetable Kingdom." — *How Plants Grow*, pp. 1, 2.

This may be truly called a wonderful book. The style is thoroughly scientific, and yet so clear and simple that even a little child can understand it, and become interested in the subject. It is not, like some popular works, written so far down to the comprehension of the young as to become a weak mixture, where science is diluted to the lowest possible standard, as if to keep the young mind for ever in swaddling-bands; but it is arranged and designed so to educate and expand the intellect as that a young person of ordinary capacity is soon able to seize upon, and comprehend, the principal features of the vegetable world.

The Second Part, comprising the Popular Flora, embodies, in a compendious form, an account of the most common plants, both indigenous and cultivated, of the Northern States. The ordinal characteristics, though described in few words, are so accurately determined, that he may run that reads; and nearly every family is illustrated by a drawing of one of its members, showing its peculiarities of structure and appearance, and typically representing the whole group. The common English names are given in every instance, and the beginner's mind need not be burdened with the Latin nomenclature generally regarded as a necessary appendage to the science.

When we consider that this quarto volume of two hundred and thirty-three pages, profusely and beautifully illustrated, is offered at the extremely low price of seventy-five cents, we do not hesitate to assert that it is the cheapest botanical work ever issued from the press of any country; and we congratulate Dr. Gray's publishers upon having added this admirable school-book to the excellent series already published by them. When a work like this, combining in so rare a manner the two sterling qualities of excellence and cheapness, adapted expressly to young persons, and arranged for the use of schools, emanates from the highest botanical authority, we trust a discriminating public will show a just appreciation of its merits, by discarding all the trashy volumes now in use, and adopting one which comprises in a small space the learning and research of a life devoted to the subject.

There has assuredly been found for the youth of this gen-

eration a royal road to learning, — a railroad, we may term it; for the facilities now given for climbing the hill of science may well be illustrated by the difference between a luxurious passenger-car of the present day, gliding smoothly up and down the grades which modern skill has prepared, and the slow, lumbering stage-coach of former times. Those who are now advancing in years tell us of the little assistance they received in Botany from the few and uninteresting books which could formerly be obtained here. The Linnæan system, with its artificial classification, which its author, the immortal father of Botany,* considered as but a stepping-stone to a more perfect arrangement, was then universally taught in this country. The natural system of De Jussieu had not found any exponent in the New World to popularize it for general use, and little was known or understood of structural or physiological botany. The student, wearied with the difficult nomenclature and dry labelling of the living glories of wood and field, without learning much of their affinities, anatomy or morphology, too often gave up the pursuit, or thought he had done enough, when he had gathered and arranged, by the Linnæan method, the common plants of his own locality. Now the different departments of Physiological, Systematic, Geographical, Fossil, Agricultural, and Medical Botany, open to the active inquirer an insight into the plan of the Creator in the vegetable kingdom. Some knowledge of these various branches is absolutely necessary for any one receiving a tolerable education; and surely it is a subject replete with interest to the cultivated mind. The part which vegetation performs in the physical economy is a great one, that of preparing the atmosphere for the use of air-breathing animals, and converting its mineral materials into organized matter for the food, clothing, light, warmth, and shelter of man.

* "The real merits of Linnæus as a natural systematist have never been appreciated. In the well-deserved admiration of the labors of the Jussieus, it is invariably forgotten that the effort of genius displayed by Linnæus in constructing natural genera, was as great as that of the Jussieus in classifying these into genera of a higher value, now called Natural Orders; and considering the chaotic state that both the genera and species were in upon which Linnæus worked, and the vast number of new forms he first naturally grouped into genera, the amount of labor, skill, and knowledge expended in the effort, is what can now never be fully realized." — *Hooker's Journal of Botany*, October, 1857, p. 314.

Dr. Gray's works may well be termed a grammar and dictionary to the study of Botany. Armed with these, the student, without crossing the seas, can enter a new country, for he possesses a key to the language in which the book of Nature is written; its ever-open volume is spread out before him, each page presenting some of its own features, and each chapter containing enough for the contemplation of a lifetime. There is no spot so utterly desolate that vegetation is unknown. Even amid the stone and mortar of the city, as in the prison court of Fenestrella, some *povera picciola* springs up. Mungo Park was cheered in the deserts of Africa by a little tuft of *Fissidens bryoides*, and upon the eternal snows of the polar zone, the *Protococcus nivalis* throws its roseate hue.

The fifth and enlarged edition of the Botanical Text-Book, which is now entitled "Structural and Systematic Botany and Vegetable Physiology," with its five hundred and fifty pages, and thirteen hundred fine wood-cuts, bears little resemblance to the first edition issued in 1836, which was a volume of not much more than half the size of the present, with much inferior paper and type. A comparison of the two books exhibits in a striking manner the advance in the typographic art, as applied to school and text books, during the last twenty years. Nearly the whole work has been rewritten, and carried on to the present much-advanced state of the science of Botany. The numerous illustrations of the volume are from the hand of Mr. Sprague, who has received the well-merited title of the most accurate of living botanical artists.

In proof of the consideration which the Botanical Text-Book has gained abroad, we would state that for some years it was used as the class-book in the University of Edinburgh, — a compliment seldom paid to American works, — and was superseded only when Professor Balfour of that city published his "Outlines"; a useful and elaborate treatise, but lacking the clearness and conciseness of Gray's works. Sir William Hooker, when comparing it with the "Text-Book," says: "Balfour's Outlines is far too comprehensive, and better adapted to refresh the memories of those who have mas-

tered the elements of Botany, and made some progress in its details."

The vegetable kingdom does not culminate, as the animal kingdom does, and therefore offers no foundation in nature for a lineal arrangement even of its great groups. Though botanists might arrange a connected series, beginning with the highest and descending to the lowest forms, yet this chain would not include half of the vegetable world, which may be more properly represented by a network, of which each mesh borders upon three or four others in about the same relationship. These affinities cannot be properly estimated until all the members of the group are discovered. Thus the views of botanists are liable to be modified every year, the detection of new plants, or some point of structure better understood, often changing materially the position of a group in the system. Weddell, in a recent monograph on the *Urticaceæ*, arranges that family on the faces of a three-sided pyramid, and it appears as if this plan could be adopted advantageously for a large number of orders which might thus be grouped around their representative types.

Dr. Gray's books have been so long known and so justly appreciated, both in this country and abroad, that it seems a work of supererogation to say that his Manual supplied a desideratum which had been long looked for on this side of the Atlantic, by the student and herbarist. In it are described all the known species indigenous to our Northern States, and the Artificial Key to the Natural Orders enables the student to find with ease the name and family of any plant hitherto unknown to him. The geographical limits of the present edition are much extended. The first edition, published in 1848, and hastily prepared, embraced only the Northern States, politically so called, while this includes in its area Virginia and Kentucky, stretching westward to the Mississippi River. The southern boundary of 30° 30′ was adopted, because it coincided better than any other with the natural division between the Northern and Southern Atlantic States, although a few of the characteristic Southern plants advance upon the southeastern corner of Virginia in the neighborhood of the Dismal Swamp.

The strictly Northern-temperate character of our Flora is preserved by the absence within these limits of any high mountain ranges, or considerable extent of elevated land. The White Mountains of New Hampshire, the highest elevation of which is 6,200 feet, furnish by far the greatest number of alpine species. Mount Katahdin in Maine (5,300 feet), the Green Mountains of Vermont (with a maximum elevation of 4,360 feet), the Adirondack Mountains of Northeastern New York (said to exceed 5,400 feet), and the Alleghanies (the highest points of which do not exceed 5,000 feet), are far from rich in alpine forms of vegetation, and the whole list does not equal in number that of the Southern plants which have extended into the Southeastern corner of Virginia.

Perhaps no Flora of any large region is so well known as that of the Northern United States; and although much remains to be done, it can now be profitably compared with that of Europe. We find that, of the 2,668 species Dr. Gray has here described as indigenous to the Northern States, only 676 are common to both continents. It is well known that he holds sound views in regard to the necessity of restricting the tendency which obtains among many botanists as to the multiplication of species. He considers that the authors of the principal and most esteemed European Floras would have increased the present number of our Phænogamous plants and ferns about five per cent, while another school would have added from ten to twelve per cent. His enlarged experience inclines him to take broader views of species than those which generally prevail. Our genera which have no representatives in Europe appear to be three hundred and fifty-three, or more than half of the whole number. We have twenty-six orders that are wholly unknown in Europe; and it is singular, when the lower mean temperature of our climate is considered, that these should all be of a warm-temperate or sub-tropical character, nearly all of them having their principal development in tropical regions.

These numerous orders peculiar to our country fail to overcome the European aspect of our vegetation, on account of the fewness of their species, which are the real exponents of the vegetation of any region. May not these sub-tropical

species be the vestiges of the primitive Flora, whose contemporaries and congeners are found imbedded in the coal-regions of our interior? Dr. Hooker, in his Flora of New Zealand, remarks: "Not only are those links breaking by which the botanist connects the present Flora with the past, but also those by which he binds the different members of the vegetable kingdom one to another." Daily experience teaches us that some species are more plastic than others, and adapt themselves more readily to new surroundings. Thus a few species out of these many orders may have survived immense climatic and geologic changes. When some inquiring mind discovers the clew to the geographical distribution of plants, a moot question at present among *savans*, these tropical orders of our Northern States may play a conspicuous part in the programme. We regret that Dr. Gray did not find room, in his enlarged edition of the Text-Book, for a chapter on this interesting department of botany. Although a subject so extensive could have received merely a cursory glance, yet, as it is one occupying much attention at the present day, some suggestive hints might have been thrown out.

The causes which determine the geographical distribution of plants are estimated very differently by various authors. Marine currents, heat, light, and the mechanical differences of the disintegrated rocks upon which plants flourish, have each in turn been held up as the reason why certain forms of vegetation prefer one country or spot to another. To us it appears that light, with subordinate conditions dependent on electricity and similar meteorological agencies, must exert a very important influence. The rapid growth of vegetation in high northern latitudes is now ascribed to the continued influence of light during the short summer of those regions, which by its stimulating power compresses into a few weeks the processes that occupy months in more temperate climates. All the meteorological tables of recent navigators have tended to overthrow the old notion of the intense heat of Arctic summers, and go to prove that accelerated vegetation should be attributed to the constant light to which it is exposed.

Geographic botany is attempting to solve the point so

much disputed, whether all species sprang from one common centre, and have thence been distributed over the earth; or whether there were, as some affirm, different creations on the different continents and islands to produce their diverse Floras.

> "'T is a quaint thought, and yet perchance,
> Sweet blossoms, ye have sprung
> From flowers that over Eden once
> Their pristine fragrance flung;
> That drank the dews of Paradise,
> Beneath the starlight clear,
> Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes
> The first repentant tear."

De Candolle's elaborate volumes recently published, entitled *Geographie Botanique Raisonnée*, although filled with the results of years of study devoted to the subject, appear to arrive at no decided mode of accounting for the distribution of plants. This department of botany seems still a purely speculative study. No broad principles have been laid down to serve as a common resting-place for the scattered fragments, which will doubtless one day form a glorious monument to whoever may be so successful as to find the proper corner-stone. To the traveller this study should be peculiarly recommended. An herbarium collected in an unknown land will convey to the eye of a botanist a very good idea of the climatic influences under which such vegetation flourished. Thus two plants, the *Hesperis pallasii* and the *Vesicaria arctica*, which belong to the milder regions of the Arctic zone, and had never before been detected beyond Smith's Sound, were discovered in a perfectly fruiting state on the very verge of that mysterious Polar Sea which one of Dr. Kane's party had the good fortune to behold. These plants are a collateral evidence of warmer winds or currents near the Pole, and establish the fact of some peculiar isothermal influence.

Martin's recent experiments, published in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy,* prove that marine currents cannot have played so conspicuous a part in the diffusion of species as has been generally believed. He exposed for six

* August, 1857, p. 266.

weeks the seeds of ninety-eight different species of plants to the same physical conditions they would have experienced if floating on the waves of the ocean. At the end of that period forty-one were completely decayed. The remainder were sown and placed under frames, and of these only thirty-five germinated, from which number seventeen must be deducted, whose specific gravity would prevent them from floating on the surface. Martin justly considered, that six weeks was too short a time for some seeds to make a voyage from one continent to another. He therefore took duplicates of these thirty-five seeds and exposed them for three months to the action of salt-water. When planted, only seven grew; thus proving that, out of ninety-eight species left to the conjoined action of winds and waves, only one fourteenth would preserve sufficient vitality to germinate, when placed in the most favorable circumstances.

That man by his migrations effectually assists in the dispersion of species, is seen in the most troublesome weeds of our fields and pastures, which are mostly of British origin. Within a few miles' circuit of Boston may be noticed quite a number of conspicuous plants, apparently growing wild, which are well known to be only naturalized, but which, like those who brought them hither, have taken so kindly to the soil, that no one would suspect they had not held sway over it from time immemorial. Yet De Candolle expatiates upon the difficulty of naturalizing plants, and thinks that an extremely small proportion of the many thousand species which have been introduced into our gardens will eventually propagate themselves beyond those limits. Of a vast number that have been tried at the Bois de Boulogne, the *Potentilla Pennsylvanica* is the only one which is positively known to have established itself. In the neighborhood of Geneva one of M. De Candolle's friends has been in the habit, during the last eighteen years, of scattering annually hundreds of seeds collected in the botanic gardens, and hitherto without any appreciable result.

Mr. W. S. Sullivant, who elaborated the cryptogamic orders of the Musci and Hepaticæ, has in the present edition of the Manual illustrated these interesting families by eight

plates (drawn by his own hands), figuring one hundred and eighteen different genera. His well-executed drawings are a great assistance to the study of these inconspicuous but charming families. The taste for bryological research is increasing with the facilities now afforded to the student; but the necessity for the constant use of the microscope will prevent it from becoming a very popular branch of the science of botany.

By enlarging the geographical range, and embracing portions of the Southern States, Texas, and New Mexico, Mr. Sullivant has been enabled to introduce many new plants, and the nine years intervening since the last edition have been employed by bryologists in detecting species not known before to exist in this country. He has added to this edition eighteen genera of the *Acrocarpi*, and ten of the *Pleurocarpi;* but some of these are only subdivisions of long-established genera. A change has also been made in the arrangement of the genera, and that of Bruch and Schimper in the *Bryologia Europæa* has been adopted as the best authority extant. Some inconvenience might have been spared to those students who have familiarized themselves with the nomenclature of the last edition, if the old names had been inserted as synonymes; as, for instance, "Ptychomitrium incurvum; Syn. Grimmia Muhlenbergii." The specific descriptions of the *Anophytes* are in most instances too brief to enable the student who depends entirely upon this book to determine satisfactorily the name of a plant. In these obscure and microscopic orders a fuller specification of the peculiarities of each species might have been allowed, and we think every important specific character should have been mentioned. Mr. Sullivant has established the new tribe *Thelieæ*, genus *Thelia*, upon apparently good characteristic distinctions, from the section *Theliphyllum* of other authors.

In this lowest order of vegetable life, the cryptogamic plants, whose greatest height in this country does not exceed a few inches, are found the only surviving representatives of the giants of those primitive days to whom was assigned the task of rendering the earth fit for its destined guardian, man. At the dawn of terrestrial vegetation, carbonic-acid gas must have formed from three to eight per cent of the bulk of our

atmosphere, instead of less than one thousandth part, as at present. The effect of such air upon animal life is easy of demonstration. A single pound of charcoal burned converts twenty-eight cubic feet of oxygen into carbonic acid, contaminating twenty-eight hundred feet of air. Few or no terrestrial animals, except reptiles, could have existed at the epoch of which we speak. This carbonized air, with proper light and heat, was propitious to vegetation, and we therefore see the cause of its extraordinary luxuriance, and how it was made the instrument of preparing the earth for the habitation of warm-blooded animals, of which these plants were the necessary precursors.

But the greater part of the carbon thus withdrawn from the air was with far-reaching providence stored up in the bosom of the earth, in a form adapted to be of immense importance to man in after ages. In the coal-measures of the United States are found the trunks of huge tropical trees, which look like enormous bolts driven in to hold the layers of rock together. These fossil remains prove to be a very different form of vegetation from any now growing in the same region; for the insignificant Ferns and Club-Mosses which in temperate climates represent this once flourishing and magnificent family rarely exceed the thickness of a finger.

The old notion that plants give out carbonic-acid gas at night, and thus contaminate the atmosphere they purify during the day, is now exploded. Modern research has proved that the evolution of carbonic acid is not a function of vegetation, but takes place only in decaying plants. That flowers contaminate the atmosphere of a closed apartment, is an undisputed fact; but this deleterious influence is to be attributed to the poisonous and narcotic principle of the perfume acting upon the nerves. The smell of the linden-blossom often causes swooning and loss of sensation to those who chance to sleep under that tree when in flower, and the walnut and the elder are believed to produce the same effect by their shade. Linnæus records an instance in which the flowers of the Nerium proved fatal to a person sleeping in a room with them, and to most delicate nervous organizations the smell of certain flowers produces unpleasant results.

From some unexplained cause, most plants give out their odor more powerfully in darkness, and thus exert a greater effect upon the nervous system at night than during the day.

All vegetable growth is made up of minute cells, of which there may be from twenty-seven thousand to seventeen hundred and twenty-eight million in the space of a cubic inch. Centuries ago this truth, revealed only of late years, was dimly foreshadowed by the maxim, *Tota natura in minimis.* But the sages who bowed in superstitious reverence before the sacred oak, little thought the saying could be applied to the monarch of the forest, as well as to the humblest moss growing upon its weather-beaten bark. Throughout the vegetable kingdom, beginning with the simple one-celled *Oscillaria*, and going up to the modern Titan, the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, vegetation resolves itself into microscopic organic cells. The cabalistic word — the Open Sesame — destined to unlock the door of nature's laboratory, although first intimated by Grew a hundred and seventy years ago, received little attention until uttered by Robert Brown; and it was not till the microscopic researches of Mohl and Schleiden that any useful generalization was obtained. They enunciated the law that the life-story of the plant is to be studied in the cell-elements that compose it. In the words of a popular writer,

"Uttering many voices, the plants sing one grace and canticle of the same purport; the vastness and variety of the results produced by modification of the same unvarying means; the universality of cell-power, the pervading existence of cell-growth, the million developments of its resources, its shapes, its functions, its labors, and its value."

The vegetable physiologists of the present day lean decidedly toward materialism. Finding by analysis that many of the phenomena of vegetation are purely physical or chemical, they incline to account for all of them by similar agencies; forgetting that much must be referred to a higher influence, the life-giving principle of the plant, that which effects the reproduction and increase of already existing organized matter. We must confess ourselves pleased, therefore, when any *savant* brings forward this life-principle in opposition to mere physical causes. Trécul,* in recent experiments upon the

* *Comptes Rendus*, September 28, 1857.

circulation of the sap, asserts that the generally received theory of endosmose is insufficient to explain that phenomenon. The different density of the ascending and descending sap (if that explanation were the true one) would prevent the two currents from remaining distinct, but would produce instead a horizontal centrifugal current, until an equilibrium of density was established. Therefore some other cause than endosmose and exosmose must be brought forward. We are inclined to agree with Trécul, and to refer the circulation of the sap to the agency of that force known only by its effects, namely, life.

"If," says Dr. Braun, "what we call plants are nothing but complex chemical and physical *processes*, then we can no longer speak of their individuals and species in the sense the words usually bear; for the mere phenomena of the operations of the primary substance, which have no other efficient principle than the forces of this substance, cannot be regarded as self-existent beings."

To counteract this tendency of modern physiology, some German authors have attempted to believe that plants possess souls, and have absolutely asserted that "sensitive monads inhabit the secret halls of the bark palaces which we call plants." Aristotle described the internal essence of plants as a plastic soul, and when we consider their lifelike motions, as the opening and shutting of the Venus's fly-trap, the twining of vines of the same species always in one direction, the Puck-like contortions of some of the Orchis family, and their unaccountable spontaneous movements, we might readily imagine these delicate creations endowed with a sensibility akin to that of man.

Some plants, as the Horsechestnut and Magnolia, make a definite annual growth in a few days or weeks from the prepared bud of the previous year, and then form and ripen the bud for the next;—while others continue growing through the whole season; and it is on this account that the agriculturist stops their luxuriance by pinching and pruning, that they may harden the wood and provide for the following year. But the custom which so universally obtains in some cities, of cutting and lopping shade-trees, cannot be too strongly deprecated. The adventitious buds, which lie dormant, ready to fulfil the

offices of those that are injured, are thus made to grow; the beautiful symmetry of the tree — that which forms its individuality — is destroyed, and we go back to the barbarous Dutch taste without even the redeeming features of that system, which presented to the eye, if an unnatural, yet a regular form of something in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth.

We hear the landscape gardener talk of architectural trees, as the poplar and linden, which, by their regular groupings, harmonize with the buildings near which they are planted; but our worthy friends of the Quaker City, not content with streets at right angles and houses of one pattern, would train nature into the same stiffness. With the first warm days of spring, hosts of aspirants to the topiary art peregrinate every street, and ring at every door, *demanding* leave to commence operations. For a few "levies," if the trees are young and small, or dollars, if they chance to be large and vigorous, the right to improve upon nature is bargained for, and the swelling shoots of the beautiful growth of the previous year are clipped by scissors as fatal and unsparing as those of Atropos herself. And when the luxuriant maples with which the streets are lined bear the appearance of pollarded willows, the operators and the public appear satisfied that they have performed a work worthy of all praise. The keen sarcasm of the poet Holmes is often on our tongue, as we pass these spoilers, and view with saddened eyes, lumbering the pavement, the cords of wood which were intended by a beneficent Creator to afford a grateful shadow from the noonday sun, glaring as it does with unimaginable brilliancy upon the white-marble steps and immaculate shutters of that bridal-clad city: —

> "Soon to thee
> Shall Nature yield her idle boast;
> Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,
> But thou hast trained it to a post."

The reason for the symmetrical form observed in plants of the same genus, and the great variety of shape noticed in the different families, which enables us to distinguish an oak from an elm as far as the eye can see, may be readily understood by

consulting the section in the "Lessons" devoted to Phyllotaxy, or the arrangement of the leaf on the stem. These different modes were noticed and pointed out by Bonnet as long ago as the middle of the last century, but have lately been extended and generalized by Schimper, Braun, and others.

"So the place of every leaf on every plant is fixed beforehand by unerring mathematical rule. As the stem grows on, leaf after leaf appears exactly in its predestined place, producing a perfect symmetry; — a symmetry which manifests itself, not in one single monotonous pattern for all plants, but in a definite number of forms exhibited by different species, and arithmetically expressed by the series of fractions, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{5}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{5}{13}$, $\frac{8}{21}$, &c., according as the formative energy in its spiral course up the developing stem lays down at corresponding intervals 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, or 21 ranks of alternate leaves." — *First Lessons in Botany*, p. 75.

A paper lately read before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh showed that an analogy exists between the serial arrangement of leaves and crystalline forms. A singular fact has been recently discovered by Professor Peirce of Cambridge, which goes to prove the unity of the laws that guide the whole physical universe. The mathematical rule noticed in the spiral arrangement of the leaves of plants, in which the numerator and denominator of each term equal severally the sum of the numerators and the denominators of the two terms next preceding, is identical with the law which governs the revolutions of the solar system and "holds the planets in their course." Agassiz, in his Contributions to the Natural History of the United States,* gives tables of the revolutions of the different planets, and their relative ratio, and proves that they correspond with the normal series of fractions expressing the law of phyllotaxis, as given by Dr. Gray in the paragraph above cited. So we perceive that, however humble the plant, every individual of the species has its leaves arranged around the central axis, the stem, at the same angular divergence, following a fundamental and immutable law, which is also applied to the planets of the solar system, sweeping through infinite space around their centre, the sun, —

* Page 128.

"And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers a part
Of the selfsame universal being."

The petals are so analogous to the leaves of the branch, that in common language they are called the leaves of the flower. We may regard a flower as a transformed branch; for the arrangement of the leaves also governs the whole arrangement of the blossoms. This doctrine of vegetable metamorphosis was first suggested by Linnæus, but was so obscurely enounced that it failed to attract attention.

"This subject is to botany," says Dr. Gray, in the Preface to the first edition of his Elements, "what the theory of the atomic constitution of bodies is to chemistry; its principles, as triumphantly established by Du Petit-Thouars, Brown, and De Candolle, having given a new aspect to the science, and rendered it perhaps the most logical of all the departments of natural history."

About twenty years after this suggestion had been propounded by Linnæus,* Wolff taught the same theory; and the really scientific treatise of the poet Goethe was written twenty years later still. But none of these writings appears to have exercised any influence over the progress of the science, until it had reached a certain stage early in the present century, when De Candolle, ignorant of what others had suggested on the subject, developed from an original point of view the idea of a symmetry in the flower, which, modified by suppressions, alterations, and irregularities, gives rise to the endless variety of forms which we are never tired of observing. By this metamorphosis of plants the botanist does not intend to imply the actual change of existing leaves into flowers, but that they are all homologous parts, although developed in different shapes that they may serve diverse offices in the vegetable economy. One can easily discern that the sepals are modified leaves, and the petals only refined sepals. Stamens are often changed to petals, as in the water-lily; and there are instances of pistils taking the place of

* "Principium florum et foliorum idem est. Principium gemmarum et foliorum idem est. Gemma constat foliorum rudimentis. Perianthium sic ex connatis foliorum rudimentis," etc. — *Philosophia Botanica*, p. 301.

stamens, as noticed in the two apple-trees in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, mentioned by Dr. Gray. The gardener takes advantage of this natural tendency to produce double flowers; the stamens and pistils give place to petals, which may often be observed in the transition state, still bearing a distorted lamina on one side and a half-formed anther on the other; but the whole economy of the flower is diverted in this case from its proper purpose, the production of seed, to form the full rosette of petals which we admire in the Dahlias, Camellias, and Anemones of the garden.

The theory of development, which made so much noise after the publication of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" by a learned physicist of Oxford, now finds little favor, as it was ably controverted at the time by scientific men, and much ridicule was thrown upon the idea that the Infusoria could ever become quadrupeds, or aspiring oysters, men. Yet we occasionally meet supporters of the doctrine, who, driven from their strong-hold in the animal kingdom by the revelations of the microscope, still fancy some proof of the theory to linger in the vegetable world; as if the law once issued from heaven, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself," could be revoked and annulled.

"The difference between the views of those who advocate the theory of the creation of species by development or transmutation," says Sir William Hooker, "and those who believe in a special creation, is very wide indeed. That species do run into varieties, and that some of them may have originated in an altered state of some pre-existing forms, is perfectly intelligible, and admitted by all botanists, as well as by the Progressionists; but for any such species so to change as to assume all the characters of another, within the limits of our experience, is for Nature to break one of her immutable laws. *Natura nihil facit per saltus.*"

The Progressionists hold up the well-known fact that a growth of pine succeeds hard wood, not perceiving that this is nature's order of the rotation of crops; and that after the elements of the soil which enter into the composition of deciduous trees are exhausted, and they are cut down or burned,

there still remain in the arid earth the materials upon which the Coniferæ will flourish, whose seeds, long buried in the soil, are quickened by the sun's rays, spring up, and grow, smothering the half-starved oaks which may chance to germinate.

Mr. Vaupell, a Danish gentleman who has recently been examining the fossil forests of Denmark, does not believe in the natural succession of races, although he is forced to acknowledge that this change occurs. The remains of wood found in the turf-bogs of Denmark consist of the pine, birch, and oak; whereas the present forests of that country are almost entirely composed of beech. This tree, he thinks, has usurped the place of other species, because the soil has become drier, and therefore better fitted for its growth; and when once it obtains foothold, its heavy foliage effectually keeps down other families.

It is doubtless true, as Mr. Vaupell asserts, that wood allowed to fall and decay restores to the earth all the nutriment it has withdrawn from it, and the ground is therefore able to nourish the same species again. We can notice this fact in our own forests, where the mouldering and moss-grown trunks of fallen trees are overshadowed by their green and vigorous descendants. But this is not the case when wood is cut down. The nourishment is withdrawn from the soil, and we observe a change in the race of trees adapted to the change in the chemical properties of the ground in which they flourish.

Seeds protected from those agents which facilitate vegetation may be preserved for a great length of time; although we are not inclined to credit the stories of wheat raised from the grain with which Joseph filled the storehouses of Egypt. Yet there are well-attested instances in which the vitality of seeds has been preserved for several hundred years. A raspberry-seed, which must have ripened in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, was taken from the stomach of a skeleton, found thirty feet below the surface of the earth, in one of the Roman barrows of England; it grew and produced fruit. Peas from Tournefort's herbarium germinated after having lain there a hundred years. A bag of Mimosa-seed, gathered

seventy years ago, still supplies the Jardin des Plantes with sensitive plants, and species for many years lost to florists occasionally spring up on the site of old botanic gardens. In view of these well-attested facts, the researches of learned men and the discoveries of modern science afford no foothold for the idea of the change of species, and we may re-echo in a scientific form the ethical question of our Saviour, still sure of a negative answer, — "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

That botany is a useful study, no one will now venture to deny. A writer in a recent number of a medical review,* while urging upon medical schools greater attention to this hitherto much neglected science, has the following judicious remarks: —

"With a wide and almost unknown territory full of vegetation springing up around us, and unknown and unexamined herbs amid our forests, and with the ancient remedies of our forefathers lost or of no avail, it is our duty to examine, and to go on examining, experimenting, heaping up facts, with faith, patience, and perseverance, until we have gained a knowledge of all. We have heard of a theory that no disease exists in a country without an antidote springing up from the soil, and Scotch boys tell us 'no stinging nettle grows without a dockin leaf close by,' and we believe there is much truth in the statement."

The American Medical Association strongly recommends that a more extended knowledge of botany be furthered among its members; and we trust the time is not far distant when every school and college in our country will perceive the necessity of a thorough education in this important branch of knowledge. It is to the rising generation, the children who will be taught from the excellent elementary books here recommended, that we are to look for the future advancement of the science.

In his capacity of teacher of college classes, Professor Gray finds but a small number out of the many young men who come under his instruction who evince any decided taste for botanical pursuits. This defect must be attributed to the fault of early education. We doubt not that all children, if

* The North American Medico-chirurgical Review, for January, 1858.

properly taught, would possess a certain appreciation of the wonders, and an interest in the beauties, of the vegetable world. The love of flowers seems inherent in childhood; their bright colors and beautiful variety attract the eye at a tender age, and if, in exercising the memory and training the intellect, Botany can gain a stand-point upon the platform now universally conceded to the Latin Grammar and Mathematics, much will be accomplished. Not that we would depreciate the advantages arising from the study of the dead languages, particularly the Latin, which is so necessary in the science under consideration; but how many there are who have a decided dislike for those studies, and whose leisure hours are a waste and a weariness to themselves and their friends, yet who might have become proficients in botany had their attention been early attracted, and their minds trained, by the study of this most charming and instructive of the natural sciences! A taste would thus be formed which can never fail. Other earthly pleasures may pall, but the true botanist is everywhere at home and among familiar friends. The lone mountain and the dark forest are, to his instructed vision, peopled with living forms, among which he can never feel desolate. He can call them all by name. He knows their family relations, and little anecdotes of their history. He can tell in what distant parts of the earth their cousins dwell, and what remote branches of their households have become extinct, and are for ever embalmed in the coal-beds of the world, — a more magnificent and secure mausoleum than those in which the glory of the Pharaohs was enshrined. Perchance the names of the plants flourishing around him recall the image of some cherished friend or master in the science, who though dead still speaks from an ever-blooming and self-repairing monument, which the showers of every May deck anew to his memory, while the shrill autumnal winds scatter only for a season the imperishable memorial of his life and labors.

ART. III.— *History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the Beginning of the Reformation to* 1850. *With Special Reference to Transylvania.* Translated by Rev. J. CRAIG, D. D., Hamburg. With an Introduction by J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 559.

IT seems impossible at any one epoch to believe that the history of the past can be repeated. Each people seems to itself an exception. Every revolution to the actors is an entirely new event, separate from the current of the world's progress. Present causes working in the history of nations or religions never appear like past causes. An American can seldom see in the influence of slavery on agriculture or morals in this country anything analogous to the influence of slavery in Italy eighteen centuries ago. The oppressors of the Scotch Dissenters under Claverhouse never thought that they were enacting the same tragedy which had been played under Alva in Holland. The burners of Servetus in Geneva would have been the last to suppose that they were scattering with the ashes of the heretic the same seeds of indifference, scepticism, and spiritual pride in their own Church, which the inquisitors of Charles V. were then so freely planting in Italy and Spain through the Roman Church. The student of history, however, sees these things differently. He finds man the same in every age. With varying costume and changing scenery, he beholds the same grand principles working for good or for evil in each period of the world. The popular vices of the day are not with him merely temporary frailties; they carry with them the stern retribution of a coming time. The oppressions, the wrongs, of the present, are not spectacles or pathetic scenes passing before him for artistic contemplation; they are solemn glimpses granted him of the great plan of Providence, prophetic of fearful penalty and suffering for the future.

It is with such emotions that every right-minded and reflecting man must regard the silent drama of religious oppression now so fearfully progressing in Hungary.

The indifference or ignorance of our people to these momentous events, we can explain only from the general want of knowledge in regard to the Protestant Church of Hungary, and the little trustworthy information which reaches our press with reference to that much suffering nation. We propose, so far as it can be done within the brief limits of this article, to exhibit the proceedings of the Roman Catholic Church in that country, — proceedings fraught with manifold and far-reaching dangers to the cause of liberty and spiritual religion in Eastern Europe.

The Protestant Church of Hungary has had the true discipline for a Church; it has been nurtured in persecutions; its privileges have grown out of its struggles; its history has been that of difficulty, toil, contest, and bloodshed. It professed faith in a pure, self-governing Christianity, when such confession brought with it disgrace in public life, loss and imprisonment in private, and even execution on the scaffold or labor in the galleys.

Many of the principles of the Reformation were diffused in Hungary a hundred years before the time of Luther, by the Waldenses and the followers of Huss. According to a statement made by an early Pope, the doctrines of these Pre-Reformers were somewhat as follows: —

"The Pope of Rome is nothing more than any other bishop. Not the ordination, but the holy life, makes the priest. There is no purgatory. It is a device of priestly avarice, and a useless thing, to pray for the dead. All pictures of the Divine Being and of the saints should be abolished. The consecrating of water is ridiculous. Confirmation and extreme unction are no sacraments. The confessional is mere child's play. Prayer to the saints in heaven with Christ is useless. The religion of the begging monks is an invention of Satan. Every man has a right to preach the Gospel."

Such principles, advanced a hundred years before the Reformation, furnished a basis for the reform-movement in Hungary. Other causes were added. Owing to the independent municipal constitution of the country, the Pope and his officers had never been able to carry the influence of the Roman Church so unresistingly through the provinces as in other parts of Europe. The nobles, too, were jealous

of the bishops and the higher clergy. By a singular fatality, the Hungarians were indebted for the greatest blessing of that age, toleration, as their revolutionary leaders have been for the greatest benefit in this age, to the Turks. The battle of Mohacs, which in 1524 utterly prostrated Hungary before the Ottoman power, preserved the germs of a free Christianity for the reviving influences of Luther's doctrines. Under the Turks neither Austria nor Rome could persecute the nascent Protestantism. In the year 1556 the power of the Roman Church, under the advance of free ideas, virtually ceased in the most important province of Hungary, Transylvania. Five years later, the Jesuits were first introduced; and seventeen years later, a formal separation took place on the part of the adherents of the new doctrines from the Roman Catholic Church. In 1588, the Jesuits were utterly banished. From that time the persecuting measures of the Austrian Romanist officials were pushed to the utmost extreme, and an Austrian Emperor succeeded in carrying through the Hungarian parliament a law by which any heretic might be delivered up to the old punishments provided by a cruel legislature against religious dissent.

The first effect of this legislation was to arouse such an outbreak, that a prince of Transylvania, taking advantage of it, almost succeeded in detaching a large part of Hungary from the Austrian Empire. The ministry were compelled in alarm to grant to the Protestant Church its first great guaranty, the Treaty of 1606, by which the free exercise of religion was allowed to all the middle and upper classes, and the right of petitioning was reaffirmed to the Protestants. This "Peace of Vienna" was reckoned one of the great pillars of the Protestant constitution. Other attacks, however, soon followed. Ferdinand II. ascended the throne, — a man of the nature of Philip II. of Spain, who could say that he "would rather have a kingdom ruined than heretical." Attacks and insults were heaped on the unfortunate Protestants. In 1624, it was estimated that twelve hundred useful citizens and industrious inhabitants were in exile from Hungary for their faith alone. The disturbances which resulted again called in a prince of Transylvania to the aid of the

oppressed people, and a new treaty was won from the Austrian ministry, — the Treaty of Linz, in 1645, — the second great guaranty of Protestant rights in Hungary. By this, entire liberty of conscience was secured to all classes of the people. This lasted but little time. Treaties appear in Hungarian history merely an ingenious method of the Vienna cabinet for gaining time. Within twenty years after this second treaty, we find the same sad history going on again, — preachers forced from their pulpits, churches occupied by soldiers, peasants driven to mass at the bayonet's point, and the song of faith and undying hope raised by forlorn companies of martyrs on the bleak hill-sides, in forests, and in swamps. Forty Protestant clergymen sent at this time to the Spanish galleys at Naples, to labor as slaves, aroused the pity and indignation of Europe. It was that kind of persecution which is always the worst, — the persecution of race against race, — of the supple, subservient Austrian against the frank, independent Hungarian. To the honor of the Hungarian Catholics, it should be said that they stood by their countrymen, even of another faith, in those dark times, and made many efforts for their relief.

Under Maria Theresa again, with her many obligations to the Hungarian nation, the Protestants suffered new wrongs. Even their schools were closed by law. A letter written in 1751 by the brave old champion of Protestantism, Frederick the Great, to the Bishop of Breslau, undoubtedly helped these sufferers.

"You will no doubt have heard," he says, "as we have done, what hard persecutions and troubles have for some time past fallen to the lot of the Protestants of both Confessions in Hungary; and how, contrary to treaties guaranteed by the mediation of foreign powers, one church after another has, on the most frivolous pretences, — indeed, on such pretences as ought to make every honest man ashamed, — been wrested from them."

After a strong appeal against such proceedings, he closes thus: —

"Yes; they [the Roman Catholic clergy] should be brought to feel what a terrible retribution awaits their Church, if a time should come when the Protestant clergy should by Divine permission gain the

mastery, and the term *heretic* then be applied to the Roman Catholic, — what a terrible retribution awaits them if these same principles which are now published should then be acted on."

Maria Theresa was succeeded by the Emperor Joseph, who, as a disciple of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, makes one think the better of the speculative belief, or non-belief, which could produce such noble toleration. In a letter addressed to the Prime Minister of France, in 1770, before his mounting the throne, he utters these frank words: —

"If I were once Emperor, you may reckon on my support and my approval of your plan of dissolving the order of Jesuits. You need not lay much stress on my mother; the affection for this order of monks is hereditary in the house of Hapsburg-Choiseul. I know these people well. I know their plans and exertions to spread darkness over the earth, and to rule all Europe from Cape Finisterre to the North Sea."

In another letter he says: —

"Before they [the Jesuits] were known in Germany, religion brought with it happiness to the nations; they have sunk that hallowed name to be an object of detestation, and made it only a cloak for their covetousness and ambition. . . . . It was their intolerance which brought on Germany the Thirty Years' War. . . . . If it were possible for me to hate, I must hate the men who persecuted Fénelon, and who procured the bull 'de Coenâ Domini.'"

Under such an Emperor the Protestants naturally enjoyed peace. In 1781 he promulgated a remarkable edict of toleration, which would do honor to any age.

In the acts or constitutional provisions passed in 1790–91 may be found the *third guaranty* of the rights of the Protestant clergy of Hungary. By these, much liberty was allowed to this sect. But it was only as late as 1843–44 that marriages between Catholics and Protestants could be legally celebrated by Protestant clergymen.

Finally, in the Parliament of 1847–48, preceding the revolution, it was reserved to such men as Kossuth and Batthyanyi to establish the entire equality and freedom of all sects before the law. One project, however, of the liberal party — the union of the schools and churches with the state — was entirely rejected by the Protestant Church,

even as it had rejected similar proffers from the Austrian ministry.

We have touched but little on details in this brief sketch of the history of the Hungarian Protestant Church. Every year of its annals till the present century is marked with deeds of bloody violence against its faithful members and confessors. Its rights have been sanctioned by the solemn oath of the Hapsburg kings, and have been won by centuries of toil and suffering. The results are what we should expect after such a history. A pure and operative Christianity, freed from superstition on the one side and bigotry on the other, softened by many trials, endeared by the blood of noble men and women who have died for it, had sprung up on the Hungarian plains. Not much scepticism has ever been developed there. Possibly the mind of the nation is too practical, and too little abstract in its tendencies, to favor such a growth. Possibly real trials produce real faith. At least the traveller finds among that people more persons who manifest their religion in reverent worship, and in a useful, cheerful, practical piety, without denunciation or violence against other sects, than is usual in religious communities.

The great favoring influence toward the growth of this simple, practical piety has been, as we believe, the peculiar constitution of the Church. The Hungarian, in all his political and religious institutions, maintains firmly one principle,— the right of local self-government. Under his long experience of priestly rule, moreover, he has learned another lesson,— that the laity must share with the clergy in the government of the Church. On these two principles the whole Protestant Church-constitution is founded. The exact plan is not precisely similar to any one system of church government with us. It approximates to a union of the Presbyterian and Congregational systems. Every church or parish chooses its own preacher, dismisses him when it wishes, and manages its own parochial schools. Then there are a series of Assemblies, invested with a certain control over individual churches. First is the Assembly of the Seniors, — composed of preachers from several neighboring churches and of lay delegates from the congregations. This body decides on

certain parish and school matters, and is presided over by two members, chosen from among themselves, a Senior (a clergyman) and a Curator (a layman). Above this again is the Assembly of Superintendents, or Bishops, the highest church convention, which decides upon all the most important matters appertaining to the national Church. The "Superintendent" we have called a Bishop, though he maintains very little of the episcopal dignity. He is simply the superintendent of a large district of churches, — called a Seniorate, — containing, perhaps, several hundred thousand souls. His duty is to examine the candidates for the ministry, and to keep watch over the morals of the clergy. He is allowed from two hundred to three hundred dollars per annum for travelling expenses; but must be at the head of a congregation, and perform the usual duties of a clergyman. The great Assembly — that of the Superintendents — is composed of delegates from each congregation, and is presided over by two members, one a bishop, and the other (a layman) the Curator. In every business meeting, assembly, or synod of the Hungarian Church are always two presiding officers, one a layman and the other a clergyman. To the laymen are generally left the monetary affairs. The constitution varies somewhat under the different organizations of the Lutheran and the "Reformed." The choice of the preacher is in some of these determined almost entirely by the approval of the assembly; the assemblies themselves, too, have a greater or smaller proportion of lay members; but in the main the principles are the same throughout Hungary.

Such is the liberal, rational constitution of the Hungarian Church. It is such a church system as has everywhere nourished independent thought and earnest piety. In similar democratic and representative church bodies have Scottish freedom and energy developed themselves. Under like auspices Puritanism grew. The Pilgrim immigration, the New England colonies, American self-government, churches, colleges, and schools without number, are among the fair fruits of this polity.

Austrian despotism and Jesuitism have wisely aimed their blow at this system. Such an assault is consistent with the

spirit of Jesuitism. It is in perfect harmony with the course of the Roman Church towards the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, through the whole history of Austria.

Here we must say, while exposing this atrocious violation of treaties, and this insidious death-stroke to Protestant liberties in Hungary, that for our own part we join in no flippant and vulgar abuse of the Roman Catholic Church. The long line of noble martyrs in the early days of her history; the heroic self-denial, the courage, the faith, the patience, the love, which in danger, in shipwreck, in pestilence, on the sea and on the land, among Christians and among Heathen, her confessors have shown; the millions of human hearts which even now associate with her teachings all that is most tender and sacred in this life, and most cheering for the life to come, — allow towards her no haughty and contemptuous words of common reviling. The church which has sheltered under its time-worn arches Columbus and Xavier, Pascal and Fénelon, Madame Guyon and Cheverus, even in its dishonored ruin, should be approached with reverence. No church represents its Master. We do not love Protestantism for its name. We do not believe that it contains all of human worth and piety. Nor do we believe that it presents the ideal of a pure, practical Christianity. But, just as we accept sects, — each representing a portion of Christ's body, each an individual and temporary embodiment of the universal Christianity, — for the sake of the fulness of life and belief into which at last through such helps we are to come, — so we accept Protestantism. It is not Christianity to us; it is not religion. The day will arrive when the good which mingles with the evil in Romanism, and the good which mingles with the evil in Protestantism, shall unite in the universal and Christian good. But till then, with all charity, we believe that what there is best in the world of free thought, of independence, of intelligence, of devotion to liberal principles, of that spirituality which looks away from the technical and ceremonial, and binds itself to the love of the Infinite God as manifested in Jesus Christ, is to be found most abundantly within the boundaries of the Protestant Church.

The fatal blow to Protestantism in Eastern Europe has been struck within the last three years. So quietly has the thrust been dealt, that only a few, comparatively, in this country, are aware that the deed is done. And yet to a reflective mind such acts of legislation are far more terrible than sudden and isolated acts of cruelty.

The travellers in Hungary within the last ten years relate mournful stories of her condition. They describe their journey as saddened by the ruins of blackened homesteads and wasted towns; they visit families, where father and brother have been cut off by the hand of the executioner; they talk in the prisons with the clergymen, patriots, and statesmen, whose only crime is that they loved their country too well; they hear everywhere the sigh for deliverance, or the hopeless groan of a conquered people. But even these sad scenes and discoursings make less impression on us than the accounts of this last effort at oppression by Austrian Jesuitism.

The act to which we refer is the CONCORDAT, the new union of the Pope and the Austrian Emperor, formed on the 5th of November, 1855. To this *Concordat* there were certain introductory acts which should be briefly mentioned. As has already been shown, the superintendents or bishops had always, through the whole existence of the Hungarian Protestant Church, been chosen by the districts. In 1850, Haynau, a man whose name is on the pillory of the world for brutality and cruelty, himself appointed four new bishops. These tools of the ministry are still in power, paid by the government. At the same time all the General Assemblies and Synods of the Protestant Church were abolished. In 1854, District Assemblies were allowed to meet, but under a Romanist moderator, appointed by the court. Those officers found in Hungarian history so useful to the freedom of the Church — the lay moderators of the meetings — were entirely superseded. The district inspectors were suspended. The object was gradually to merge the self-government of the Church into the ecclesiastical government centring in Vienna. How well this has been accomplished the Concordat will show.

But the great step of all was to get possession of the Prot-

estant schools. Accordingly a law was passed "reorganizing" the schools and colleges of Hungary, and placing at a higher standard the salaries of the Professors. It was skilfully framed, and ostensibly prepared with the purpose of reform. The effect was, that the chairs of Divinity and Law had at once to be given up in some of the Protestant colleges, and the students of course were obliged to resort to Vienna, or to the Catholic University of Pesth.

The necessity, too, of reforming, within a given time, so many schools, and increasing so many salaries, was, as the ministry well knew, an immense burden to the Protestant congregations. They were all poor after the revolution. The Austrian currency was depreciated some thirty per cent; and it became almost impossible within many parishes to raise the requisite funds, while neither teachers nor people desired the additional expense. In consequence, many schools have fallen into the hands of the Jesuits, or were suspended as purely private schools, and the danger now is that many more will meet with a like fate. The board of instruction, too, the school inspectors, are now all Catholic. The new teachers, as far as possible, are chosen from among the Romanists. The books are selected from those that will please despotism and Jesuitry. Roman Catholic children are not allowed to enter Protestant schools, and the lectures and lessons must never be such as will plant free ideas, or illustrate Hungarian or Protestant history.

The first article in the new conspiracy against liberty between the Pope and the Austrian Emperor, dated as if in derision on the day celebrated in England as the day of deliverance from Popish plots, the 5th of November, reads thus: —

"The Holy Roman Catholic religion shall ever be maintained in the empire of Austria, and in all its dependencies, with all those rights and privileges which, by the ordinance of God and the laws of the Church, it *ought* to enjoy."

That is, not the laws of the country, but the laws of Rome, are to determine the rights of the Church. In other words, "the privilege" or "the right" of persecuting heretics, of forbidding heretical books, of chaining the press, and stopping

the free tongue, is to be allowed to the priests in Hungary, even as in Rome.

The second article asserts: —

"As the Roman Pope has, by Divine law, the primacy of honor and jurisdiction through the whole pale of the Church, so the direct communication between the bishops, the clergy, the people, and the papal chair, in all spiritual and clerical matters, is a necessity. This communication has not, therefore, in future to depend on the ruler of the country, but is to be completely free."

In other words, the Pope is to govern on the Danube as he governs on the Tiber. Even the Emperor of Austria himself is nothing where this jurisdiction comes in. Spain, even under Philip II., never succumbed to so despotic a spiritual power. No other Catholic country in Europe now, unless it be the kingdom of Naples, would submit a day to it.

The third article gives the bishops complete authority of every kind over the clergy; and the fourth puts the bishops under the Pope. The fifth article gives the bishops control of all the schools, public and private; and the sixth secures to them alone the power of appointing and removing the professors of theology. By the seventh, Catholic professors can alone be appointed for the Gymnasia, and the bishops are to decide on the religious books for those institutions. The eighth provides that the schools shall be under priestly superintendence, and even the inspector appointed by the Emperor must be from among the candidates proposed by the bishop. The ninth article runs thus: —

"Archbishops, bishops, and all ordinaries, will freely exercise the power they possess, to point out as dangerous the books which are injurious to true religion and morality, and to *avert true believers* from reading them. The government will take proper measures for preventing such books from being spread over the empire."

Thus quietly in this nineteenth century is extinguished the liberty of a religious press and a free Bible in the empire of Austria.

The tenth article establishes ecclesiastical courts for the punishment of the clergy. The sixteenth pledges the whole power of the empire to assist the bishops in the punishment

of "contempt, by word, deed, or writing, of the faith, liturgy, and institutions of the Roman Catholic Church." The closing articles (thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth) provide that "everything not settled in the treaty, pertaining to ecclesiastical matters, shall be arranged according to the doctrines and discipline of the Church"; that "all laws and ordinances hitherto in force in Austria or the provinces, contrary to this Concordat, are abrogated"; and that "this treaty shall be henceforth the law of the land."

This is the *Concordat*, the new union of Romish Jesuitism and Austrian tyranny. It seems at first sight a spurious document. We might well suppose it some musty treaty, framed in the palmy days of the Inquisition, just brought out from the dusty archives of Simancas or the library of the Vatican. Not the threats of excommunication and interdict, nor the bulls of proud pontiffs, nor the public sentiment of the world, ever degraded a European king in the Middle Age beneath the feet of the Pope, as this young Emperor now voluntarily humbles himself before the clergy of Rome. And to strike such a league and promulgate such principles *now!* — in this age, when free thought is striding unceasingly forward, when science reigns, when revolutions are thundering at every palace-gate, and when independence in religion has become a doctrine, allowed even by tyrants! By this treaty and the orders of council of 1850, the old self-governing constitution of the Hungarian Church ceases to exist; the colleges, the seminaries, the schools, of Protestant congregations become, in whole or in part, the schools of Jesuits and priests; the literature, the teachers, the ceremonials, of the country become Romanist; the Bible is put under censorship, and its circulation fettered; and, not least significant and appalling, the Catholics of Hungary, who have never been bitterly opposed to the Protestants, who have kept themselves independent of Rome, and who always preferred liberty to bigotry, are placed under the immediate and unrestrained control of the papal ordinances and ministers.

This remarkable effort of the Austrian cabinet is undoubtedly not altogether or principally dictated by religious motives. Count Thun, one of the ministry, is a bigoted Catholic. But

with the Emperor and the rest of the cabinet, the object of this extraordinary humiliation before the papal chair is political. They hope to counterbalance France in Catholic Italy, and to win the Roman Catholic world in their favor. They would strengthen themselves against revolution by appealing to superstition.

It is good that even from Roman Catholic Europe a groan of contempt has arisen at such humiliating meanness before a petty priest, and such gigantic falseness towards a conquered country. Even Austrian Lombardy rejects the Concordat with loathing; the German papers cry out against it; Belgium utters its condemnation; and from spirited little Sardinia and Piedmont we need no words, — they are showing by most significant legislation what they think of Concordats, and of dependence on either temporal or spiritual power at Rome.

It is possible that this one act of tyranny of Austria may do more to emancipate Germany, by the reaction it occasions, than all the efforts of the whole Liberal party. But it is a gigantic wrong. The books of judgment in the world's annals are black with the records of the crimes of Austria. As we recall her history, there seems to move before us, coming forth from the night of the past, a long procession of her victims, calling for vengeance upon her. The princes of Poland, with faces noble yet tearful, in inconsolable grief over liberty crushed, and an ancient kingdom destroyed; — the pale reformers and confessors of Bohemia, asking of God, as they asked on the rack and at the stake, "*How long?*" — the sad and noble men, the poets, the artists, the patriots of Italy, who bled in vain for an emancipated country; — the heroic chieftains, the unknown peasants of Hungary, mourning for a beloved people blotted out from the list of nations; — the martyrs, the sufferers for liberty and for conscience, without number and without name, from the rack, the gallows, the scaffold, the cell, from a thousand battle-fields and dungeons, — a vast cloud of witnesses, — swell the curse of mankind against the old oppressor of liberty. But more than all her crimes, the most terrible of all her accusers, will be this last deed against the Church of God in Hungary.

ART. IV. — *La Vie Publique de Montaigne. Étude Biographique.* Par ALPHONSE GRÜN. Paris: Librairie d'Amyot, Editeur. 1855.

IN the Preface to this volume the author justly remarks, "L'homme doit toujours rester distingué du fonctionnaire"; and he accordingly collates from Montaigne's Essays the views expressed on political and official life, and, interweaving them with documents illustrating his conduct as a magistrate and courtier, exhibits him as moderate, independent, and faithful. He begins by proving his noble origin; shows that he was a consistent royalist and Catholic; follows him to the courts of Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.; fixes the date of his investment with the order of Saint Michael; describes him as gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king, and secretary to Catherine de Medicis; gives an outline of his four years' mayoralty at Bordeaux; indicates the several political missions he fulfilled; comments on the fact of his military service, his correspondence with Henry IV., and his Roman citizenship. This programme of Montaigne's public life is made the subject of a treatise of four hundred octavo pages, which is the fruit of much research, some ingenuity, and an evident desire to add to the basis of Montaigne's renown. But the work is more creditable to the industry of the author, than interesting to the lover of those remarkable Essays, which have made us so well acquainted with the earliest didactic writer of France. It is as a man pre-eminently that Montaigne attracts us. Office was irksome to him, and assumed from a sense of honor and a desire of usefulness. He fulfilled its obligations with the honesty and good sense that belonged to his character; but the public sphere was not his element, and so tenacious was his conservative habit, that even this opportunity failed to bring him into sympathetic relation with the political excitements of his times, and therefore called forth the passive and normal, rather than the salient traits of his nature. These found expression in travel and authorship, in conversation and study; and, while all is respectable and worthy in the official career,

it gives comparatively little scope or inspiration to what is characteristic and peculiar. Hence a work like this is more suggestive to the historical than to the biographical reader, and confirms our respect for Montaigne's probity and aptness, but brings us no nearer to the man. The book is, however, a significant evidence of the national estimation which an old author of sterling merit enjoys in France; and adds another to the patient and erudite, if not to the sympathetic and eloquent tributes to his fame. At home, it may gratify literary curiosity and patriotic sentiment thus to extol even the most superficial and extrinsic phase of Montaigne's life; but abroad, the interest will always centre around his private history and his self-revelations; and we embrace the occasion to revive the image and analyze the influence of a French writer most venerable, and at the same time most familiar to our literary associations.

It is to what may be called the literature of personality, — the books that sincerely and directly unfold individual experience, — that we owe the best data for the philosophy of mind and of life. We quote them as men of science do their manuals; they are the armory whence our tempered weapons of argument, our authentic precedents, are drawn. What life was in Italy during the fifteenth century, is more clearly told us by Cellini, the egotistic artist, than by Machiavelli, the political annalist. How it fared with a noble youth in Piedmont, before the French Revolution, her tragic poet has revealed in his memoirs better than we can learn from the state papers of the house of Savoy. Boswell, in faithfully describing an author's struggles for bread and fame, incidentally exhibits London in the reign of the Georges. Thus, too, the mind of a Gascon gentleman is a more familiar reality to us than the wars of the Guises. That mind cannot, indeed, be ranked with the impassioned Italian or the creative Englishman; but it has somewhat of that permanent relish for all time which endears Dante and Shakespeare. Were it otherwise, the inherent obstacles to sympathy with its workings would have long ago made us oblivious of it. These obstacles are threefold; — a frequent indelicacy both in the subjects discussed and the method of discussion,

an obsolete or quaint style, and an affluence of illustrations from classical authors, which, to modern taste, savors of pedantry. But over these drawbacks the ingenuous address, the grand sincerity, and the intense rationality of Montaigne, triumph. He was to France what the British Essayists were to England, — the first to popularize knowledge and to lure even the uncultivated to observe and to think. He owed little to his age; but his age owed much to him, in the improvement of language, the inroad upon scholastic monopolies, and the development of a new source of intellectual interest, — that with which contemplation and speculation invest common experience. Ecclesiastical and military oracles abounded; those of humanity were few, and of these Montaigne's Essays were the most vital, the nearest to the brain and heart, making the humblest intelligence feel a certain self-respect, as being within the sphere of emotions, wants, and perceptions like those so freely and naïvely confessed in the vernacular, by one who, trained as a scholar and born to a goodly name and heritage, was the first writer in that age and country who used the pen chiefly to indicate that he was a man, — not a priest, noble, soldier, or statesman. The "aimless curiosity," the "versatile caprice," which guided his lucubrations, were more akin to the instincts of the unlettered than to the pedantry of students, the creed of churchmen, the etiquette of courts, or the formulas of schools. They were thoroughly natural, essentially independent, preeminently human. He even cited authorities with an air of pleasantry, and, instead of being "troubled about many things," like the controversial and ambitious, he was a sort of literary Epicurean, culling sweets in the garden of knowledge, questioning Nature, holding a colloquy with Life, and neither afraid nor ashamed to speculate about its most ignoble functions, nor awed by custom or authority from discussing its mysteries and endeavoring to analyze its vicissitudes.

Montaigne loved wisdom more than learning, — chose to "form his mind rather than furnish it." There were religious wars, popular superstitions, charlatans, bigots, dissolute nobles, brutalized peasants, royal cruelties, priestly craft,

around him; and no journalism, steam-engines, or popular education to modify and dissipate these uncivilized agencies. He did not succumb to, but detached himself from them; making a kingdom of his mind, a strong-hold of his library, a refuge of his thought, and his "better dispositions tributary to comfort." The miracle of life, as such; the resources of consciousness; how men of old thought, suffered, and died; wherein one race differs from another; what effect a certain *régime* or discipline, this passion or that calamity, has upon man; the ideas of Plato; the deeds of Plutarch's heroes; the manners of courts and the habits of individuals, — these things, their comparison and exposition, were to him a pastime. An easy temper, books, friends, private duties, — what Michel Angelo called "the harmless comedy," and what we should define the "minor philosophy" of life, — occupied and amused him, and, as it were, challenged him to the intellectual field, where he could expatiate, not profoundly, like the man of earnest convictions, not unconsciously, like the man of action, not loftily, like the man of aspirations, but rationally, genially, playfully, curiously, sincerely, like the genuine human philosopher that he was. To a poetical mind this may seem tame, and to an enthusiastic mind cold; but, historically considered, it is a refreshing contrast to the barbarous materialism, the cloistered erudition, the fanatical zeal, and the sensual abandonment which debased so much of the life of the times. Montaigne's peaceful tower is a nobler and more auspicious centre in the landscape of the past, than kingly throne, monastic cell, or military camp; for thence emanated at least honest thought and genial utterance.

Yet the actual life of this man, so strongly individualized in the retrospect, was, in view of his age and his continued fame, singularly destitute of incident and adventure. A more tranquil and unemphatic career, indeed, it is difficult to imagine during a period of memorable social and political activity, and in the case of one whose intellectual agency has survived two centuries. What an indirect yet striking testimony is this fact to the distinct human significance of his writings! The external facts are simply these. He was born in February, 1533; was carefully educated, according to

the most enlightened system of his age, learning to speak Latin as a child; in his youth, he studied law; he held parliamentary, courtly, and municipal office; married; travelled; knew, in two memorable instances, the highest charms of friendship and sympathy; observed, read, thought; was "attached by reason to his prince and his religion"; enjoyed abroad the consideration then awarded to rank and talent, and at home, rural independence and philosophic recreation, except as disturbed at one time by civic turbulence, at another by the vicinity of pestilence, or again by the ungenial duties of official life, as magistrate, gentleman of the bedchamber, or teacher to a princess, or, worst of all, by attacks of a painful and hereditary disease. Sixty years of less ambitious commerce with public events, of less intimate concern with social excitements of which his birth and culture gave him the largest command, of less active sympathy with the affairs, opinions, and passions that filled up the circle of average experience in his day and country, probably are unknown. But, on the other hand, that life, as such, then and there, was unspeakably precious to him as a phenomenon to scrutinize, an experience to chronicle, a problem to solve, his record thereof, which remains to us as one of the most authentic charts of a "brother sailing o'er life's solemn main," adequately proves. Herein lies the surviving and imperishable attractiveness of the man, that we seem to have known him well in the flesh, to have talked with him in his tower-library, or compared notes with him at some *locanda* in Italy, or street-angle of Bordeaux. It is not what he saw and did, which includes little of the marvellous, but what he thought and felt, that we know so intimately. And this knowledge is always of vital interest in regard to every human being; it is the secret charm of the drama, the novel, the poem, of the history which runs back a thousand years to unveil a hero, and of the newspaper that is eagerly grasped to-day, to read a villain's dying confession; it is what we seek in the eyes and yearn for in the speech of our fellow-creatures, and, strange as it may appear, it is the last reward of investigation, — the most rare fruit of social intercourse. Self-love, prudence, the want of an introspective habit, ina-

bility to describe life, a perverse avoidance of its latent suggestions, — these and like causes force us to grope through the labyrinth and face the mystery alone. Therefore it is that when a candid and brave voice utters the truth, whispers a confession of weakness, acknowledges perplexity, defines pleasures, pains, hopes, fears, — gives back the impressions which life makes and the thoughts which it excites, — that voice penetrates the conventional murmurs of time; it is the utterance of human consciousness as affected by vicissitude, nature, and reflection, and, as the lone voyager, after many days passed in view only of sea and sky, listens with eager heart for the salutation and the report of the passing ship, so do we hail on the ocean of life the fraternal word which tells us, without disguise, how that life seemed, and what it was to a vigilant, loving, thoughtful man centuries ago; while the diversity of the outward circumstances, and the intervention of memorable years and events, become as nothing before the mysterious and eternal, — the retrospective and prophetic identity of human instincts and intelligence drawing us irresistibly backward to those "footprints on the sands of time," and luring us onward by the mysterious perspective of a common destiny.

It is not merely that we know the opinions of Montaigne on a great variety of subjects universally interesting to those who observe and think; but he has made us as familiar with his idiosyncrasies as if we had lived for months in frank companionship with him at the Chateau. Thus how well aware are we that he preferred Rome and Paris to all other cities, white wine to red, and a few intimacies to general society; — that he was not fond of sweets, agreed with Robert Burns in his estimate of the "privilege of being independent" of business, controversy, other people's will, and pecuniary and official obligations; — that he had a bad memory, loved to travel, intensely enjoyed the society of handsome and intelligent women, but at the same time kept warily on his guard with them; — that he had pride of birth and left his arms at inns, and a silver *ex voto* at the Loretto Chapel, representing the Virgin, his wife, his child, and himself; — that he loved to journey, as to write, without a settled plan, and by other than the

direct route, — had a natural distrust of medicine, hated to bargain, was quick but not obstinate in temper, and persistent in silence when ill, from a conviction of its sanitary effects; — that he lost his relish for Ovid after childhood, and cared less for Ariosto as he neared maturity, Terence and Catullus, Boccaccio and Rabelais, Plutarch and Seneca, being lifelong favorites! Equally cognizant are we of his inclination to "disengage and disoblige himself," — to have neatness, not splendor, the condition of his surroundings, — and of his ability to contract and preserve "uncommon and exquisite friendships," as illustrated in his intercourse with Madame de Bourdie and La Boëtie, whose sonnets he so overestimated. We know his method of regulating expense, his treatment of the terrible complaint under which he suffered, and his good temper under its worst inflictions. We know his partiality for fish and for horseback exercise, his contempt for the game of chess, his fondness for hunting, his taste in love, and his habit of carrying a walking-stick. These and numerous other traits of mind and conduct enable us to conceive of Montaigne, as we do only of the most sincere and genial authors of our own day.

There is a peculiar healthfulness in Montaigne. For an introspective man he was as little morbid, as little "sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought," as any thinker in literary history. Fond of rural life, avoiding excessive cerebral activity, free from corroding passions, cultivating self-possession, good-humor, and tranquillity, there is something wholesome in the temper of the man as exhibited in authorship. He appears to have had precisely that degree and kind of mental activity which makes the brain give tone to the body, and thus promotes longevity. He came of a long-lived race, and possessed a hale constitution. The portrait of him in the Bodleian Library exhibits a full brow, reddish moustache, peaked beard, and sparse collar. The lips are full, especially the lower, and the nose is good. It is a face of decided character, in which the expression is abstracted rather than observant. He says in his self-portraiture: —

"I am something lower than the middle stature, a defect that not only borders upon deformity, but carries withal a great deal of incon-

venience along with it; for the authority of a graceful presence and majestic mien is wanting. I am, as to the rest, strong and well-knit, my face is not puffed, but full, my complexion betwixt jovial and melancholic, moderately sanguine. My hands are so clumsy that I cannot so much as write so as to read it myself. I cannot handsomely fold a letter, nor could ever make a pen, nor carve at table, nor saddle a horse, nor hunt the dogs, nor loose a hawk. In fine, my bodily qualities are very well suited to those of my soul; there is nothing sprightly, — only a full and firm vigor. I am patient enough of labor and pain, but it is only when I go voluntarily to the work." — *Essays*, Book II. 17.

Although, as a thinker, he was comparatively detached from his age, and as a philosopher intent upon generalities, to appreciate the man and the writer we must none the less consider the state of knowledge and the current of events which signalized his times. Between his birth and death, Andrew Doria vindicated the maritime glory of the Genoese republic; Henry VIII. of England achieved his persecutions and divorces; Charles V. re-established the sway of the Medici at Florence; the Anabaptists appeared in Germany; Geneva became free; Ghent rose; Savoy fell to France; Solyman seized Hungary; Barbarossa invaded Upper Italy. Between the Pope and the Emperor, Philip of Spain and the Low Countries, Loyola and Luther, memorable contests went on. Some of the most tragic episodes of history — the assassination of Piero de' Medici, the execution of Egmont, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew — belong to this interval. Jesuitism and Protestantism respectively obtained that vantage-ground which colored, for centuries, the spiritual destiny of our race. In France the Huguenot era was rife; the Guises, the Bourbons, Montmorency, and Coligni occupied the foreground. Montaigne travelled for six months for security during the war of the League, saw Tasso in his cell at Ferrara, passed a night or two in the Bastile, was at Blois when the Duke of Guise was killed, was at Bar-le-Duc with Henry II., and at Rouen when the majority of Charles IX. was celebrated, kissed the foot of Gregory XIII., and beheld at St. Peter's the ensign recently taken from the Huguenots. During his lifetime Calvinists were burned; Bacon wrote;

the earliest of the English dramatists awoke "terror and pity" in London theatres; chivalry waned, and monastic life began to decline. His was the age of English and Spanish maritime discovery and colonization, of Italian art and Dutch freedom, when the pregnant seeds of future progress were sown in the teeming furrows of time. But it was also an age when intercourse between the different countries of Europe was slow, precarious, and difficult; when the fruits of intellectual toil were sparsely disseminated, the scholar isolated, knowledge chiefly derived from Greek and Latin authors, and these, with Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Boccaccio, Froissart, Philip de Comines, and Joinville, formed the library of the man of letters. Abelard indeed had taught, St. Bernard had lived and written. Provençal poetry was extant; and Montaigne was twelve years old when Cervantes was born. When his Essays were written, France had no literature; and if it is wonderful that he taught so justly, and expressed himself with such perspicuous emphasis, in this era of his native tongue, it is no less remarkable that the great events which dawned or were consummated in the world during his life, and the spiritual forces and civil struggles at work immediately around him, affected his mood and fused with his mental experience in so purely an objective and incidental a manner. Although the tempest of social strife broke over his tower, and the soldiers of king and duke crossed his path, an anecdote cited as illustrative of some theory, or an allusion introduced to justify his conservatism, and not the earnest protest of faith or the keen logic of conviction, certifies us that he lived in the midst of such crises. He dwells far more on the authors who fed his mind, than on the combatants who disturbed his repose, and questions of actual experience, phenomena common to men everywhere, and not peculiar to a Frenchman of that age, attract his speculation. Goethe, on æsthetic principles, held himself not more aloof from active sympathy with the practical development of humanity in the eighteenth century, than Montaigne by philosophic self-possession in the sixteenth; and if the former, as his advocates plead, thus more effectually served Art, the latter by a like reserve dealt more ingenuously with

life and man, abstracted from the immediate and the temporary. The one thus divorced from the actual won more of Beauty, and the other more of Truth.

Montaigne's country is so intimately associated in history and commerce with a special kind of valor, and a peculiar quality of wine, that the very names Gascony and Bordeaux revive their memory at once. The self-exaggeration of the former gave birth to the term *gasconnade*. This old French province is memorably located, having for boundaries the river Garonne, the sea, and the Pyrenees, so that Spanish affinities and maritime enterprise, as well as war, agriculture, and trade, combined to influence the development of the people; the higher phase of which was notably indicated during the Revolution, for thence came those chivalric desperadoes, the Gironde leaders, — Vergniaud, who, according to Lamartine, "knew no intermediate state between idleness and heroism"; the well-dressed, ironical, decisive Gansonne; Gaudet, the magnetic orator; and Ducos, who proposed, the night before his execution, to go to bed, "for," said he, "life is so trifling a thing that it is not worth the hour of sleep we lose in regretting it." The eloquent words and the courageous temper of that most noble constellation of humanity, quenched in the Reign of Terror, — the men who resisted the bloody despotism of "the Mountain," whose last night on earth is one of the most awfully pathetic in all history, — wit, grace, good-fellowship, and bravery scintillating through the impending death-shadow, and song, cheerful adieus, words of beauty and wisdom, open brows, smiles, and courtesy eclipsed only by the falling axe, — this picture, so lovely and so terrible, is framed to the eye of memory with the vintage and the quays, the old Gothic towers, the chalky highways, the chestnut groves, and the winding river, of the region of Montaigne's nativity.

Bordeaux had its own reign of terror, in which five hundred citizens were sacrificed. The names of the streets partook of yet later revolutionary transitions. What was once the Place Louis XIV. became the Place Louis Philippe, and the Cours de Douze Mars was changed to that of Trente Juillet. What Liverpool is to England, Bordeaux is to France. The curve of its buildings along the banks of the

Garonne, the three miles of quays, the crowd of shipping, the handsome bridges, the varied architecture, graceful spires, and venerable towers, form a genial, and often beautiful spectacle, when seen in an effective light. There is little, indeed, in the modern aspect of the city to remind us of Montaigne's time. A somewhat anomalous, yet singularly pleasing, union of commercial activity and elegant repose, gradually impresses the stranger, and he turns from the Italian fa ade of an aristocratic mansion, and the gay public garden, to the citadel erected by Vauban, or from the thronged street to the quiet library of the Rue St. Dominique, with that feeling of entire contrast in which lies so much of the zest of European travel. A copy of Montaigne's Essays, which he finds in the latter depository, with the author's own marginal autograph notes, takes him at a glance from the commercial French metropolis of to-day to the old city of which "the fine old Gascon gentleman" was Mayor. The Rue du Chapeau Rouge and the Rue de l'Intendance, which run east and west, separate the old and the new quarters. The narrow thoroughfares of the former, over-populous, and lined with high, overarching edifices, — so different from the open squares, broad avenues, and umbrageous decorations of the latter, — take us in fancy to France as she emerged from the Middle Age, to the ancient capital of Aquitaine, to the three hundred years when Bordeaux belonged to England. Here Edward the Black Prince was invested by his father with the government of Guienne, and hence he sallied forth on the adventurous foray that led to the battle of Poictiers. Here his son, Richard II., was born. Here was the seat of a Provincial Parliament. This was the scene of that famous siege undertaken by Mazarin, young Louis XIV., and his mother, while the city adhered to the Prince of Condé, whose brave consort sustained the contest, escaped the wily Cardinal, and won the hearts of the people.

But neither these nor other general historical reminiscences, nor the statue of the devoted old intendant, De Tournay, nor the vicinity of Montesquieu's birthplace, can long detain our thoughts. Through the decaying, high-peaked, quaintly carved, dim, labyrinthine, poverty-stricken courts and streets of the old town, we thread our curious, often repulsive way,

perhaps casting an inquiring glance at tokens of alternate English and Gascon occupancy, turning aside to avoid a beggar or a pile of garbage, or pausing to note that mediæval picturesqueness which artists so fondly discover in groups of houses of the fourteenth century; and thus, half absorbed and half observant, we reach the old Church of the Feuillans, where, on a tomb, is an effigy clad in steel, with visor raised and a pointed beard, to indicate — authentically enough, indeed, but with no propriety, as he was more of an author than a knight — the place where Montaigne is buried.

"I was born and bred up in the country," he tells us, and probably the general aspect of the rural vicinage of his abode remains essentially unchanged. Although level, it is diversified to the eye, by the whiteness of the stone dwellings, the dark-green tint of the numerous trees, and the lighter shade of the vineyards. When ripe, the grapes, especially those which produce the St. Emilion wine, chiefly growing on an elevated strip of land near the river, are of the darkest purple. A gentle ascent, beyond, leads to an extensive plain, whereon round-capped windmills loom against the horizon, and conspicuous rises the church belfry of the parish, whence the road is direct to the chateau. There is the terrace where Montaigne walked, and looked forth upon a not unpleasing, but somewhat monotonous landscape; and there are the old balustrade, the little forest, the village and chateau of Mont Peyroux, once the property of his younger brother. The remains of another similar edifice mark the local ravages of the Revolution. It is conjectured that here dwelt the lady to whom his Essay on Education is addressed. Within, we have the identical place so minutely delineated by his pen. On the rafters of the tower-study are yet discernible the maxims and quotations he inscribed. The outlook, the casements, the court-yard, the garden limits, — the very measurements agree with the written picture. The closet he refers to is still there. With no elegance or modern improvements, the prospect and the free exposure of this favorite nook to sun and air give it an agreeable aspect. We can pace the same floor, gaze upon the same view, with him, and with the slightest effort of imagination we can revive the image of the kindly phi-

losopher, consulting the books so conveniently within reach, musing, thinking, making notes of what he has seen on returning from a "Journey into Italy," or a visit to Paris. Three hundred years have elapsed since these old towers were reared by the wise and good father whose memory he so revered; more than two centuries and a half, since he died. It is seldom in the history of literature that local associations so minutely connect the writings and the life of an ancient and popular writer with the actual scene of his recorded experience. By what fortunate accident or reverent solicitude Montaigne's dwelling has been thus preserved intact, is not clearly explained; but the circumstance is so obvious to one familiar with his works, that a *cicerone* is superfluous; and thus one of the most real of men to our conception, among the illustrious names of France, is rendered more so by virtue of his unchanged abode, — a memorial so significant that the literary pilgrim instinctively desires that the vicissitudes of ownership may never modify or destroy a material token, which singularly authenticates the honest exactness of the writer, while it excites the most attractive and vivid reminiscences of the man.

One of those beautiful relations which more than any written sentiment or critical estimate vindicate the noble human sympathies of intellectual men, lends freshness and interest to Montaigne's later years. A gifted and affectionate young Parisian, by the early loss of her father, who had been high in the royal confidence, and held responsible offices, had, with her mother, found a sequestered home in the village of Gournay. Retirement and leisure, as well as an instinctive thirst for knowledge, rendered her a student; and, by means of French translations, she had acquired Latin, and even made some progress in Greek, when a more available and congenial phase of literature and philosophy opened before her, through acquaintance with the Essays of Montaigne. We can imagine with what avidity such a *melange* of facts, arguments, confessions, and speculations — unfolded with all the vivacity and ingenuousness of the best conversation, giving precisely the information, the hints, and the stimulus her mental appetite craved — would be seized upon by

the fair recluse, in an age when the Italian poets, the literature of Greece and Rome, and old Froissart were the almost exclusive pabulum of readers. It must have been like suddenly coming upon a pure spring in a wearisome desert. All Mademoiselle de Gournay's enthusiasm was awakened. Montaigne had opened a new world of intellectual delight to her youth; she was but eighteen when the book fell into her hands; and that her mind was adapted clearly to discern and truly to sympathize with his, we may infer from her subsequent reputation in Paris, where the latter part of her life was spent in the midst of the most cultivated society. The Abbé de Marolles said of her, that she had "a candid and generous soul, more beauty of mind than person, and knew many things rarely acquired by women"; a brief portrait, in which we recognize her claims to Montaigne's warm regard. The few incidents recorded of her agree with this description, and are curiously significant of her times. Thus, in youth, she expended a large amount in the ardent search for the philosopher's stone. She bequeathed a curious library. Her rents were so irregularly paid, that she was obliged to sacrifice no small portion of a valuable landed estate, and finally received a pension. Her *salon* was frequented by members of the Academy, who called her the French Siren and the Tenth Muse. She died in 1645, and was buried at St. Etienne. Although she wrote several books, her character and intelligence chiefly gave her distinction while living, and her association with Montaigne has preserved her memory. She was envied, and even ridiculed, by the pedantic, who, however, could find subjects for abuse only in her age and want of beauty; while her superior understanding and her moral consistency gained her the esteem and affection of the most gifted men of her day. Her zeal for Montaigne's fame was unabated through life. She published two editions of his Essays, the last of which, dedicated to Cardinal Richelieu, has an interesting Preface.

When Montaigne resigned the mayoralty of Bordeaux, and paid a visit to Paris, Marie de Gournay le Jars, then in the bloom of girlhood, desired his acquaintance, on the ground of her intellectual obligations to him. He responded at first with

courtesy, but soon learned that his young friend had no ordinary claim to his regard. He visited her and her mother at the Chateau de Gournay, and, upon intimacy, conceived such an interest in Marie that he adopted her as his daughter. An intercourse more elevated than that ascribed to Goethe and Bettina, more refined than Dr. Johnson's with the "little Burney," less poetic than Petrarch's love, and far more disinterested than Swift's, yet partaking both of æsthetic and philosophic affinity, followed the confidence thus established.

"I have taken a delight," he says, "in publishing in several places the hopes I have of Marie de Gournay le Jars, my adopted daughter, beloved by me with a more than paternal love, and treasured up in my solitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my own being. I have no regard for anything in this world but her. If a man may presage from her youth, her soul will one day be capable of very great things, and, amongst others, of the perfection of that sacred friendship to which we do not read that any of her sex could ever yet arrive; the sincerity and solidity of her manners are already sufficient for it; her affection towards me more than superabundant, and such as that there is nothing more to be wished, if not that the apprehension she has of my end from the five and fifty years I had reached when she knew me, might not so much afflict her." — *Essays*, Book II. 117.

It is a pathetic illustration of this foreshadowed grief, to remember her lonely pilgrimage through vindictive camps, and in the midst of rude and vagabond soldiers, to weep and pray over the body of her idolized friend; and if this sweet episode in the life of the essayist cannot be enrolled in the Loves of the Poets, it should certainly take the lead in the Loves of the Philosophers.

What he thought of friendship between man and man, he has told us in one of his Essays, and illustrated in the graceful amity which subsisted between Stephen de la Boëtie and himself. They were drawn together by the mutual attraction of each other's reported characters and published ideas; and when they met at a municipal banquet, the sympathy thus only self-acknowledged was confirmed by personal intercourse. A kindred intrepidity of mind and candor of heart united them at once. Boëtie bequeathed his library to Montaigne, and was portrayed, lamented,

and remembered by him, with a discriminating affection which proved the bond to have been one of genuine affinity. The noblest sentiments thus cheered the life and animated the pen of the brave old essayist, — filial love and tested friendship.

As if to make the transmission of Montaigne's individuality complete, and to give us an unconscious self-revelation more authentic than even his voluntary confessions, one hundred and eight years after his death the notes of his "Journey into Italy" were discovered. They had never been revised, were incomplete as to dates, were written alternately in Italian and in French, and by his attendant and himself, in a chirography and a mode of spelling which made them puzzling to decipher. And yet the manuscript was a precious document, not only as bringing one already familiar and endeared still nearer to us, but as affording the most authentic information in regard to the economy of life, social condition, and civic aspect of Germany and Italy, nearly three centuries ago. Never was the importance of facts over fancies in a traveller's record more notably illustrated, than in this rough diary of the observant old Gascon gentleman. He tells us exactly what we desire to know, in order to compare our observations as travellers and readers of the nineteenth, with the state of manners and resources in Europe in the sixteenth century. If a novelist or a philosophic historian of our day wishes to find the details wherewith to give reality to his picture of Continental life then and there, Montaigne's note-book will prove his best and most suggestive authority. Fruitful as the last fifty years have been in the literature of travel, and raised to a standard value by artistic grace or original insight as its higher specimens are, those cognizant, through personal observation, of the regions visited by Montaigne, will discover in his range of careful scrutiny the most entertaining grounds of contrast between the past and the present, and will often meet an experience which makes history seem real. The crude state in which the journal was left, and the prominence of details respecting his malady, and the experiments to alleviate it, might repulse the fastidious reader, were not this *spécialité* of the traveller, and these data of the

valetudinarian, intermingled with so many incidents of significance and curious facts of nature and society. Accepting, therefore, as an inevitable episode, the description of the medicinal effects of various mineral springs and baths, and of the frequent attacks of an incurable disease, we cannot but honor the courage and patience with which Montaigne endures his long ordeal of pain, and appreciate the motives which led him narrowly to watch the influence of remedies, with a view to arrive at truth on a subject which involved so much of human anguish, and conditions so perplexing in the view of medical science.

"It would be weak and cowardly in me," he writes, towards the end of his journey, "to the last degree, if, living in the constant danger of dying from this cause, and death, besides, approaching me, in the due course of nature, nearer and nearer every moment, I were not to brace myself up and unceasingly prepare myself to meet the common fate when it befalls me."

His invalid condition, however, did not interfere with the keenest enjoyment and the greatest mental activity during intervals of comparative health. Indeed, he proved himself of that rare species, a really good traveller. Susceptible enough to receive the most decided impressions, hardy enough to endure inconvenience and privation, emancipated sufficiently from prejudice to look with a kindly eye on customs and forms of character diverse from those with which he was familiar, with that sharp appetite for knowledge and that vagrant mood which delight in casual interests, urbane, adventurous, yet rational and patient, Montaigne was one of the few Frenchmen who have been able heartily to recognize and fondly to study other cities, and justly to estimate a different style of civilization from that which distinguishes the peerless capital on the Seine. Like other travellers, he soon found the inconvenience of companions less happily constituted for seeing the world, and regretted a want of preparation, by reading, for the less frequented portions of his pilgrimage. His journey was made on horseback, with sumpter mules and servants, and two gentlemen of position and education were his companions. His route was, in no small degree, governed by caprice or accident; and although its

goal was Rome, he continually diverged or lingered, as health or local and social attractions prompted.

"The pleasure he felt in wandering over countries that were new to him," writes his confidential scribe and personal attendant, — "a pleasure which made him forget his age and his maladies, — he could not infuse into any others of the party, who were all anxious to go straight on, so that they might the sooner return home. The journey was to him a source of entire delight. When, after having passed a restless night, he in the morning called to mind that he was going to visit a town or place he had never seen before, he would leap out of bed as gay as a lark, and as light, and meet his friends in the highest spirits."

It is this zest which makes good observers and *raconteurs;* and, accordingly, unfinished as is the record of Montaigne's travels, a certain animation and freshness give vitality and point to the whole.

What an impression of the conservative spirit of the Old World do we denizens of the New derive, in coming upon so many features of daily life, in this primitive book of travels, identical with our own observation! We, too, have admired the care bestowed on Tuscan roads, wondered at the paucity of beautiful women, quarrelled with our *vetturino*, been annoyed by the censorship and the passport system, chilled in the bedrooms, learned to identify the wine of districts, delighted in the gardens, been shocked with priestly irreverence, and amused by the countless inscriptions encountered in our Italian tour, precisely as was the writer of this quaint journal, two hundred and seventy-seven years ago. Then, also, it appears, mattresses in Germany were stuffed with maize-leaves, mustard was used in a liquid form, feather-beds answered the purpose of blankets, stoves of fireplaces; and the stupidity of the common people was no less provoking than now. Now and then, however, an incident or name reminds us that what is to us history was to our ancient *cicerone* experience; and we are startled by the proximity of the familiar and the distant. When Montaigne was at Verona, the Amphitheatre was but partially excavated; he found the Cardinal d'Este ill of the gout at Padua, had a pleasant interview with Duke Alfonso at Ferrara, saw his nation's standards won by Marshal Strozzi displayed in the church of St. Lorenzo at

Florence, and dined at the ducal palace there with Cosmo II. and his wife, the famous Bianca Capello. Passing through Sarzana, he heard the salvoes of artillery that welcomed Giovanni de' Medici; the news which one morning greeted his breakfast at Pisa was that a dozen shepherds in the vicinity had been carried off by pirates; and at Ancona the warning coast-gun that proclaimed the vicinity of a Turkish corsair smote his ear. Such incidental allusions transport us to the historical epoch when this journey was made; and these associations curiously blend with numerous personal details; for we know, at the same time, what the author ate, how he slept, the condition of his abdominal viscera, and his precise locality, whether the Eagle at Constance, the Linden-Tree at Augsburg, the Rose at Innspruck, or the Crown at Sienna.

Some of Montaigne's experiences on the Continent remind us of those which mark the travels of our favorite English authors. Thus he associated with scholars, like Milton and Berkeley; examined classic sites with the erudite sympathy of Addison, and, like him, received abroad intelligence of his appointment to office at home; with an urbanity kindred to Goldsmith's, he gave the peasants of one town where he lingered a dance, "not to appear airish."

If there is one faculty more than another to which travel in Italy ministers, it is the sense of beauty; but this instinct in Montaigne was limited in comparison with his love of knowledge and his aptitude for the study of human nature. His sympathetic temperament rendered him, indeed, keenly alive to female charms; but his interest in art was that of a scholar, rather than of a man of æsthetic culture; and manners, customs, novel physical facts, and historical precedents chiefly attracted him. For natural history, except in its relation to hygiene, he had but slight affinity. Character, on the other hand, was his favorite subject of regard. He carefully observed and scrupulously noted the products, diet, furniture, cookery, public works, ancient monuments, state of religion and morals, social habits, and physical geography of a new region. He compared the culinary methods, the expenses, the scenery, population, size of towns, and numerous other

particulars, with the like in France. He visited churches, gardens, and ruins with antiquarian and horticultural relish. At Florence we find him poring over Boccaccio's will, and at Padua charmed with a bust of Cardinal Bembo. He gives minute facts about fish, wine, and the kind of ware and stuffs in use, the arrangement of households, and ceremonials. He is one day engaged at a circumcision, and the next at a Lent sermon; here at a monastery, and there in a synagogue; now dining with a prince, and now chatting with a peasant. He enjoys exceptions accorded to him as a stranger of rank by municipal authorities, presents of game and wine, having his coat of arms painted or carved to serve as a memorial where he lodged, and especially the title, obtained with some difficulty, of a Roman citizen. He remarks in one place the size and color of the oxen, in another mentions two ostriches on their way to some ducal menagerie; here the white hare, and there the crawfish, as a local dish. He found the barbers of Italy inferior to those of France. Rome he more thoroughly enjoyed than any other place. The Latin was almost his mother tongue, and his familiarity with the history and the authors of the Eternal City made its exploration a labor of love. Disappointed though he was in the fragmentary architectural remains, they yet served him as memorials; and probably no Frenchman of his day ever verified the boundaries and celebrated sites of Rome with more intelligent zeal. His style and emphasis rise as he writes of his impressions there. It is evident, however, that abroad, as at home, his favorite resource was conversation. He sought out assiduously men of learning, or those who could inform him, in each place where he tarried. At one time we find him in colloquy with a Jesuit padre, and at another with a Huguenot minister; to-day talking over "the affairs of Switzerland" with a soldier, and to-morrow discussing church affairs with the abbess of a wayside convent. A schoolmaster, a Rabbi, a famous Pisan doctor, a patriarch of Antioch, a gardener, and a mathematical-instrument maker, all prove satisfactory companions; because from each he elicits valuable information or speculative hints. We know Montaigne better on his travels than we did at home. He unconsciously

betrays his religious affinities and his national vanity, his *bonhommie*, his honest, manly, and courteous instincts, his practical observation, his independence, and the peculiar power of adaptation which proves him a genuine cosmopolitan. His interest in whatever reveals social philosophy or economical facts, his liberal curiosity and urbane spirit, all come out incidentally; an execution, a fencing-match, a machine, rulers, *savans*, and women alternately occupy him. Before, we may have pictured Montaigne correctly as a thinker and a man of whims and sentiments; but now he rises to our fancy, as a pleasant, wise, and inquiring companion; we grieve for his ailments, honor his cheerfulness, and enjoy his observant humor.

Upon reflection, the most obvious and acknowledged defects of Montaigne increase his claims to admiration. Thus his citations from Greek and Roman authors, so irksome to the modern reader, were, in his day, novelties to the uneducated, and served to foster an interest in the original sources of mental discipline. Moreover, they furnished the chief and the legitimate precedents then available as illustrations. The license, so offensive to our notions of propriety, did not arise from any low taste or prurient imagination, but was the natural result of a manly, unscrupulous spirit of inquiry and discussion. It is, therefore, far more excusable than that of Swift and Sterne. In Montaigne's age there was no more conscious invasion of decency in his than in Shakespeare's verbal freedoms. And so in regard to his style; what is quaint and half obsolete to us — accustomed as we are to the glib, colloquial perspicuity of an advanced stage of the language — according to the testimony of those best capable of judging, was the origin of all that is vigorous and clear. La Harpe says that Montaigne first impressed its characteristic energy on the French tongue. Indeed, the decadence of the vocabulary and forms of expression which philologists notice in the history of the French language, is ascribed to the loss of the Latin idiom; and the superiority of Montaigne's style has been justly referred to "l'idiome vigoureux de Tacite et de Seneque qu'il suça en même temps que le lait de sa nourrice."

"In the chronicles of the fourteenth century," says Vericour, "the expressions are picturesque; in Comines they are more subdued, but rarely so brilliant as in the pages of Villehardouin, Joinville, and Froissart. But with Montaigne the French language takes a new construction, turning again to Greek and Latin sources, and withal so skilfully and happily modified, as, despite its classical coloring, to remain intrinsically Gallic."

Le Clerc exclaims, in his admiration of those excellences, "Quelle vivacité, quelle energie, quelle souplesse!" On the other hand, De Balzac insists that, Montaigne having been a Gascon by nativity, and having resided in Valois, it is an impossibility that his language can be good. He complains of his grammatical errors, and calls him a "wandering guide." It is, however, with reference to his time, and the literary development of his nation, and not by an abstract standard of correct elegance, that the style of so primitive an author should be estimated; and thus viewed, even foreigners can appreciate the claims of Montaigne, historically considered.

There is scarcely a theme which the vicissitudes and economy, the mysteries and the philosophy, of life suggest, which Montaigne has not more or less discussed. Love and Friendship, Anger and Sorrow, Conversation and Travel, Age and Illness, Sleep and Physiognomy, Prayer and Repentance, Experience, the Parental Relation, Drunkenness, Liars, Education, Books, and Women, are texts upon which he reasons, narrates, speculates, and gives the results of personal observation. Now we have a criticism, and now a fable; here an anecdote, and there an argument; on this page a discourse on Marriage, and on that illustrations of Cannibalism. All his inferences are not sound, — all his views are not original. There may be touches of dogmatism, and shades of prejudice, and a lack of earnestness, and complacent episodes. Yet we may, on the whole, readily admit the first assertion of his Preface, "This, reader, is a book without guile"; and no candid mind will fail to keep in view the date thereof, — "Montaigne, 12th of June, 1580," — remembering what was then the state of polite letters and the average scope of ideas. The entertainment to be derived from these cogitations is undeniable; but a certain dignity of sentiment and reflective impressive-

ness have not been so generally recognized. These qualities, allied to sincerity, justify his claim to the name of philosopher, notwithstanding the absence of a complete system, and the frequent inconsistencies revealed by comparison. Here, for instance, is a declaration of candor amply vindicated by the autobiographic spirit of his writings: "For my part, I shall take care, if I can, that my death shall discover nothing which my life has not first declared, and that openly. To death do I refer the proof of all my studies. We shall then see if my discourse came only from my mouth, or from my heart." Here is an allusion to one of the most remarkable facts of consciousness: "We are never present with, but always beyond ourselves." Here again is an expressed faith in intuitions: "Every one finds in himself some image of such agitations, of a prompt, vehement, and fortuitous opinion." How much of the principle of true criticism is involved in the simple remark: "In reading history, I used to consider what kind of men were the authors!" What a sense of the value of introspection is hinted in the statement, that "study and contemplation do, in some measure, withdraw from us and deprive us of our soul, and separate it so purely from the body, which is a kind of discipline and resemblance of death!" He gives the best reason for his method as a writer by declaring, "I accommodated my subjects to my force." His conservative temper is betrayed by the avowed opinion, that "men of sense should conform to the fashion of their times as to externals"; and his eclecticism, by the confession, "I am not guilty of the common error of judging another by myself." His literary creed is naïvely admitted: "I, for my part, care for no other books but either such as are pleasant and easy, to tickle my fancy, or those that comfort and instruct me how to regulate my life and death." That he knew the reserve which best evinces genuine sentiment, we may infer from the remark, "I honor most those to whom I show the least honor." His self-respect appears in the conviction that "the worst condition of a man is when he loses the knowledge and government of himself." He advocates an habitual sense of the precarious condition of humanity; for, says he, "it accommodates human life with a kind of soft and easy

tranquillity, and gives a pure and pleasant taste of living. I am in my own nature not melancholy, but thoughtful, and there is nothing I have more continually entertained myself withal than the imagination of death." Marriage, he thinks, "should be a kind of discreet and conscientious pleasure." "The virtue of the soul," he tells us, "does not consist in flying high, but in walking orderly"; and "those are the bravest souls that have in them the most variety, and that are the most flexible and pliant." Elsewhere he says: "The principal use of reading in me is, that, by various objects, it *rouses my reason;* it employs my judgment more than my memory." "I studied when young for ostentation; since, to make myself wise; and now, for my diversion; never for gain."

These and many similar expressions attest Montaigne to be "a soul that entertains philosophy"; and it is his good sense, reflective habit, and serious views of life, which account for the peculiar hold his Essays have upon the English mind. It may be doubted if any French didactic work ever came so near the sympathies of British readers. He enjoys an ancient and a prolonged affinity with the Anglo-Saxon literature. Shakespeare read Montaigne.* Halifax wrote to Cotton, in acknowledgment of his dedication of the second English translation: "He let his mind have its full flight, and showed by *a generous negligence* that he did not write for praise, but to give the world a true picture of himself and mankind." Gibbon declares that he and Henry IV. were the only genuine men of their times. Dugald Stewart, the metaphysician, gives him the precedence among the earliest French writers who drew attention to mental philosophy. Hazlitt calls him the pioneer of moral historians in Europe. Bacon, Butler, Pope, Swift, and Sterne were familiar with

* Shakespeare read Montaigne in a translation; and relished him so much, that he transferred whole passages to his plays. In the British Museum is a translation of Montaigne's Essays, with notes in Shakespeare's chirography and with his signature, bearing date 1603. This is also the date of the first English translation, by John Florio, Italian and French teacher to Prince Henry, son of James. It has a quaint engraved title-page, and was reprinted twice in the space of thirty years. Charles Cotton's translation was published in 1680, and reappeared, amended from the elegant French edition of Peter Coste. Hazlitt prepared an improved edition of Cotton, which is the one now chiefly in use here and in England.

his lucubrations; and Hallam gives him the credit of having made the first appeal "from the porch of the Academy to the haunts of busy and of idle men." With Byron,* his writings were a book of reference. Among the favorite books of Alexander Hamilton, when a young captain of artillery, was Montaigne's Essays. Honesty and good sense are cardinal merits with the English, and in these respects Montaigne is unsurpassed by any and all of his literary fellow-countrymen. Those who are repelled by the sentimental unreserve of Rousseau, the scoffing incredulity of Voltaire, and the obscene jokes of Rabelais, turn with keen relish to the practical wisdom of the frank Gascon, and pardon his egotism in view of the information, vivacity, and thoughtful sincerity that give life to his pages. If he has not the profound comprehensiveness of Bacon, the natural piety of Sir Thomas Browne, the benign ingenuity of Berkeley, the logical hardihood of Johnson, or the unexceptionable grace of Addison, he has a solid phase, a rational scope, and a human interest, rare in the Gallic, and singularly congenial to the Saxon intellect. The form of his writings has also endeared him to the English reader, to whose mind the Essay is so intimately associated with intellectual recreation and literary fame. Archbishop Whately, in the Preface to his edition of Bacon's Essays, thus describes this species of writing as initiated by Montaigne: "By an Essay was originally meant — according to the obvious and natural sense of the word — a slight sketch, to be filled up by the reader; brief hints, designed to be followed out; loose thoughts on some subjects, thrown out without much regularity, but sufficient to suggest further inquiries and reflections."

The prose most familiar to European readers two centuries ago was that of Montaigne. He originated the pleasant and colloquial in literature, and his writings were among the very few, in those days of rare scholarship, which it was taken for

* "He also made it a constant rule to peruse every day one or more of the Essays of Montaigne. This practice, he said, he had pursued for a long time; adding his decided conviction, that more useful general knowledge and varied information were to be derived by an intimate acquaintance with that diverting author, than by a long and continuous course of study." — *Voyage from Leghorn to Cephalonia with Lord Byron, in* 1823. By James Hamilton Brown. Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. xxxv. p. 58.

granted the higher classes were acquainted with. How much influence upon subsequent modes of thought and expression he thus exerted, it is impossible to estimate; but we may trace his manner or spirit through a wide range of literature, extending to our own day. His confidential tone and amiable vanity belong to the whole series of French memoirs, and are quite as characteristic of Chateaubriand the enthusiast and Lamartine the poet, as of Montaigne the inquirer. His cogitative seriousness and his affluence of classical quotations reappear in Burton, his desultory style in Sterne, his bookish reserve in Southey, his desire to simplify the laws in Bentham, and to humanize them in Romilly, his metaphysical tendency in Sir Thomas Browne, his study of human nature through peasants in Goldsmith, his practical sagacity in Franklin, his "imperfect sympathies" in Lamb, his power of conversational adaptation in Burke, his educational theories in Locke, his individuality of literary taste in Hazlitt; and there is scarcely a popular didactic writer who, by a certain affinity, does not illustrate the genuine human consistency of Montaigne. Bright, quick, self-possessed, sometimes quaint, but never affected, with the *bonhommie* of his nation, the *amour propre* of his class, and the broad sympathies of a cosmopolite, he touches the circle of native or acquired tastes of a greater number of readers than any of the earlier writers in any language.

But if the disciple of Progress must acknowledge rare obligations to Montaigne, as one of the first writers who induced the people to think and to observe, the Reformer looks impatiently on so unmoved and unaspiring a spectator of life, its fiery struggles and momentous issues. The want of earnestness repels many thoughtful and ardent minds from intimate communion with the genial and speculative Gascon. They glance from Cranmer burning at the stake, or Melancthon with his venerable zeal, — from William fighting in Holland, Calvin arguing in Geneva, Cortez marauding in Peru, — to the pleasant, comfortable French gentleman "making notes" in his cheerful study, and the contrast is more provoking than agreeable. Yet do we not owe some consideration to the individual nature and to the special mission of

a fellow-creature? Has not Montaigne given us a phase of his times otherwise unrecorded? Had he not as true a moral right to his *poco-curante* philosophy as the most self-devoted Huguenot to his creed, or the most valiant follower of Guise to his knightly ambition? Montaigne had a physical susceptibility which made him inapt as a champion, a balance of character which defined his natural position as at no extreme, a meditative propensity, and an observant rather than an enterprising mind, which foreordained him to be a looker-on and a reporter, a seeker for and not a martyr to truth. Most of the disputes of his day appeared to him merely verbal. "I cannot," he says, "engage myself so deep and so entire, that when my will gives me to party, it is with so violent an obligation that my judgment is infected by it." His mind was, indeed, judicial rather than aggressive. It was said of him that he "neither hoped nor promised."

There were peculiar circumstances in the life of Montaigne, however, which modify the otherwise anomalous position he occupied as a Frenchman, and explain somewhat a certain anticipation of the results of time manifest in his culture and opinions. Parental foresight secured for him a more rational education than blessed his contemporaries. His father took counsel with the most intelligent men of his day, with a view to improve upon the prevalent method, in his training, and thus adopted some of those natural principles long after so eloquently advocated by the author of Emile, and commended by the author of the Treatise on the Human Understanding. Study thus became to him an instinctive rather than a conventional process, and his native tendencies of intellect had a spontaneous development. This brought him in freedom of thought and facility of expression singularly near our own times. In early manhood, — being first a parliamentary representative and then an official at court, attached to the person of Henry II. and special secretary to Catherine de Medicis, the intervals between these employments being devoted to books, journeys, rural occupations, and conversation, — he enjoyed remarkable opportunities for observing human nature, in all its degrees and varieties; — one obvious effect of which was to inspire him with a phi-

losophical instead of a sectarian method of judging. Few men of his day better understood the advantage of cultivating associations with intellectual and superior women; and it is a significant fact, that three of his most elaborate Essays were addressed to as many ladies, whose talents or position rendered the compliment appropriate. In his relation to his age and country, also, there are considerations which exculpate him from the imputation of want of sympathy. Civil strife separated his kindred and friends, and thus created, for one of his affectionate and self-relying nature, a "divided duty." Moreover, such was the confidence of the more enlightened in his wisdom and integrity, that he was frequently consulted in regard to the very troubles which he would neither espouse nor foment, and was even solicited to become their annalist. His conscience was satisfied with religion in which he was reared; his humanity was wounded by the bloodshed and ferocity that marked a war of opinion, while his loyalty was as far removed from feudal tenacity as his faith from bigotry. "I regard our king," he wrote, "with a merely legitimate and political affection, neither attached nor repelled by private interest; and in this I am satisfied with myself. I am but moderately and tranquilly attached to the general cause, and *am not subject to entertain opinions in a deep-felt and enthusiastic manner.*"

Accident or prejudice sometimes affects literary as well as living reputations most erroneously. An imputation never carefully refuted, an impression vaguely acquired, associates a name with a quality, a character with a defect, which, once tested by sympathetic insight, proves either false or exaggerated. Such, to a great degree, is the notion that Montaigne was eminently what is called a sceptic. "He did not believe in women nor immortality," says Bayle; and Mr. Emerson, in analyzing a series of Representative Men, adopts him as a type of "The Sceptic." He indeed uses the term according to its etymology, and means a microscopic inquirer, rather than an unbeliever; but the last is the common idea. Now it is more than probable, that, given the same communicativeness and sincerity of nature to the favorite secular didactic authors who have never been thus classed, their private doubts, ques-

tionings, and speculations would suggest the same inference. Montaigne, like all men who really think, was vividly aware of the limits of actual knowledge, and with this almost exclusively, and on principle, he dealt. Beyond it he did not venture confidently. As an honest and clear-sighted man, he recognized in the conditions of our existence a mystery inexplicable to human perception. This "gave him pause." It stayed his definite assertion, as it did the suicidal impulse of the melancholy prince. If the absence of an earnest declaration of faith, and an intense desire to know and realize all that is involved in life and death, an *inquiring* rather than a *believing* spirit, constitute a sceptic, he undoubtedly merits the title; but, in this sense, thousands may be thus designated who are not so in the popular acceptation of the term, as identical with irreligion. He was of so susceptible a temperament and so vivid an imagination, that, as he tells us, impressions, through sympathy, became conscious realities. He actually felt the pains he witnessed, and partook of the moral issues of which he was only a spectator. Accordingly, he distrusted imagination in his search for truth. He rigidly sought and compared the facts gleaned in reading, travel, and meditation. He had not the mental hardihood which asserts without knowledge. His love, we know, was in inverse ratio to his professions; and why may it not have been so with his belief? "We take other men's knowledge and opinions as truth," he says, "whereas we should make them our own." It is evident that a man of this temper could not reason of things unseen as he did of the actual and visible; but that he cherished a profound reverence for God, — that he, intellectually at least, was a single-hearted votary of Truth, — that he studied the laws of his own nature with reverence, — that the humane spirit of Christianity, which tempers passion and chastens selfishness, was coevident in him with the desire to know, — is obvious to the candid reader. In other words, there is less reason to distinguish him from the mass of speculative and desultory writers as a sceptic, than there is thus to designate many later favorites, who are scarcely alluded to in reference to this phase of their minds. John Sterling, one of the most earnest Christian men of our day, who found in Montaigne

"pompous dogmas and empty speculations," yet does him the justice to discern in his writings "an element of pure religious faith." In many of his views he was superior, on the one hand, to the zealous bigot, and on the other, to the passive recipient of the faith of his age; and in the religious wars, — a name in itself so incompatible and anomalous to a mind like his, — it has been truly said that his tolerance made him a prey to both sides.

The truth is, that the neutral position of Montaigne towards Rome and Calvin was a primary cause of his reputed scepticism; and the subsequent reproach of Pascal confirmed the sectarian verdict, while his method and motto — the one discursive and conjectural, and the other *Que sais je?* — seem to establish the reputed character. Yet be it ever remembered, that, as Villemain states, *il ne propose jamais un système;* that, from a happy balance of faculties and temper, he regarded virtue as a *qualité plaisante et gaie;* and that he found, to a rare degree, "how charming is divine philosophy," — divine in no light sense to those who clearly follow their best intuitions. He translated the theology of Raymond de Sebonde to please his father, and it became a favorite book at court; but his mind was not of an order to derive satisfactory convictions from the exposition of creeds. In the midst of the struggle between Romanism and Protestantism he seems chiefly alive to the evils of civil discord and to the "dispute about words" of the theologians; but he recorded the transitions of his thought, not the innermost and final results. According to his own delineation, he appeared proud, and doubtless felt it most accordant with self-respect to follow Pope's maxim, and to reason publicly only from what he knew. In what is called the faith of acquiescence, Montaigne is irreproachable. Coldly as he looked on the strife of Christians, reserved as he was in religious professions, he lived a strict Catholic;* and wise, patient, frank, kindly, magnanimous as he was withal, who acquainted with his ideas and character, with his age and his country, does not find a cer-

* "Thus have I, by the grace of God, preserved myself entire, without anxiety or trouble of conscience, in the ancient faith of our religion." — *Essays*, Book II. 112.

tain sweetness, dignity, and immortal hope in the final scene, when he lay speechless for three days, yet delivered gifts to dependents, summoned his family and friends, had mass performed in his chamber, and died with joined hands, surrounded by his weeping neighbors?

If there is one quality characteristic of French literature, it is a social affinity. Much of it was born in the *salon*, and nearly all, not absolutely scientific, excels in an urbane and *spirituelle* tone directly inspired by intercourse and the desire of pleasing. The latter motive, indeed, has caused a superabundance of merely agreeable writing; but in Montaigne this tendency is modified by a didactic purpose. He wrote in the robust youth of native literature, and while he assumes that "relaxation and affability become generous souls," he also declares that "the handling of fine wits is that which sets off language, by putting it to more vigorous and various services." And, although the refinements and nice points of his style can be appreciated only in his own tongue, so much do distinct ideas and facts predominate, that few minds of his country are better translated into English. His Essays are remarkable for their precision, which is as graphic in portraiture as clear in generalization. In his *Eloge de Montaigne*, Villemain describes him as "un genie qui, malgré son siècle, par la seule force de sa pensée," impressed and won. He was, continues the eulogist, "un penseur profond sous le règne du pédantisme, auteur brillant et ingenieux dans une langue informe et grossiere; la France ne sent pas ne froidir son admiration pour ces antiques et naïves beautes. Quel est ce merite qui survit aux variations du langage, aux changements des mœurs? c'est le naturel et la verité," and in his own words, "un voix de bonne foi." It is on this account that his critics have usually been so indulgent of his egotism, which is thus emphatically described in the Spectator:—

"Perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world was Montaigne. This lively old Gascon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works; and, after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would

not have been so diverting an author. The title of an Essay promises, perhaps, a discourse on Virgil or Julius Cæsar; but, when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur Montaigne than of either of them. The younger Scaliger, who seems to have been no friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds: 'For my part,' says Montaigne, 'I am a great lover of your white wines.' — 'What the devil signifies it to the public,' says Scaliger, 'whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?'" — *Spectator*, No. 562.

Integrity, therefore, is the conservative element in Montaigne. It is chiefly because he had the noble simplicity and the moral courage to tell us what he thought, that the revelation is yet patent. Others have been and are equally clear and frank when treating of abstract subjects; none, when discussing personal facts. Montaigne was a gentleman in the normal sense of the term; manly at the core, gentle on the surface, — true first, kindly afterwards, — not afraid to speak out, but afraid to injure or wound or betray. He came honestly by such a nature. His father was of Anglo-Saxon blood, a soldier by profession, honored with the entire confidence of his fellow-citizens, — alert, cheerful, serious, a travelled man, who, as Bayle says, had brought from Spain and Italy *un esprit orné, mais d'ailleurs homme grand et simple*, — wonderfully adapted to fill the paternal office, which he most wisely did, thereby planting filial reverence for ever in the heart of his son, who has sketched very clearly the process of his own education. It was exempt from fear, and therein perhaps, nay certainly, was the guaranty of the truth which formed the moral basis of his subsequent peace, usefulness, and renown; appealing only to the sense of right and wrong, causing him to acquire a classic language orally, having him awakened gradually and sweetly from infantile repose by music, leading him to enjoy fresh and simple gratifications, to cultivate a love of knowledge for itself, and to go forth thus equipped for the observation of nature and man. Such was the unforced and kindly training which confirmed, if it did not make, the honest man and the philosopher.

Looking back through the long vista of time, and across the rich field of the subsequent national literature, to that antique tower, and beholding the scholar and gentleman, inoffensive

in an age of cruelty, intellectual in an age of sensualism, rational in an age of superstition, wearing his honored father's mantle with such affection that he tells us, "il semble m'envelloper de lui," — giving new vitality to his country's language, practical hints of wisdom in social economy, tranquil enjoyment, and domestic education, — entertaining and cheering, as well as illuminating, by his candid and docile pen; — thus beholding Montaigne, we do not wonder that, despite the neutral ground he occupied as an actor, and the comparative indifference he maintained as a writer, in the then convulsed spheres of religion and politics, a sentiment of blended love and admiration should invest his memory. Less dear to a party or a class, he is more so to the liberal and individual everywhere; because he was, as Bayle sums up his character, "humain par sentiment, tolerant par raison; bon et sensible; de mœurs douces et faciles, gentilhomme vain à la fois et simple, citoyen honnête." There is in the memory of Montaigne a flavor, and a use too, somewhat akin to the wine of his native district, which, compared with others, has less fire and more astringency, is not so liable to acidity, bears removal better, and, though it has not a very attractive aroma, is pronounced by hygienic connoisseurs the safest for daily use.

ART. V. — *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. pp. 854. London. 1857.

HISTORY, as usually written, is a narrative of events which are supposed to have been determined, in great measure, by chance, interspersed, perhaps, with the author's reflections. By Mr. Buckle, however, it is regarded as involving something higher and better than this. The events which it relates are never a matter of chance or supernatural interference, but are determined by laws as uniform and regular as those which govern the course of nature. To investigate these laws, and show their operation in determining the succession of events, is the worthiest function of the historian.

Mr. Buckle claims the merit of having discovered the principle which has played a part in human affairs, somewhat analogous to that of gravitation in the material world, combining and guiding them in such a manner as to insure the indefinite progress of the race. This primordial principle in all civilization is knowledge, and every increase of the one has been and ever will be followed by an advance in the other. Virtue and vice are not without some effect; advantages of situation, climate, and other physical conditions, have not been entirely fruitless; but none of these things have promoted civilization, except so far as they have increased the amount of knowledge and favored intellectual achievement.

In the development of this principle, Mr. Buckle has started a multitude of collateral questions, in the discussion of which he has displayed a minuteness of research and an amount and variety of knowledge seldom equalled, while the originality and boldness of his views, expressed with remarkable clearness and fervor, secure the admiration, if not the conviction, of the reader. Many of the current opinions of the time he has successfully assailed; but, notwithstanding the abundance of his resources, he has questioned some in a manner indicative of deficient information, rather than of an honest and well-founded scepticism. Some of his speculations we are constrained to notice, because, coming as they do under such authority, and enforced by uncommon graces of style, they are calculated to mislead the unwary reader as to the true sources of individual and national greatness.

The various races of men, as distinguished by naturalists, differ from one another not more in their physical constitution than in their mental development; and, from the earliest times, the opinion has prevailed that these two things are necessarily related to each other. To the question why the European is in advance of all other people, and the Australian behind them, no answer has been more general, or more satisfactory both to the wise and the simple, than the declaration of what seems to be an ultimate fact, namely, because he is a European or an Australian. They stand at opposite ends of the scale of humanity, simply because the qualities

of the species — those traits which, whether passing under the name of physical or mental, seem to spring from the constitution of the creature — exist in them in different degrees of perfection. The differences among the lower animals in point of docility or cunning are always referred to this cause, and no one disputes the correctness of the conclusion. If the organic laws of the human species are analogous to those of the inferior animals, it would seem an irresistible inference that the constitution which man has received from Nature must determine the mental qualities and the destinies of the race. To say, as Mr. Buckle says, that the Papuan infant has the same capability of improvement as the European infant, and that, reared together, they would, one with another, reach the same degree of proficiency, is a bold assertion, at variance with all the analogies of organic life and the prevailing impression among men. True, we have no special experiments on the subject. No considerable number of savage infants have been taken from their native abodes, and, from the cradle to the grave, subjected to all the influences of civilization; nor have any considerable number of European infants been consigned, in like manner, to the care and training of Hottentots or Australians. The accidental cases of this kind prove nothing, because they are too few to warrant any general conclusion. But the indisputable fact that the greatest advances in civilization have ever been made by the superior races, while many of the inferior races have always remained, to all appearance, at the very lowest grade of the savage state, certainly furnishes a presumption against the idea that the various races of men are equal in point of natural power and capacity. There is yet to be found the first savage tribe which, unaided and alone, has made the slightest advance in the scale of humanity beyond the point at which it originally started. Even when reared for many generations amidst all the influences of the highest civilization, their mental inferiority remains as conspicuous as it was in their native abodes. In this country, for more than two centuries, the negro race has been in close contact with the Anglo-Saxon, and of late, in the Northern States, has shared equally in all the blessings of government, education, and religion; yet who will ven-

ture to say that the distinction between them has been materially lessened thereby? For the same period, the North American Indian has witnessed the repeated triumphs of the pale-faces over the forces of nature, with scarcely a wish to share in the beneficent results. In these instances, climate and soil must obviously pass for nothing; but in physical organization, and especially in the size and conformation of the brain, these races differ from us, and here alone are we to look for an agency sufficient to explain the problem in question.

In all the arrangements of the animal frame, the general rule is that size is the measure of power. Large muscles imply great strength; a large sensorial apparatus, admitting extensive nervous expansions, is indicative of the higher qualities of the sense; an ample development of the heart or lungs gives assurance of corresponding capacity in the functions which they fulfil. The brain furnishes no exception to the general rule. That it is necessary in some way or other to the mental manifestations, no one doubts. The only question is as to the nature and extent of this connection. Taking into view the various races and different individuals of the same race, we are warranted in laying down the general principle, that, the greater the quantity of brain, the greater is the amount of mental power and capability. This is the result of observation, as carefully and extensively made as any other in natural science. The apparent exceptions to this principle should be regarded as such exceptions always are in other departments of science, — as cases which need only to be thoroughly understood to be found in perfect harmony with the general arrangement.

In thus ignoring altogether what must take the precedence of all other causes of mental development, Mr. Buckle is necessarily led to attribute an undue importance to certain physical influences in favoring this result. The error is a serious one in a philosophical history of civilization, and leads us in the outset to distrust the politico-economical theories, derived from his views on this subject, which bear a prominent part in his philosophy. He must excuse us for wondering that one, generally so thorough in his investigations,

should adopt extreme opinions in regard to a matter of observation, ignorant apparently of the best works upon it, and quoting no authority save that of John Mill, who says, "Of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of moral and social influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences." If a single authority is to reverse the almost unanimous verdict of scientific men on a question so practical as this, we should have been better satisfied with that of a Cuvier or an Agassiz.

Mr. Buckle has as little faith in the transmission by hereditary descent of moral and physical qualities, or even of diseases, as he has in the agency of race in advancing civilization, and about as little ground for his scepticism. By shutting out all such influences, he would, no doubt, afford freer play for the crowning principle of his philosophy, — that the increase and the diffusion of knowledge, favored by happy opportunities of soil and climate, are the sole agents in the great work of civilization. To admit different degrees of native capability would curtail the potency of his favorite agencies, and thus spoil the proportions of a very comely theory. In no other way can we account for the singular fact of his overlooking almost every contribution to our knowledge on the subject of hereditary transmission. The long list of works which he has consulted contains nothing of the kind; yet certainly the course of his reading must have made him acquainted with the current opinions of scientific men, and with many of the prominent facts. It is difficult to conceive how, in common intercourse with the world, one can well help observing illustrations of this physiological law, as distinctly marked as those of any other natural law. We have been in the habit of believing that the hereditary character of insanity, for instance, is as well established as any other fact in the whole range of natural science. The records of every hospital for the insane will show that, in a large proportion of cases, — from one to two thirds, — the disease, or tendency to the disease, existed in the progenitors. A similar fact has been observed in regard to gout, scrofula, and some other maladies.

Mr. Buckle thinks that the existence of the same disease in parent and child does not warrant the inference that it has been transmitted, because, if original in one, it might be in the other, with no necessary connection between them. Certainly it might, and if the case happened only occasionally, it would furnish little ground for the doctrine of hereditary transmission; but, occurring as it does in so large a proportion of instances, the inference is irresistible that there is a connection of cause and effect in the matter, — in other words, that the disease is transmitted. If it is also found that the comparatively few families in which the disease has once appeared furnish a larger number of cases than the comparatively many not thus tainted, then the question is settled. The fact that the infirmity of the parent is frequently not transmitted to all or any of his descendants, does not prove that it is never so transmitted. As well might we say that similarity of feature in parent and child is entirely accidental, indicating no hereditary quality, merely because instances are not uncommon in which the lineaments of the parent can scarcely be traced in his offspring, as well as instances where resemblance may be observed between persons not related to each other. All we can say about it — and this is the ultimate conclusion of science — is, that the law of descent is not inflexible in its operations, as if nature were not bound implicitly to repeat its defects. It is the part of true philosophy rather to recognize the law, and to admire the beneficent arrangement whereby its terrible consequences are alleviated, than to doubt its existence. This is one of those things in regard to which doubt is far from being a proof of superior sagacity.

Following the leadings of his general theory, Mr. Buckle also declares that the transmission of moral and intellectual qualities has never been proved. We have no right, he thinks, to infer that a mental peculiarity is bequeathed, merely because it exists in parent and child; for we ought to inquire, "not only how many instances there are of hereditary talents, etc., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary." Inasmuch as mental peculiarities are connected with bodily constitution, we are bound

to believe that they follow the same law of hereditary transmission. Our author's reasoning might satisfy the ignorant farmer, who, acting blindly on the principle that like produces like, nevertheless sees all his attempts to improve his stock utterly unsuccessful; but not a Bakewell, who would point to his improved stock obtained by the skilful application of the same principle. The proper mode of dealing with such a case is to receive the positive facts as presumptive proof, and the negative ones as merely indicative of some conditions unknown or not understood. Mr. Buckle's opinion is not without some color of truth. Great genius, extraordinary talent, is seldom transmitted. Virtue and vice often set at naught all the laws of hereditary descent. The saint gives birth to a sinner, and the process of genesis is ever evolving the sharpest of moral contrasts. Still, the dullest observer cannot fail to see occasionally the parent and child distinguished by the same mental peculiarity; and, where a peculiar talent is not transmitted, yet its occurrence often marks a step in the process of cerebral development, the influence of which may be clearly traced in succeeding generations. It may be thought by those whose studies lie in a very different direction, that we are dwelling on an unimportant point. But, believing as we do that one most efficient means of elevating the race is to be found in the improvement of the bodily organism, — in freeing it from taints of disease and accidental imperfection, in increasing the delicacy of its tissues, and developing its forms to the highest possible degree of strength and beauty, — we cannot help regarding Mr. Buckle's errors on this subject as deserving of explicit refutation. When we consider how much the short-comings of men proceed from constitutional defects, how many crimes and moral obliquities may be justly charged to the vitiating influences of scrofula, rickets, epilepsy, and insanity upon the qualities of the brain, how many lives full of promise have been shortened in consequence of defective stamina, how many noble undertakings have been frustrated by attacks of disease which the normal energies of the human frame would have resisted, we are constrained to place the improvement of the bodily organism among the most potent agencies for advancing the

moral and intellectual condition of the race. Were the race subjected to the application of the art of breeding which has so much improved some of the domestic animals, we should unquestionably witness similar results. Were all men properly housed, fed, and clothed, and their conduct and intercourse governed by the rules of a true hygiene, no one will deny that a great improvement would be made in the physical condition and capability of the race. All this may never be effected, but the principle is none the less true.

Having disposed of the influence of race and of hereditary transmission, Mr. Buckle is left with an open field for the play of his favorite agents of civilization, — soil, climate, and the general aspects of nature. Their *modus operandi*, unfolded with great fulness and felicity of illustration, is substantially this. A fertile soil and a warm climate induce an abundance of food, which is followed by an abundant population and cheap labor. The latter favors the accumulation of wealth, which enables the classes that possess it to devote a portion of their time to mental cultivation; and thus is accomplished the first step in the process of civilization. In proof of this theory, we are referred to Egypt and India in the Old World, and Mexico and Peru in the New. These early seats of civilization combined in the highest degree the physical incidents necessary to develop the best qualities of the race, and in Mr. Buckle's hands they furnish admirable exemplifications of the general theory. That those incidents were efficient instrumentalities in producing the results in question, we are willing to concede; but that they were the sole and exclusive agencies we cannot admit, until it is shown that every other is necessarily excluded. The influence of race, which has hitherto borne a prominent part in theories of civilization, Mr. Buckle, as we have just seen, entirely ignores, as if unworthy of notice. The very point most open to attack is precisely that which he has not even attempted to strengthen. To make his conclusions quite satisfactory, he should have adduced some instances where the same results have been accomplished by people belonging to the inferior races. In the absence of such proof, the reader must be pardoned if he infers that it could not be found, — an inference amply

supported by facts. In that immense territory which stretches from the Cape of Good Hope to the Great Desert, and is bounded on both sides by the ocean, not a single tribe has been discovered exhibiting the first advance in civilization. We are still imperfectly acquainted with the physical geography of that portion of Africa, but in many of the regions into which travellers have penetrated the soil and climate are adapted to the most abundant production. With such testimony and all the analogies of physical geography before us, we cannot believe that nearly the whole of that vast continent is entirely destitute of those physical conditions which alone can enable the race to rise from the depths of its original barbarity. In this respect, much of it, we know, would not suffer in comparison with India, where the industry and ingenuity of man have been freely tasked in order to meet those meteorological defects which oppose an abundant production. The dikes of Holland are not more necessary to its national existence, than the reservoirs of water constructed at great expense for the purpose of artificial irrigation are to the agricultural productiveness of the Carnatic. We are no better satisfied with the application of the theory to the New World. Mexico and Peru are not the only parts of it which combine the conditions most favorable to the production of food. The West India islands are unrivalled in every condition which Mr. Buckle regards as favorable to civilization, but we look in vain for any traces of this effect.

Tried by another test, the theory is no better supported by the facts of the case. We naturally turn to those nations which are supposed to have led the van of civilization, as the Phœnicians and the Greeks, who at an early age diffused their light over the South of Europe, the North of Africa, and the western parts of Asia Minor. In none of their ancient abodes do we find any extraordinary fertility of soil or superiority of climate. What we do find, however, is, that they were always restless, roving nations, moved by love of enterprise and adventure, and by the force of their indomitable nature conquering wherever they went. In the New World, too, there is much reason to believe that the civilization of

Mexico and Peru originated farther north. At any rate, it was probably not in advance of that of Central America, which in physical advantages is scarcely equal to those countries.

The New World has been the theatre of another experiment, far more to the point, which proves that human progress is determined by an influence greater than that of soil or climate. The colonization of America by the various nations of Europe shows us on a large scale the play of every possible physical influence having any tendency to advance or retard the development of the human faculties; and if Mr. Buckle's theory is correct, we see no reason why it should not have been strikingly exemplified here. If the physical peculiarities of Mexico and Peru did so much for the Toltecs, it is a fair question why they should not have done still more for the Spaniards, who were better prepared for their genial influences by a higher state of culture. They found a fertile soil and cheap labor. Riches rapidly accumulated in the hands of the few, and hardship and degradation became the lot of the many. Here were all the sources of that wealth and leisure and power, which, according to Mr. Buckle, are essential elements of human progress. Did the Spaniards advance under these favoring influences? Did the wealthy classes use their leisure in cultivating the arts and sciences, and preparing for a higher destiny? Not at all. If the Spanish American occupies a little higher point in the scale of civilization than he did three hundred years ago, he is indebted for it more to others than to himself. At a later period, some English adventurers planted themselves in another region of the New World, where Nature had diffused her bounties so sparingly, that existence could be maintained only by an incessant struggle with the elements; and yet from this struggle was evolved a national character containing the elements of progress, in a manner unrivalled in the history of the race. Here was no leisure, labor was dear, and everybody worked.

Mr. Buckle himself seems to have some misgivings respecting the soundness of his theory, when he says that advantages of soil and climate have been most efficient when com-

bined in such a manner as to require of man some excitement of his energies. This was necessary in order to explain certain phases of European civilization. What was lacking in the fertility of the soil was fully compensated, in some cases, by a climate which rendered labor comparatively easy and efficient. But even this does not furnish the *primum mobile*, the inducement to labor. In a state of barbarism, to which the theory is supposed to apply, sustenance can be obtained with little or no labor, and there can be no object beyond this. Original inequalities between man and man might possibly furnish the required starting-point; but in Mr. Buckle's philosophy such inequalities of mind are not admitted, and those of body cannot be perpetuated.

All this fanciful speculation, ably and beautifully developed, we acknowledge, is put forward to account for results which are far more satisfactorily explained by the doctrine of different races, — a doctrine which is supported by all the analogies of nature, and against which Mr. Buckle does not pretend to offer a single argument. We must, therefore, adhere to our old faith, that those nations which have been distinguished by their advances in civilization have belonged to the superior races, endowed with a finer organization and a larger cerebral development.

Another of Mr. Buckle's cardinal principles is the supremacy of the intellectual over the moral faculties in the process of civilization, and he pushes it to a startling extreme. With him the intellect does almost everything; the moral sentiments, nothing. The latter give rise to pleasing relations among individuals, but do not advance the race.

"All the great moral systems which have exercised much influence, have been fundamentally the same; all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different. In reference to our moral conduct, there is not a single principle now known to the most cultivated Europeans, which was not likewise known to the ancients." — p. 164.

"To do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbor as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to honor your parents; to respect those who are set over you, — these and a few others are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and

text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce." — p. 163.

"The acquisitions made by the intellect are, in every civilized country, carefully preserved, registered in certain well-understood formulas, and protected by the use of technical and scientific language; they are easily handed down from one generation to another, and thus, assuming an accessible, or as it were a tangible form, they often influence the most distant posterity, they become the heirlooms of mankind, the immortal bequest of the genius to which they owe their birth. But the good deeds effected by our moral faculties are less capable of transmission; they are of a more private and retiring character; while, as the motives to which they owe their origin are generally the result of self-discipline and of self-sacrifice, they have to be worked out by every man for himself; and thus, begun by each anew, they derive but little benefit from the maxims of preceding experience, nor can they well be stored up for the use of future moralists. The consequence is, that although moral excellence is more amiable, and to most persons more attractive, than intellectual excellence, still, it must be confessed that, looking at ulterior results, it is far less active, less permanent, and, as I shall presently prove, less productive of real good. Indeed, if we examine the effects of the most active philanthropy, and of the largest and most disinterested kindness, we shall find that those effects are, comparatively speaking, short-lived; that there is only a small number of individuals they come in contact with and benefit; that they rarely survive the generation that witnessed their commencement; and that, when they take the more durable form of founding great public charities, such institutions invariably fall, first into abuse, then into decay, and after a time are either destroyed, or perverted from their original intention, mocking the effort by which it is vainly attempted to perpetuate the memory even of the purest and most energetic benevolence." — p. 165.

"The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually, the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralized by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision, which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe

all that we now have; they are for all ages and all times; never young, and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and, giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation." — p. 206.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Buckle's views, all will admire the vigor and elegance with which they are expressed. But something more than rhetoric is required to sweep away the instinctive convictions of men, although, confident in the strength of his logic, and seduced, probably, by the very simplicity of his theory, he declares that it cannot be refuted. It is difficult, certainly, to refute a philosophical statement the terms of which are somewhat indefinite, and especially one like this, where any difference of opinion must refer not so much to the principle involved as to the extent of its application. The general doctrine of the supremacy of the intellect in the process of civilization may be true; but the coloring here given to it is calculated to inspire a stoical indifference to virtue and vice, and a love of intellectual distinction abstracted entirely from the moral complexion of its objects. If virtue and vice are so ephemeral, and if purely intellectual achievements alone are immortal, and capable of affecting the destinies of the race, then a powerful incentive to virtue is taken away. Honor, purity, truth, and benevolence are degraded to a secondary rank in the scale of motives for the conduct of life, and love of intellectual excellence becomes the only sentiment worth cherishing. To all this it might be enough to say, that the inestimable worth of morality in promoting, not only the good of the individual, but that of the race, is so strongly rooted in the common sense of mankind, that this fact alone furnishes strong presumptive evidence against the doctrine; but we are willing to give it the benefit of a careful examination.

Briefly, the argument, aside from the dazzling rhetoric by which it is enforced, is this. Civilization is a variable product, low at one period, high at another, and consequently must depend on causes of a variable character. Inasmuch as

moral truths have been stationary for some thousands of years, while the field of knowledge has been greatly extended, it follows that the variable effect could have been produced only by a variable cause. The fault in this logic is, that the premise involves a sophism which vitiates the conclusion. Undoubtedly, certain great truths of morality were as well recognized ages ago as they are now, and if they failed to make men good, it was not altogether from lack of knowledge or of intellectual activity. Yet right and wrong, duty, benevolence, and the like, are relative terms, and the opinions and practice of the world respecting them differ at different times. What seems to be good and right at one time, is regarded as bad and wrong at another. Why this change? Mr. Buckle attributes it chiefly to intellectual advancement, and very little, if at all, to moral truths, because they, being unchangeable, cannot account for a variable effect. A startling notion like this ought at the least to have been stated in precise and definite language; but in the passages above quoted, as well as in many others, there is a confusion of terms quite fatal to the force of the argument. A great moral truth is one thing; the influence which it is allowed to exert over the conduct of men is another. To do good to others, to love your neighbor as yourself, to forgive your enemies, — these are injunctions neither more nor less correct than they were ages ago. Indeed, their correctness has never been questioned. And yet the extent to which they have governed the actions of men has been very limited at best, and, judging merely from the conduct of individuals and of nations, it would hardly be supposed that they had even been theoretically admitted. On the whole, however, there has been some moral improvement, attributable solely to the intellectual faculties, according to our author, the moral having no self-originating power, and being entirely passive in the operation.

Thus, through all his reasoning on this subject, Mr. Buckle indulges in the curious fancy of regarding moral truths as utterly inoperative in the process of civilization, simply because for thousands of years they have remained without increase or diminution. It is the first time that we have ever seen the unquestionable truth of a great principle — its endurance

from age to age, without losing one tittle of its significance — adduced as a conclusive proof of its having exerted no influence upon the human condition. It is for the very reason that those great moral truths have remained unaffected by the changing fashions of philosophy, by the various phases of intellectual progress, or by any of the vicissitudes of the race, that they are to be regarded as no subordinate agents in the work of human advancement. Let us suppose that they had possessed a very different character; — that their correctness had been admitted in one age and doubted in another; that they had been admired and promulgated by one school of sages, and derided and trodden under foot by another; that they were as devoid of stability and sanction as the wildest speculations of philosophy; — then, certainly, it might be contended, with some show of reason, that causes so unstable and untrustworthy could have had but little to do with so mighty a result as the advancement of the race through the successive stages of civilization.

According to Mr. Buckle, individuals, whether good or bad, have no appreciable effect upon the progress of civilization, upon which they are borne passively along, like the tiny boats which children launch upon the stream. The profligacy of a Nero and the virtue of a Trajan make no permanent impression on the great tidal movement in which they are presently ingulfed. Though the one might seem likely to benefit the race, and to impart some force to the movement itself, yet it is counterbalanced by the other, and both are brought to naught. What is true of virtue and vice in particular, is also true of the mental faculties from which they spring.

"The actions of individuals are greatly affected by their moral feelings, and by their passions; but these, being antagonistic to the passions and feelings, are balanced by them; so that their effect is, in the great average of human affairs, nowhere to be seen; and the total actions of mankind, considered as a whole, are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed." — p. 208.

The familiar truism, that virtue hastens and vice retards the march of human improvement, would hardly have answered our author's purpose, and so he qualifies it by a dis-

covery of his own, that they are so nicely balanced as completely to neutralize each other's effect. By what means virtue and vice can be so accurately measured as to warrant this extraordinary conclusion, he does not inform us; indeed, he admits that the evidence on the subject remains to be collected. He thinks the fact is illustrated, however, by the statistics of crime, which show that, one year with another, the amount of crime in any community presents a remarkable uniformity. We must confess we are unable to see the connection of the two things. Uniformity of effect only proves uniformity of cause. So much crime indicates the existence of so much vice; and it might also indicate the existence of so much virtue, if virtue and vice were each the negative of the other. Such may be the case among savage tribes; but surely the amount of virtue in a civilized community is indicated by other tests than the brevity of the criminal calendar. One has but to open his eyes to see them in every direction. Side by side with the haunts of infamy and crime stand noble establishments for the relief of suffering and the elevation of men. Mingled together in the thoroughfares of life are the votary of pleasure and the philanthropist, revolving schemes of beneficence. The same squad of juvenile outcasts contains one taking the first steps in a life-long career of vice, and another denying himself and devoting his hard earnings to the support of a suffering mother or sister. Indeed, there is a touch of the ludicrous in the idea of looking into the records of our criminal courts to ascertain the amount of self-conflict, self-sacrifice, and active benevolence existing in the community; and yet this seems to be a legitimate deduction from Mr. Buckle's illustration.

There is another aspect of the statistical proof in regard to which we are left in doubt. The mutually neutralizing influence of virtue and vice is put forth as an abstract truth, illustrated by the uniform amount of crime. It follows, therefore, that the diminution of crime is impossible in the nature of things, because it would imply that, in the conflict of moral forces, virtue had got the better of vice, and consequently, that the theory in question was clearly disproved. If these inferences are correct, then the philanthropist who seeks to

remove the temptations to crime, and the legislator and jurist who are striving to improve the criminal law, have a discouraging prospect before them.

The effect of great moral truths upon human progress is to be estimated by their influence upon human conduct. The real question at issue is, not whether these truths have been enlarged and multiplied, but whether their application in the practical business of life is or is not, on the whole, extending. Obviously, the question cannot be settled by demonstrative proof; we must look for the answer chiefly in the prevailing belief, we had almost said, the instinctive convictions of mankind. Upon such authority, then, we do not hesitate to say that all truth, whether intellectual or moral, contains within itself a principle of power and perpetuity. Circumstances determine the sphere of its operation; narrow at one time, large at another; apparent to the watchful, far-reaching vision, overlooked by the dull, grovelling sense. With an affinity for all the higher qualities of the soul, it is, like them, indestructible and immortal; and when, to all appearance, laid aside and forgotten, it is only "embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life." The great moral truths mentioned by Mr. Buckle have shed their light over the pathway of the ages; and though, at times, it has been more like the cold effulgence of the moon than the quickening and invigorating rays of the sun, yet it has always enabled the soul to discern the loftier heights to which it might aspire. The good to which they have prompted, even the most insignificant particle thereof, is never lost; but whether isolated and marked, or mingled with the common mass of beneficent influences, it never ceases to produce its appropriate effects. The force of example, too, appealing to that mysterious principle of our nature called sympathy or imitation, is beyond the reach of calculation, and yet Mr. Buckle ignores it altogether. Who can estimate the amount of patriotism and heroic daring that has been inspired by the names of Marathon, Bannockburn, and Bunker Hill, — names that have done more for freedom than all the discoveries of the intellect? Who will say that some of the strongest elements of the New England character did not originate in the constancy of that pilgrim band whom the

most appalling forms of danger and suffering could not daunt? When Aristides said of a proposal to strike a blow at a formidable rival, that nothing could be more advantageous or less honorable, did the noble utterance perish with the breath that formed it, balanced and neutralized by some ignoble reply which has not come down to us? Has it not rather been treasured up like a pearl of great price, in the pages of the historian and sage, thus conveying to remotest times the lesson that national honor is a better thing than gain or glory? The character and career of Washington, — are they destined to impart no impulse to human affairs because an Arnold was guilty of treachery? On the contrary, the time will never come when they shall cease to animate the desponding patriot, wherever he may be, to rebuke the schemes of ambition, and to uphold the sinking faith of men in political honor and purity.

In proof of his theory of the supremacy of the intellectual powers in promoting civilization, Mr. Buckle adduces the fact that wars have become less frequent, and their practices less barbarous, solely, as he alleges, in consequence of the greater diffusion of knowledge; and he illustrates the position by the historical fact, that war has been often waged in order to procure or prevent certain advantages of trade. But, thanks to the prevalence of sounder views of political economy! such a *casus belli* is removed for ever. If the explanation were quite correct, which is somewhat doubtful, it would be very far from proving the general principle that all wars originate in ignorance; or, if Mr. Buckle likes it better, that the comparative infrequency of wars in modern times is one of the results of the spread of knowledge. It may not be obvious, at first sight, how this point can be made out; or, in other words, what kind of ignorance it is which is so closely connected with war. The evils of war, certainly, have been clearly discerned from the earliest times. Its waste of life and treasure, its demoralizing influence upon the belligerents, the desolation and wretchedness that follow in its track, were as obvious in the days of Alexander as in those of Bonaparte. No discovery of science, no effort of the intellect, has revealed new horrors, or deepened the impression made by old horrors. We are unable to see what special enlightenment was needed

by Louis XIV., to prevent his reign from being an unceasing outrage on the rights of his neighbors; or in what department of knowledge Frederick of Prussia was particularly deficient, while carrying his victorious arms in every direction. Mr. Buckle admits as much as this, and even states it in stronger terms, but avoids its legitimate effect by the poorest of quibbles. The kind of knowledge just referred to as having thrown no new light on the evils of war, he calls "moral knowledge," and places it, of course, in the same category with moral truths, which, being stationary, could have had no part in the production of a variable effect. The new intellectual forces to which he attributes the present infrequency of wars consist in the sounder notions respecting the balance of trade that have prevailed in modern times, in the invention of gunpowder, and in the discoveries respecting steam as a locomotive power. We would not deny that these things have helped, in some small degree, to diminish the number of wars; but they have very little to do with the really efficient cause of the evil, as obvious at this moment as it ever was. As we read the history of the race, the belligerent spirit has been cherished, not by false theories or deficient knowledge, but by the selfish sentiments, if not by the criminal passions; by the cravings of unoccupied, restless minds for excitement; by pride of opinion; by the lust of glory; by the necessity of dazzling the minds of the people and diverting them from dangerous reflections. Mr. Buckle may say, perhaps, that a more comprehensive and practical wisdom, better views of the policy of nations, more of that intellectual discernment which would have foreseen the miserable end of all such strife, — but little less miserable to the conquerors than to the conquered, — would have restrained these passions, and induced the parties concerned to keep the peace. In some degree, perhaps, this might have been the case; but so long as the passions are unchecked by the influence of those great moral truths which bear so insignificant a part in Mr. Buckle's philosophy, they will, in the long run, predominate over all considerations of prudence. The highwayman sees the gallows at the end of his career as clearly as everybody else, and it is with nations very much as it is with individuals. If wars

have been less frequent of late years, it is to be attributed chiefly to the greater activity of the higher sentiments; to a livelier sense of moral accountability among rulers and people; to the growing conviction that war is really legalized murder on the largest scale. But the time is far distant, we imagine, in spite of the increasing diffusion of knowledge, when the savage nature will entirely cease to break through all the environments of moral restraint, and slake its thirst for blood. How long is it since the legislature of a people fond of calling itself pre-eminently free and enlightened, presented the saddening spectacle of members from every party and section vying with one another in arousing the belligerent spirit, and clamoring for measures calculated to provoke a conflict, the consequences of which, in every possible form of ruin, no man can adequately estimate?

Another prodigious evil, considerably diminished during the present century, illustrates our view of the matter in a still stronger manner, and therefore deserves a moment's attention, though not alluded to by Mr. Buckle. We refer to the abolition of the slave-trade by Great Britain and America. It cannot be denied that the horrors of the traffic were as well understood in the early as in the latter part of the last century. The progress of knowledge had supplied no new facts in the mental or physical condition of the negro; no form of labor had been found more profitable in slaveholding countries than the thews and sinews of man; no flood of light had burst on the vision of Clarkson and Wilberforce, not vouchsafed to humbler eyes. But the time had come when the various humanizing and refining influences of the age had so quickened the moral sense of the community, that, in the struggle which it maintained with prescription, self-interest, and pride of opinion, it finally prevailed. The conflict, be it observed, was not between ignorance and knowledge, but between the national conscience thoroughly aroused from its torpor, and that jealousy of innovation and that regard for material interests and vested rights which have resisted reforms of every kind, in every age. Mr. Buckle would probably say that it was the progress of knowledge which produced this higher tone of moral sentiment; but the propo-

sition is one of those "glittering generalities" which fail to prove anything to the critical inquirer. If the idea conveyed by it is that discoveries in astronomy, or chemistry, or geology, in metaphysics or political economy, had anything to do with the abolition of the slave-trade, even the most indirectly, we only say it is unworthy of refutation. If, on the contrary, this increase and diffusion of knowledge are supposed to embrace a wider recognition of the rightful claims of humanity, as well as every advance in the arts and amenities of life, we certainly should not dissent from the proposition; but it looks very much like an abandonment of the theory.

A similar confusion of ideas as to the relation of cause and effect pervades much of our author's reasoning on the sources of human progress. Civilization, he says, is not a product of government; for this is only an expression of the will of the people, which is determined by their education, which is only a result of the general intellectual development. This is hardly better than the Indian cosmogony of the earth standing on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise. In Mr. Buckle's philosophy, this intellectual development seems to play the part of an independent entity, but its qualities are not very accurately described. It is not government, it is not religion, it is not education, it is not literature, it is not morality. These are emphatically declared to be only some of its results. Granting him his premises, conceding to him his favorite notion of an insulated starting-point, we readily admit the logical sequence of his subsequent steps. But such an initial point looks more like a poetical fancy than a well-established matter of fact. By the common sense of mankind, civilization has always been regarded as the general expression of the combined influences of government, education, religion, science, art, and whatever else tends to improve the human condition. We have no warrant for regarding any one of them as the parent and regulator of all the rest. Good education leads to good government, and good government favors the cause of education. The passions and pursuits of men mould the literature of the times, and literature, in its turn, becomes a powerful instrument in elevating or degrading the character of the age. It is impos-

sible to analyze their respective forces and to determine the exact measure of each; still less, to trace them back by a sort of lineal ascent to some primordial, self-existent force.

Printers, it is said, are bound to follow their copy, though it go out of the window. It must be under some such desperate necessity that Mr. Buckle arrives at the conclusion that moral excellence, uncontrolled by knowledge, produces more evil than good; that is, the better an ignorant man is, — the more sincere, the more active, and the more enthusiastic in his beneficence, — the worse it is for the world; and the mischief can be abated only by mixing some alloy with his motives, — by playing off his selfishness against his ignorance. That we may do our author no injustice, we will transcribe his own words.

"There is no instance on record of an ignorant man who, having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And whenever the intentions have been very eager, and the power very extensive, the evil has been enormous. But if you can diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil which he works. If he is selfish as well as ignorant, it will often happen that you may play off his vice against his ignorance, and by exciting his fears restrain his mischief. If, however, he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him, you have no means of preventing the calamities which, in an ignorant age, an ignorant man will be sure to inflict." — p. 166.

If Mr. Buckle were writing an essay on the evils of ignorance, this might be a pardonable flourish of rhetoric; but in a philosophical theory of civilization by a writer of unquestionable ability, it can only excite our wonder and mortification. It needed no prophet to tell us that ignorant persons, in executing their benevolent designs, often do more harm than good; but Mr. Buckle has given the principle a wider sweep by far than the facts will warrant. In proof of his position, he adduces the history of religious persecution, which has often been the work of worthy men actuated by the holiest motives, and seeking to accomplish the highest

possible good. Thus the Spanish Inquisitors were remarkable for their undeviating integrity, and their historian, a bitter enemy, does not deny the purity of their intentions. This may be true so far as it goes, but it is not a very comprehensive view of the matter. Religious persecutors may sincerely believe that, in burning a heretic, they are thereby preventing the spread of doctrines which insure the eternal damnation of all who embrace them. But such revolting conclusions as this are seldom the product of a single motive. By looking a little beneath the surface, we shall always see that a variety of motives are really in operation, — that a regard for the honor and glory of God is mingled somewhat with regard for the honor and glory of men, — that a little selfishness, in fact, is played off against the benevolence, but, unhappily, without softening the result. We challenge any one to produce a single instance of religious persecution, in which the pride of sect, the pride of power, and the pride of opinion were not more active elements than any fancied regard for the souls of men. The Spanish Inquisitors, representing in one of its highest functions the Church which for more than a thousand years had shaped the policy of the Christian world, — which, in the exercise of its iron will, had trodden on the necks of princes and wielded a power more effective than the armies of king or emperor, — which had gathered the wealth of many generations into its coffers, and sent its missionaries to the uttermost parts of the earth, — those proud officials found that there were men who despised the vanities of their ceremonial, denied their right to control the consciences of others, and were determined to go to heaven without their assistance or permission; and the fact filled them with indignation and wrath. They saw in it an insult to the majesty of the Church, and, reflectively, to themselves, worthy of the severest punishment. Had Philip II. and his spiritual advisers been assured by a revelation from on high, that Protestantism might prevail throughout his dominions without necessarily endangering the salvation of a single soul, does any one believe that the fires of persecution would have been allowed to slacken? Had the Puritans of Massachusetts been assured, on the same authority, that the Quakers and Baptists might be safely per-

mitted to worship God in their own way, and bear their testimony against the prevalent faith, does any one suppose that Quakers would not have been hanged, or whipped at the cart's tail, and that Roger Williams would not have been banished to Rhode Island? One can know but little of the springs of action, who supposes that the mass of mankind can be placed, by any practicable degree of religious excellence, beyond the reach of pride, vanity, and ambition.

Supplementary to the general course of his reasoning, our author pursues an inquiry into the influence of religion, government, and literature upon civilization, and concludes that they are rather its creatures than its creators. The people form their religion, government, and literature, and these — whatever their condition — only indicate the progress the people have made. If he had been contented with saying that a people will never possess institutions much better than themselves, simply because much difference in this respect would involve an incompatibility, he would have uttered — except so far as the remark applies to Christianity — a well-founded truth. But to contend that the institutions exert no influence, for good or for ill, on the people, is only to fly in the face of facts, and the common opinion of mankind. The best of them represent the character of the best class of minds, and, of course, their natural tendency is to elevate the character of the inferior classes. Here, too, as in every other department of nature, action and reaction are simultaneous, and yet the latter operation our author has overlooked altogether. Unquestionably, the character of a people determines the tone of its literature; but he must be a very superficial observer who does not see that literature, in its turn, exerts a powerful effect on the character of the people. In the earlier ages, when its legitimate effect was less obscured by disturbing causes, this was too apparent to be overlooked for a moment. The love of country, devotion to liberty, and admiration of heroic deeds, were embalmed in the verses of the poets; and who shall say that to the impression thus made on the national mind the world is in no wise indebted for the glorious examples of Thermopylæ and Marathon? "Give me the making of the people's songs," said a Grecian sage,

"and you may make their laws." If we do not greatly mistake Mr. Buckle's doctrine, he would have us believe that Milton and Shakespeare and Scott have contributed nothing to the advance of civilization, however much they may have helped to while away the leisure of many an idle hour. Our readers would hardly thank us for the formal refutation of such a doctrine; but it shows to what strange conclusions a man may be led who surrenders himself a willing captive to the seductions of a pet theory.

In his views of the relations of government to civilization, our author is more fortunate, and his remarks may be profitably considered in an age when government is supposed to possess some sovereign virtue over and above that which is imparted to it by the people themselves. Even the terrible experience of the last seventy or eighty years has failed to show the lamentable folly of the notion, that forms of government may be put on and put off like a garment; and that the people who, in some way or other, have obtained a good government, have fulfilled their political destiny. Ten years ago the people of France expelled a king under whose rule they had enjoyed life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as they never had before; and the Senate of the United States, with a political sagacity worthy of the act itself, congratulated them on the auspicious change, which speedily conducted them to an iron despotism. The doctrine in question is one of those stupidities which pass current for wisdom. Worthy of only the lowest order of demagogues, it has crept into the high places of society, and formed the staple of countless books and speeches on government and legislation. The old doctrine of the divine right of kings is exchanged for another scarcely less absurd, — the divine right of certain forms of government. Misled by experiments, superficial minds attribute to the rulers and the laws what is actually owing to qualities inherent in the character of the people, and suppose that a panacea for every political, if not social evil, is found in a liberal form of government. The fact is overlooked that men, who are eminently creatures of habit, never heartily adopt modes of thinking and acting of which they have had no previous experience, and which are uncongenial to their tastes

and associations. The mass of the people care nothing for abstractions. With them the practical question is, not whether a monarchy or a republic or a despotism is the best, but which will allow, in the present instance, the fullest and safest play to all the intelligence and moral energy they possess. A form of government much in advance of the people always proves to be an evil scarcely less intolerable than one much behind them.

In regard to Christianity as an agent of civilization, Mr. Buckle says but little, and that little is conceived in the spirit of his prevailing theory. When it was first presented to men, they were too benighted to understand it; and when, in the progress of knowledge, they became capable of appreciating its sublime and admirable doctrines, they no longer needed its influence; so that, between too much ignorance at first and too much knowledge at last, it has accomplished nothing for modern civilization. This seems very much like acting the play with the part of Hamlet left out. In taking this view of the case, Mr. Buckle has injured no one but himself. His opinion is, no doubt, honestly and deliberately formed, and we shall not call him hard names because it differs from ours. Had he lived in the days of Gibbon, he would have been greeted with a shower of abusive pamphlets not calculated to recommend to him the divine injunction, "Love thine enemies." But the feeling with which we regard him is more akin to sorrow than to anger, — sorrow that a writer so admirably fitted to appreciate and develop the elevating influence of Christianity should have groped among the inferior agencies of civilization, unconscious of the marvellous power which quietly and slowly, but none the less surely, was imparting to human life a higher aim and a nobler purpose than any older philosophy could furnish.

So much for Mr. Buckle's theory of civilization; for our limits oblige us to pass by many speculations as questionable as any we have noticed. The reader may be surprised, perhaps, that some of these were thought worthy of a critical examination. But some men's errors are of more importance than other men's truths, and it is because Mr. Buckle's errors are so skilfully maintained by his vast learning and vigorous

style, and made subservient to his principal conclusions, that we have given them more attention than their intrinsic value would seem to require.

We have now the more agreeable task of presenting Mr. Buckle in the light of a great historian, tracing the onward march of civilization in England and France by those incidents and influences which strikingly mark its progress. The present being merely an introduction to a much larger work, he selects only a few of the more prominent phases of that great change which has come over those nations within the last three hundred years. Surveying the ground before him, his eye has caught its salient points, and, with a kind of talent which marks an original thinker, he has set them before us in a light that imparts to them a new and stronger significance. Facts accessible to all are made to bear with signal effect upon the question in hand, and, when not too much startled by the boldness of the conclusion, we are rather surprised that it has not occurred to us before. Even this part of his work is not entirely free from the class of notions so prevalent in the other, consisting of some well-settled general principle pushed to an unwarrantable extent, and exciting the special wonder of the reader that one generally so profound can be occasionally so puerile.

The first very decided step in the intellectual progress of England occurred towards the early part of the seventeenth century, when the anile credulity of the past gave place, in some degree, to a spirit of wholesome scepticism. This change was indicated, not only in a growing distrust of unauthenticated marvels in matters of science, but in the recognition of reason as the supreme guide and arbiter in all the disputes of men, especially in matters of religion, which then occupied the public attention far more than questions of philosophy or science. The first formidable protest against the authority of tradition was made by Hooker, who held that the intrinsic excellence of a doctrine is a better ground of belief than the authority of the Fathers. The "Ecclesiastical Polity," appealing, as it did, to the very highest instincts of men, made a profound impression on the public mind, and prepared the way for Chillingworth's bolder onslaught upon the current

principles of the times. The authority of church and of state in matters of religion he totally abjured, and set up the right of private judgment without reservation or abridgment. From the character of God and the nature of man he drew the conclusion, that we should believe only what we can understand, and that the opinions of Fathers and Councils have no force except so far as they are in accordance with reason. The glory of the last step in the inauguration of this great idea, though overlooked by Mr. Buckle, was reserved for an obscure minister while leading his humble flock in the wilds of the New World. Roger Williams not only claimed the absolute freedom of the soul, but for the first time in the history of the world made a practical application of the principle in the formation and government of an existing community. In the hands of others it was little better than a closet speculation, destined, no doubt, to influence opinion; but with him it was an active, tangible reality. Guided by the light of that time, few would have hesitated to predict that his experiment would end in a whirl of fanaticism, infidelity, and confusion. But it was fairly demonstrated that the legitimate fruits of soul-liberty, as he called it, are good order, sound morality, and true religion; and thus, too, was confirmed the suspicion which then began to be entertained, that religious persecution only increases the infidelity and fanaticism which it is designed to prevent. For more than two hundred years that community has existed, favorably comparing with its neighbors in every desirable trait; and yet, in all that time, every man has been at liberty to believe and to worship as he pleased, and all sects have been perfectly equal, in point of privilege, before the law. If doing is better than talking, if practice is better than theory, then we may be allowed to compare the merit of Roger Williams with that of scholars and philosophers whose names have become as familiar as household words.

Such doctrines as Chillingworth's found no favor, of course, with ecclesiastical functionaries, nor with any who courted their support; and the natural result of the variance came at last in the Revolution of 1688, — an event which was the means, not only of enlarging the religious freedom of the

masses, but of exciting inquiry on political subjects, and producing an extension of popular privilege. It so happened, also, that the characters of the reigning sovereigns subsequent to William and Mary considerably weakened that spirit of loyalty which, though never so strong with the English as with the French, was sufficiently so to reconcile them to an arbitrary exercise of the royal prerogative. The same progressive movement was also witnessed in the study of physical science, and in every form of inquiry where a wholesome scepticism could be profitably substituted for the credulity of the sixteenth century. Bacon pointed out the proper objects of knowledge, and gave some practical directions for pursuing them. The Royal Society was one of the first fruits of the new spirit that was abroad; and as some of the early members still lingered in the old ways, they contrasted curiously with those who had studied in a very different school. The same kind of contrast, attributable to the same cause, is exhibited in the very marked difference between the "Religio Medici" and the "Vulgar and Common Errors" of Sir Thomas Browne, which were separated by an interval of about a dozen years. In the former he echoed the exclamation of the holy father, "I believe because it is impossible," and declared there were not impossibilities enough in religion; while in the latter he assailed the popular errors of the time, however consecrated by age or authority, with a boldness which, at the former period, would have been considered marvellous.

A retrospect of intellectual progress in France reveals very similar movements during the corresponding period. In both countries matters of religious belief occupied a large share of public attention; but in the latter they were made the occasion of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution, strongly contrasted with the comparative toleration of the English. While the civil wars of the latter were chiefly political, France, during the sixteenth century, was the theatre of long and bloody conflicts, growing out of religious differences. The reason was, according to Mr. Buckle, that the Reformation, as adopted by Henry VIII., broke the power of the clergy, and with it that paramount interest in religious matters with which they had inspired the people. In France, on

the contrary, the clergy, supported by the civil power, were able to maintain their position, which, while it could not extinguish dissent, imparted to their struggles a hatred and a ferocity almost without parallel. At a later period, however, a degree of scepticism made its appearance, as witnessed in the works of Rabelais, Montaigne, and Charron, and was followed by a certain amount of toleration. Richelieu, who caught the spirit of the age, saw that the greatness of his country would not be advanced by keeping one energetic and enterprising sect in complete subjection to another, and practised a measure of toleration which would have been remarkable even at a much later period. Not only were dissenters allowed to worship God as they pleased, but they were intrusted with the command of armies and the management of negotiations. One of the curious but perfectly natural results of this policy was, that it seduced from their faith the laical Protestant leaders, and thus the control of their affairs fell into the hands of the clergy, who performed their part with a degree of bigotry, intolerance, and narrow-mindedness scarcely credible in modern times. Their synods undertook to regulate the quality and fashion of dress, the amusements, the recreations, and even the names of the people. They prohibited their ministers from studying chemistry, and forbade the publication of books without the sanction of the Church. Where they had the power, they interfered with the worship of their Catholic neighbors, and deprived them of their property. Mr. Buckle pronounces his judgment of these men with his usual boldness, but the time is yet to come, we apprehend, when it will be generally approved.

"If, at this juncture, the Protestants had carried the day, the loss to France would have been immense, perhaps irreparable. For no one who is acquainted with the temper and character of the French Calvinists can doubt, that, if they had obtained possession of the government, they would have revived those religious persecutions which, so far as their power extended, they had already attempted to enforce." — p. 120.

Fortunately or unfortunately, they did not carry the day, but the Catholics did, and in the exercise of their power they yielded to the ordinary passions of men, and obtained some

distinction in the arts of persecution. The spread of liberal views of religion had the same effect upon other branches of inquiry in France which it had in England.

"During the thirty or forty years which preceded the power of Louis XIV., there was not to be found a single Frenchman of note who did not share in the general feeling, — not one who did not attack some ancient dogma, or sap the foundation of some old opinion."

The most remarkable exemplification of the new spirit which had risen was witnessed in Descartes, whose appearance forty years before would have been a moral impossibility. The same profound and liberal views which shaped the policy of Richelieu characterized the inquiries of Descartes, and, in place of the ingenious, barren speculations of the age, substituted a profound investigation of the laws of nature and of human existence. In France, as in England, the uprising spirit of doubt and inquiry led, at the same period and for the same reason, to rebellion and war against the constituted authorities. In both, the insurgents were at first successful; but being in advance of their times, the inevitable reaction brought back the old rule and the old principles, greatly improved, no doubt, in England, by the fiery ordeal they had passed through, but in France more intolerant and oppressive than ever. Here the two countries, which thus far had "followed the same order of development in their scepticism, in their knowledge, in their literature, and in their toleration," began to diverge, and so continued for more than a century, until their separate courses "ended, in England, by the consolidation of the national prosperity; in France, by a revolution more sanguinary, more complete, and more destructive than any the world has ever seen." The main cause of the phenomenon in question is found by Mr. Buckle in a system of protection, which, in France, has been intimately connected with that love of centralization which appears in the machinery of government, in restrictions upon trade, in interference with literature in the shape of censorship or patronage, and in the regulation of a multitude of things better left to the people themselves. A large portion of the present work is devoted to an examination of the protective

system as it appeared in France and England, where, in Mr. Buckle's opinion, it has been evidently the parent of numberless social and political evils. It would be impossible, within our limits, to present even a sketch of the course of his argument, which is very satisfactorily maintained, and therefore we must be contented with barely showing the spirit in which he has executed his task.

From the fourteenth to the seventeenth century the most important guaranties of the liberties of England were the municipal privileges, the rights of the yeomanry, and the security of the copyholders.

"In France such guaranties were impossible. The real division being between those who were noble, and those who were not noble, no room was left for the establishment of the intervening classes; but all were compelled to fall into one of these two great ranks."

"The result was, that by the fourteenth century the liberties of Englishmen were secured; and since then their only concern has been to increase what they have already obtained. But in that same century, in France, the protective spirit assumed a new form; the power of the aristocracy was, in a great measure, succeeded by the power of the crown; and there began that tendency to centralization which, having been pushed, first under Louis XIV. and afterwards under Napoleon, has become the bane of the French people."

Under the steady operation of this principle, every power worth having was finally absorbed by the government. The people were supposed to be incapable of doing anything for themselves, and even in their most trivial affairs, as well as in the exercise of important privileges, the parental arm of the government was stretched out to direct and control. Lest they might make imprudent wills, the right of bequest was limited. Lest the country might suffer from vagabonds and interlopers, no one was allowed to travel without a passport. Lest they might harm one another in their amusements by indiscretion or carelessness, they were watched over like children; and in their fairs, theatres, and concerts, soldiers were always present to see that no one crowded or picked a quarrel with his neighbor. So, too, in all great public enterprises, the government did everything, the people nothing. If a road were to be made, or a canal dug, or a college or hos-

pital established, the government was appealed to for aid. The principle of competition, which accomplished so much in England, was in France completely overshadowed by the monopoly of the central power. Mr. Buckle's remarks on this state of things are full of truth and wisdom, and should be deeply pondered by all who undertake to speculate on the political future of France.

"The consequence of all this has been, that the French, though a great and splendid people, — a people full of mettle, high-spirited, abounding in knowledge, and perhaps less oppressed by superstition than any other in Europe, — have always been found unfit to exercise political power. Even when they have possessed it, they have never been able to combine permanence with liberty. One of these two elements has always been wanting. They have had free governments which have not been stable. They have had stable governments which have not been free. Owing to their fearless temper, they have rebelled, and no doubt will continue to rebel, against so evil a condition. But it does not need the tongue of a prophet to tell that, for at least some generations, all such efforts must be unsuccessful. For men can never be free unless they are educated to freedom. And this is not the education which is to be found in schools or gained from books; but it is that which consists in self-discipline, self-reliance, and in self-government. . . . . The French, always treated as children, are, in political matters, children still. And as they have handled the most weighty concerns in that gay and volatile spirit which adorns their lighter literature, it is no wonder that they have failed in matters where the first condition of success is, that men should have been long accustomed to rely upon their own energies, and that, before they try their skill in a political struggle, their resources should have been sharpened by that preliminary discipline which a contest with the difficulties of civil life can never fail to impart." — p. 575.

The privileges of the nobles, very naturally, had suffered no abatement in France, long after they had been considerably narrowed in England, where a class had been created equally remote from the nobles and the peasants. In this distinction of classes will be found, according to Mr. Buckle, the explanation of the remarkable difference in the result of the two great civil strifes which distracted the two countries in the seventeenth century. Each was a war for liberty; but the elements of the strife were very different. In England it was a

war of classes, — between the yeomanry and the traders on one side, and the nobles and clergy on the other. True, in the early stage of the contest, the former availed themselves, when they could, of the power and prestige of the latter, but the actual leaders were from what we now call the industrial classes. On the contrary, the French rebels were led and controlled by the nobles. The middle and lower classes supplied no leaders, simply because, owing to the protective policy, a bold and sturdy spirit had not been cultivated among them. There was, to be sure, "a display of unexampled splendor; a galaxy of rank, a noble assemblage of aristocratic insurgents and titled demagogues." But these men with lofty titles had no sympathy with the people whom they led, and whose aims were very different from theirs. "To talk of sympathy existing between the two classes is a manifest absurdity, and most assuredly would have been deemed an insult by those high-born men, who treated their inferiors with habitual and insolent contempt." Still, the people, even in this uprising against their oppressors, looked up to those above them, and thus confirmed the servility which gave rise to the strife. The nobles, on their part, manifested the same servility towards the throne, whose favors were more coveted than the most brilliant achievements in literature or in arms. The results of a negotiation or a campaign excited less interest among the men of this class, than paltry questions of court privilege; and their disputes as to who should have an arm-chair at court, or be kissed by the queen, or be invited to the royal festivals, or have precedence at coronations, or give the king his napkin at dinner, evinced a degree of warmth and earnestness almost inconceivable now. And thus it was that in the war of the Fronde, as in all other civil wars, there was this constant inclination on the part of the people to look up to the nobles, and on the part of the nobles to look up to the throne. In the English rebellion, on the other hand, all this was very different. The nobles, few of whom were employed at all by the popular party, and those few with a very limited confidence, had never manifested that kind of servility towards the crown, and the people were led by men who had the same great interests at heart.

"What they did was done thoroughly. They knew that they had a great work to perform; and they performed it well. They had risen in arms against a corrupt and despotic government, and they would not stay their hands until they had pulled down those who were in high places; until they had not only removed the evil, but had likewise chastised those bad men by whom the evil was committed."

Mr. Buckle continues his examination of the protective system, by showing its withering effect upon French literature; and in no other part of his work does his historical talent appear in a more favorable light. Louis XIV.'s pompous, empty patronage of men of letters; the utter dearth of discovery or eminence in any department of knowledge during the latter part of his reign, accompanied by the most singular ignorance of whatever was accomplished out of France; the rapid awakening of a healthier spirit towards the middle of the last century; the high-handed, impotent attempt of the government to repress the uprising genius of the country; the sad, strange, erratic movement of the moral and intellectual forces which culminated in the Revolution of 1789, — all are described by Mr. Buckle in a manner not more remarkable for force and fervor of expression, than for extent and minuteness of research.

We would gladly follow Mr. Buckle through his development of this subject, but our limits sternly forbid. Neither can we convey any idea of the admirable sketches, interspersed through his work, of the genius and labors of men whose names are prominent in the history of intellectual achievement. With singular tact he seizes their merits and defects, and, in estimating their influence upon the progress of knowledge, his judgments generally command our assent, except when his tendency to extravagance occasionally leads him to overstate a point. We know nothing better in this way than his notices of Descartes, Burke, Bossuet, Voltaire, and Bichat, though we must protest against the notion, advanced with characteristic recklessness, that, during the last seven or eight years of his life, Burke was unequivocally insane. He adduces no facts in addition to those already published, which, in a criminal case, would hardly convince a court or jury of our own day, even were they far more dis-

posed than they are charged with being, to yield to the plea of insanity.

In the prosecution of his task, we trust that Mr. Buckle will think more of satisfying than startling his readers, and that its general excellence will be less marred by those extravagances of opinion which are equally offensive to sound judgment and to good taste. Let nothing of this kind alloy the pleasure to be derived from a work, which, for manliness of purpose, vigor of thought, wealth of illustration, and energy and fearlessness of expression, is honorable to a generation which boasts of a Hallam and a Macaulay.

ART. VI. — 1. *Mémoires du* COMTE MIOT DE MELITO. 2 vols. Paris: Michel Levy.

2. *Histoire de la Campagne de* 1815. *Waterloo.* Par Lieut.-Colonel CHARRAS. London.

3. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.* Par M. GUIZOT. Vol. I. Paris: Michel Levy.

4. *Richelieu et la Fronde.* Par MICHELET. Paris.

A MORE interesting work than the Memoirs of Count Miot it has rarely, we think, been the fortune of the public to meet with. It is not only the register of the first Napoleon's progress towards supreme power, kept by a man who, if he was not an ultra Bonapartist, was a determined anti-Royalist, and served Bonapartism; but it shows how the Bonapartist element works out its ends, and may serve as a perfect explanation of much that is now going on in France, and of what Louis Napoleon has planned and executed since he returned to the country he now governs, after the Revolution of 1848. As far as we recollect, these *souvenirs* of Count Miot are the first genuine record given to the public of the actual conduct of Napoleon I. in the transition from the Republic to the Empire. The victor of Marengo and Lodi has hitherto been represented, even by those opposed to his ambition and to its later results, as almost forced by circumstances and by the

deplorable state of anarchy into which France had fallen, to perpetrate the *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire, and to give security to the country by a strong government. The version given by Count Miot is a different one, and from the beginning to the end he sees in Napoleon Bonaparte a resolute, and even a short-sighted usurper. When simply general of the army of Italy, Bonaparte formed with M. Miot an acquaintance which was fated to become more intimate with each succeeding year, and to transform the author of the Memoirs before us into an active agent of the Bonapartist policy, and into one of the constant objects of the favor of the new sovereign of France. Probably few revelations tell more of the character and the projects of the man than the following passage, which we cannot refrain from giving to our readers entire. The date is the 16th of December, 1802. M. Miot had just returned from a mission, intrusted to him by the First Consul, in Corsica, in describing which, by the by, he takes occasion to state the utter indifference with which the compatriots of Bonaparte saw his elevation to the *Consulat à vie*, and remarks, that, "if the Consul had had to do with Corsicans, instead of Frenchmen, his subsequent usurpations would not have been so easy." The first thing that strikes M. Miot on his return to the country so recently shaken to the very basis of the social edifice by revolution, is the alteration in all the outward manners and customs of what he is not yet used to call a court, but which he can hardly find any other name for.

"What a change within two years! The old Royalist habits, which, before my departure from the capital, had only just begun to show timid signs of revival, were now to be observed everywhere, and as to any vestige of republican austerity, there remained no trace of anything of the kind. Brilliant liveries were to be seen in the streets, such as were the fashion in the days of Louis XV. No man now wore boots, or affected even a military garb. Silk stockings, shoes with buckles, dress swords, and hats carried under the arm, were as usual as before 1789. . . . . But the change was not only on the surface; it was still more at the bottom of political life in France. The Tuileries and St. Cloud were no longer, as I had left them, the official residences of the first magistrate of a republic; they were, to all intents and purposes,

the palaces of a monarch. Everything in and about them, the etiquette, the honors rendered to this and that person and to their wives, the existence of a household, — everything, in short, barring only the word *Consul*, was essentially monarchical, and savored of royalty alone."

M. Miot's chief friend, both at this period and later, was Joseph Bonaparte, the First Consul's brother. Barely returned from his Corsican expedition, the first thing he does is to seek out Joseph; and finding him, as he does, confiding and communicative as ever, he immediately imparts to him what his impressions are upon the striking change of affairs. He also expresses his astonishment at seeing so near a relative of the virtual chief of the state * placed in the comparatively insignificant post of a senator. But Joseph has no scruples whatever in enlightening his friend as to the "Dictator's" character and plans.

"You are utterly wrong in your estimate of what he is," says the future Emperor's brother. "You fancy that my indolence lies at the root of my obscurity; but that is an error. I am all that I can be, or that he will let me be. The idea of dividing power with any man, even in the event of his own death, is so hateful to Napoleon, that he is to the full as jealous of me as of no matter whom. Above all, he wishes the notion of his *necessity* to be so firmly adopted, that beyond him nothing shall be regarded as possible. He knows that he reigns far more by the force of that idea, than in virtue of his own capacity even, or of others' gratitude. Believe me, if to-morrow an order of things was established such as that people could look forward to his end without terror, and rely upon the social and governmental edifice he had built up, *my brother would no longer deem himself safe for a single hour.*" — Vol. II. pp. 48, 49.

This is a deeper view than has ever yet been presented of what may be called the Bonapartist policy; and if it be the true view, which is not unlikely, it explains most things, not only in the career of the first Emperor, but also in that of the present one. If a family have been found so ambitious and so selfish, (and in the case of Napoleon III. we must add, so pecuniarily necessitous,) as to calculate in cold blood upon the

* The Consul Bonaparte so evidently intended to be esteemed as such, that he had already isolated himself from the other two Consuls, who were confounded with inferior functionaries, whilst he alone had a court.

permanent enslaving and degradation of their country, as the means whereby to achieve their own personal aggrandizement, then, indeed, the principle of the Bonapartist policy stands clearly evident, its first failure forty-three years ago is perfectly comprehensible, and it is no less easy to predict what the probable result of the second attempt must be. This plan of abolishing all solid and stable institutions, and of putting a man in the place of a government, will, if we suppose it to be deliberate, give the key to the entire drama. The defenders of both the first and the present Emperor invariably represent the creation of solid and really national institutions, as the one perpetual and strong desire of the ruler in both cases; and they assert that in both cases, too, the inability to establish these institutions was the bitterest disappointment possible, but that the fault lay, not with the sovereign, but with the people, whom they affirm to be "ungovernable," and only to be "kept down" by brute force. But how, if M. Miot were in the right upon this point, and if the absence of any stable institutions in France were a calculation on the part of the Bonaparte race, — the policy by aid of which they could maintain dominion over the French nation? It is certainly curious to observe what, in December, 1802, M. Miot, a Councillor of State, a Bonapartist official, thought himself authorized to answer to his friend, when the latter revealed to him what he knew of his brother's character and intentions.

"He is a wonderful being!" exclaimed Joseph; "you don't fathom him. The depth and extent of his ambition make me giddy. Be assured, he is not yet at the term of his undertakings."

"I am ready to believe it," was Miot's reply, "and I think I can see even whither he is tending; probably to the division of all Europe between himself and the Czar, to the creation of two empires, and to the ruin particularly of Austria and England. . . . . But," he then adds, "I am anxious to know whether he is fated to be a founder of a regenerated order of things, — one of those men whose name, like Cæsar's, is meant through ages to be synonymous with a particular form of power; or whether he will be simply one of those shining, useless meteors, that shoot across the sky, dazzle for an instant, and then, becoming extinct, leave the same darkness as before. In all the

great changes of rule, you must examine institutions as well as individuals. The real founders of empires and of dynasties are lawgivers; men who found not only new but durable institutions, — institutions, the spirit whereof so freely answers to the wants of the larger number, that they subsist long after their founder has disappeared. Mere usurpers, on the contrary, simply overthrow the persons whom they happen to find at the head of government, and put themselves in their stead. These rarely have successors; their rule dies with them, *and the former rulers return.*"

Count Miot goes on to show how, in the first dawn of Napoleon Bonaparte's prosperity, he clearly discerned whither his ambition was likely to lead him, and even foresaw by what disasters his glory was possibly to be purchased. M. Miot readily admitted that, by altering the institutions of France, and, above all, by giving them a more liberal and republican character, the First Consul might insure his own supremacy in the state, and transmit that remodelled form of power to his heirs; but at once and stoutly declared, that if, on the contrary, instead of changing institutions, he merely changed men, he could have no chance of anything beyond a life-long reign "at most"; and he added: "Lucky indeed if, in such conditions, Bonaparte can manage to make his authority endure as long as his life." He avoids no argument to prove to Joseph that his brother is upon a totally wrong scent.

"To conceive the notion of being king of France as were Louis XIV. and his successors, and of governing as they did, by the same arbitrary rule, surrounded by the same guards, flattered by the same courtier train, and requiring for his wife the homage reserved until now for the daughters of royal houses, — this is simply to put himself in the place of him who by hereditary right filled an hereditary throne; this is *simply to usurp.* As to leaving such a royalty as this to his descendants, it is out of the question, and it is of no use to disguise the fact. Unless with a view to a great and radical change of principles and institutions, there will be no preference for the name of Bonaparte; on the contrary, if it comes to a choice between the names merely of Bourbon and Bonaparte, the governing principles to be the same in both cases, there can be no doubt that the nation will not hesitate, and that it will take its old reigning family."

When it is remembered that M. Miot was not a Royalist,

that he had been a Conventionalist, and that he was attached to the fortunes of the First Consul by interest, this seems to us one of the most curious passages of the history of the last sixty years that we have had occasion to study.

But not only was Napoleon's usurpation of empire planned in 1802, but he had, even at that early date, and when still under the influence of his passion for Josephine, reflected upon the possible necessity of a divorce from her, with a view to an heir; and already he had thought of Russia as of the country where, for several reasons, he was most likely to find his offers of alliance well met. It was avowed in confidence to M. Miot, that, during his mission to Madrid, Lucien Bonaparte had for a moment been instructed to feel his way as to a marriage at some future period with a princess of the Bourbon race, but that this was speedily set aside, and the Russian project taken into serious consideration. Upon the observation made by his interlocutor, that "he wondered, in that case, at the honors the First Consul caused to be paid to his present wife," Joseph Bonaparte's answer was, "Why, do you not see, on the contrary, that he is accustoming people to the fact of his wife's being treated like the wife of a sovereign, so that, if the day comes when Madame Bonaparte is succeeded in her place by some royally-born princess, nothing will have to be altered, and the house he marries into will have no objection to make on the score of etiquette?"

From the portrait given of the first Napoleon by M. Miot, and which is probably all the more genuine that it is painted without any aim at artistic excellence, it would seem that never was a man more completely of his nation, more essentially and thoroughly Italian, with all the cunning, all the patience, and all the long foresight of his race. It would seem almost as though, from the moment of the eighteenth Brumaire, he had resolved to frame circumstances to his will, and not to let them influence his actions or his destiny. It is impossible, after reading M. Miot's Memoirs, to retain any of the ideas which some Bonapartist writers have attempted to establish touching the necessity that existed for Napoleon's conduct, and the law which the situation of France imposed upon him of restoring order to the country, of governing it

with "determined firmness" (the periphrasis for despotism), and of recurring to monarchical forms, as to those best adapted to the genius of the people. All this is evidently a fiction. After his return from Egypt, Bonaparte found France deeply disgusted with the would-be Republicans who were at the head of affairs, but by no means anti-Republican, by no means indifferent to freedom, and perhaps, in fact, nearer than she has ever been since to the adoption of a true constitutional and representative form of government. All these symptoms he disregarded, and conceived a deliberate plan for subjecting France to his single and undivided rule. He did not even find the execution of this plan altogether so easy as has been pretended, and an attentive perusal of the two interesting volumes before us will suffice to prove that France was never the willing accomplice of her own enslavement, which she has been so often asserted and supposed to have been. Plots of all kinds, originated by men of every different shade of opinion, were at each instant discovered, and the life of the first Emperor was nearly as often threatened by assassins as is that of his nephew. Nay, one would almost fancy that the recent Orsini tragedy had taken for its model the *attentat* of 1801, in which a Roman sculptor named Ceracchi was the chief actor, and *apropos* of which M. Miot says: "The First Consul was extremely uneasy at the notion of the public trial of these Italians, for he well knew that they would by popular opinion be transformed into heroes, and martyrs to liberty, as they were." If the date of 1858 were affixed to these words, it would be as thoroughly in keeping with the events described as that of 1801.

But perhaps the most curious of all the episodes related by Count Miot is that touching the death of the Duc d'Enghien; and here, for once, we have the real and unvarnished statement of the direct participation of Bonaparte in what it has till now been the perpetual aim of his historians to represent as a dark drama, in which he played only an involuntary part. For the first time, we see the First Consul avowing, and almost congratulating himself upon, what he has done! Count Miot has preserved to us the speech made by the terri-

ble Dictator upon the occasion of his presiding in the Council of State, shortly after the execution of the Bourbon prince. This is a document that is without price. The real reason that caused Bonaparte to make it was the general diffusion of a report that another prince of the exiled royal family was in Paris, hidden in the house of the Austrian ambassador, M. de Cobentzel. Coming suddenly one day to the *Conseil d'Etat*, he uttered to his "faithful servants" the following discourse, which M. Miot says he took good care to note down exactly on the very same day: —

"I am really at a loss to understand how, in such a city as Paris, in the capital of such a vast empire as this, such ridiculous reports can gain credence as that which has just come to my ears. How can it be credited that in this city there exists a Bourbon prince, that he is hidden in the house of the German Emperor's ambassador, and that I have not ventured to seize him yet? This is to know me but ill, — this is to have a feeble notion of the policy that guides my government. Why, if the Duc de Berri, or any Bourbon prince, were hidden at M. de Cobentzel's, not only I would have had him seized, but I would, in one and the same day, have had him shot, and M. de Cobentzel with him. More than that; if the Archduke Charles were in Paris, and had given refuge to one of the said princes, I would have done the same thing with the Archduke Charles himself. We are living in no times of 'sanctuary.' Other ideas, in our days, animate the nations and governments of Europe..... Let not France remain in error: she will have neither rest nor comfort till the last of the Bourbon race shall be exterminated. I have had one of them seized at Ettenheim; the Margrave of Baden made no objection to my laying hands upon him; and, indeed, what political rights have those who in reality only contemplate, and plot, and pay for assassination? And you come now and talk, forsooth, of 'violation of territory,' and 'sanctuary,' and what not! What strange absurdity! I repeat it, — this is not to know me. I have not water in my veins: blood flows there..... I caused the Duc d'Enghien to be promptly tried, and executed, and I should fancy other *émigrés* will scarcely be tempted now to follow in his steps. He was judged by a court-martial, as he ought to have been, for he had borne arms against France. His death may atone in some measure for the interminable wars his house has entailed upon us. As for me, I will never make peace with England till she consents to the total expulsion of every Bourbon and every *émigré*." — Vol. II. pp. 153, 154.

We think our readers will agree with us, that this is the very first time Bonaparte is brought before us as he really was, and in his true colors, *apropos* of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. The testimony of Count Miot, which is in every point an unassailable one, shows us the man and the policy as they actually were. We have before us here, *sans phrases*, the unscrupulous, hard-handed, ruthless, selfish policy of usurpation, which for some years put Bonaparte at the head of the counsels of nearly all Europe, to let him sink down at the end into far less than he was at the outset, and which, perhaps, when years are past, and the final moral of the tale is unfolded, may be found to have produced the ruin and degradation of France.

It is curious to examine how far the Napoleon of our day revives, under paler colors, the schemes and combinations of his uncle; but it is no less curious to reconstruct from two different works, whose authors could have had no possible knowledge of each other, the entirety of that uncle's character as it really was. Count Miot was a very old man when he died, not many years ago; he had lived through all the revolutions of the last half-century, and had learned impartiality from the ceaseless vicissitudes of his country. Our other author, Colonel Charras, is a young man even now, has acquired his knowledge of the men of the past from documentary, not from personal experience, and is a hot, enthusiastic republican, wedded to those forms of government that shall call into play the largest portion of the living forces of the nation. He is the very opposite in all respects of Count Miot, yet his estimate of Napoleon I. is precisely that of the former. He arrives at exactly the same conclusions as to his character, the predominant features of which he holds to be hypocrisy and *astuce*. His book is perhaps the most terrible blow that has ever been levelled at the first Emperor's reputation; for it not only attacks the sovereign and the man; it weighs and finds wanting the hero, — it reduces in an extraordinary proportion the value of the military commander.

The title of Colonel Charras's book is one that easily accounts for the dread in which it is held by the present govern-

ment of France, and for the strictness with which it has been prevented from crossing the frontiers. It is entitled, "History of the Campaign of 1815, — Waterloo"; and it does severe justice to all parties, and forces into the ears of the French nation what its own puerile vanity and the manifest interests of its chiefs and leaders, of no matter what party, had hitherto disguised and carefully concealed from its mental sight. Colonel Charras has the courage and the honesty to show that the French army was beaten, and completely beaten, at Waterloo, — that Napoleon was vanquished by the Duke of Wellington, and this without any accident, or any surprise, or any chance, but from the simple fact of the superiority of the English army and its leaders over those of the opposite side, and from the genuine and intrinsic merit of the plans and combinations by which the "Iron Duke" met the all but insane fugitive from the island of Elba. It is the first, the very first time, that the real truth has been spoken by a French tongue upon the world-famous tragedy of Waterloo, — the first time a French hand has had the courage to trace upon paper the confession of a national short-coming, the frank and sincere avowal that the success achieved on the 18th of June, 1815, was due to the general England had put at the head of her army, and that the victory won by him was as legitimate in every respect as it was unequivocal, and to be contested only by the rankest bad faith.

We need not waste many words to show our readers what was the necessary reception of this work by the reigning authorities of France. A copy of it was sent six months ago to the Tuileries, at the Emperor's express desire, and for his particular inspection. He read the two volumes, and commanded that no one single copy of the book should be allowed to pass the frontier. This order was executed with more complete success than is usual in such cases, and it is generally believed that M. Thiers is the only individual in Paris who contrived to obtain possession of the so severely prohibited work. On his first perusal of it, the eminent historian at once declared it to be a production of unparalleled importance, and confided to his intimates that it would oblige him almost entirely to write over again the chapters he had

intended to consecrate to the "Disasters of the Hundred Days." The book has not been more read since, nor less well watched; nor has it been the subject of any review articles or newspaper criticisms. Silence and darkness have surrounded it. Yet, such is the force of an *idea*, such the subtilty of its essence, that the public is as well acquainted with the scope and the details of Charras's work as though it had spelt out every word in it. What it contains has diffused itself in the atmosphere, and penetrated the public sense.

It may easily be imagined that it has not been for the pleasure of complimenting England, that such a patriot and such a republican as Charras has undertaken to set public opinion right as to the campaign which ended in the defeat at Waterloo. The justice he does to the enemies of his country is, as it were, incidental; he discovers such and such facts staring him in the face, and to do homage to truth he states them as they really are; but the chief object of the book is to prove that in the fight of Waterloo it was Liberty which gained the victory over Despotism, and that had Napoleon, instead of following out his own purely selfish aims, developed France as she was capable of being developed, and had he then called upon her to put all her really national strength, her really national "nerves and sinews" into the contest against the coalition and its armies, France would have gained the day, as would any free country the instant its freedom, its dignity, and its territory were in danger.

It is easy to see that the same individual, the selfsame despot, the identical Napoleon sketched in 1802 by Count Miot, is painted as a finished and definitive portrait by Colonel Charras, in his Campaign of 1815. As, in the civil complications of the state, Count Miot complains that, instead of "institutions," Bonaparte simply changed individuals, just so, in a military point of view, Colonel Charras accuses him of having seen only the fortunes of a man, where he ought to have seen those of a nation. "People have falsely grown to picture to themselves France, whole and entire," he says, "where in fact there was merely an army and a man; — a man whose military genius even had become exhausted by the many excesses of tyranny; an army, numer-

ically weak, deprived of its best resources by delays and inconceivable hesitations in the defensive organization, and, above all, deprived of its principal force by the hypocrisy and falseness of a policy the most odiously enervating to a country that can be imagined."

With what passed both before and after the supreme struggle of Waterloo; with the alternate rhodomontades and discouragements of the "Hundred Days"; with the base flatteries attempted upon the popular masses; with the mixture of craziness and mean spirit shown by the ex-despot after the Belgian defeat; with his pitiably diminished attitude after the so-called Political Corps of the empire had thrown him off, and angrily desired him to abdicate, — with all this, many works have, within the last ten years, made us familiar. Above all, Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe," and Villemain's matchless "Souvenirs des Cent Jours," have taught us how utterly unworthy of his early fame was Napoleon in the hour of evil fortune. But until now no one has had the courage or the desire to trace him to the very field of Waterloo itself, to that blood-drenched plain, where, by the completest *déroute* of modern ages, he paid the price of his ill-gotten, ill-kept power. Colonel Charras is the first to track him to the spot where he lost in a few short hours all the gains amassed in a life of ruthless, useless usurpation; and he passionately, resolutely, inexorably hunts him to earth, nor leaves him till the capacity of farther harm-doing has been for ever taken from him.

For military men, Colonel Charras's book is incomparable, and of absolutely inestimable value; for he has employed seven years of undeserved exile in amassing the details of whatever took place in the organization of the French troops, from the moment when Bonaparte left the island of Elba on the 20th of March, 1815. Not a man or a musket escapes him, and, from the founding of a cannon to the purchase of a horse, he will tell you, from the official document, every single incident, however apparently trifling, that took place in the ranks of the imperial army exposed at Waterloo to the shock of the allied powers. As to calling in doubt one single statement of Colonel Charras, this is at all events impos-

sible. It may be objected by some persons, that, for patriotism's sake, he should not have shown facts as they really were. This may be a ground assumed by those who admit the possibility or the expediency of disguising truth; but as to pretending that any item of his assertions is not strictly veracious, this is what it is impossible to attempt. He answers with documents in hand, and produces in his support the papers deposited in the archives of every war department in Europe, including those of Paris. Had there existed any chance of refutation, any way of cavilling at one of his statements, the hired scribes of the present Empire would have been set to work but too willingly, and have proved that Colonel Charras's book is no more to be relied upon than so many others, the statements in which are mere subjects for discussion. But this resource has not been opened to the imperialist writers of France, and of the authenticity of Charras's work no one has raised even the faintest shadow of a doubt. The book remains, as we say, the most formidable record at present extant of the selfish ambition, the culpable folly, and the at last glaring incapacity of Napoleon Bonaparte. We think there is no country upon the globe that will not read with interest the parallel drawn by Colonel Charras between the moral condition of the army under Bonaparte and of that under Wellington on the eve of Waterloo.

"It was a brave army," he says, speaking of the troops under the orders of the Emperor; "but, whatever has been said to the contrary, it was not and could not be the equal of the armies that had preceded it in the recent annals of war. The formation of its brigades, its divisions, and its *corps d'armée*, dated from only two months before. The regiments had had no time to acquire any cohesive force, or any of that *unity* which is given to troops only by community of labors, whether in peace or war. In June of the preceding year all the regiments had been reorganized; in December, a mass of men had been incorporated with them who had returned from furlough, or from the enemy's foreign prisons; in April and May, a fresh amalgamation of this same sort took place, and throughout the ranks mutation had been universally the order of the day.

"Chiefs, officers, subalterns, soldiers, had as yet had no time or opportunity of gaining anything in the shape of the so requisite knowledge of one another. This was a great cause of weakness, but it was

not the only one. Enriched and systematically corrupted by the prodigalities of the empire; enervated by luxury and by enjoyment of all kinds; worn out by twenty years of war, — many of the generals and chiefs would have far preferred the quiet occupancy of their fine hotels and *châteaux*, to the labors of forced marches and the inconveniences of the bivouac. They had tasted peace during one whole year, and they regretted its loss. Some amongst them had been rudely defeated in separate commands, and preserved the memory of their ill-luck. Others, shaken by the sad recollections of 1813 and 1814, quite despaired of the issue of the war, when they compared the masses brought to bear by the coalition, and the weakness of the defence on their own side. All had remained brave and intrepid; but all had not preserved the activity, the resolve, the foolhardy energy of early days. Many there were in whom the moral man was no longer fit to confront a disaster.

"The soldier might still be said to have unlimited confidence in Napoleon; but he was not without suspicion of his chiefs. Those very men, — he had seen them in less than a year pass with equal enthusiasm from the Emperor to the Bourbons, and from the Bourbons to the Emperor. Those courtiers of fortune, — he had heard them, in addresses, proclamations, orders of the day, without end, abuse the overthrown master, and adore the master who was for the moment victorious. It was impossible that the soldier should believe in the fidelity of these men to the imperial cause. He suspected them of plotting some monstrous treason; and these same suspicions, vague, but persevering and irritating, had penetrated as much into the higher regions of the staff as into the inferior ones and among the privates. Suspicion was everywhere, and even the officers of certain regiments were not trusted by their men."

The moral state of the troops under Napoleon's orders was, therefore, the worst that can well be imagined. Discouragement seemed the only reasonable feeling to their minds; and of anything in the shape of the enthusiasm that animated them in the first days of Bonaparte's career, there remained not a vestige. Now let it be remarked, that the peculiar sentiments by which Charras describes the men and officers of the imperial army to have been possessed, were those which every ensuing day tends the more to instil into the minds of the masses in France. Whether with generals or bishops, peers of France or senators, public functionaries or deputies to the legislative assembly of the moment, the cause of sus-

picion must be everywhere the same, and in all divisions of the upper classes the same want of principle is on every side offered to the contempt (we must use even this word, for none other is so proper) of the lower orders. This ready passing from one power to the other, — this prompt desertion of what had been slavishly obeyed, this prompt adulation of what had been shrunk from when falling, — this eagerness to barter honor for gold, or rather to attach consideration to the whereabouts of wealth, — this has, since the period to which Colonel Charras alludes, been cited by the people of France, as often as a revolution of this or that species has come, to show the readiness of the so-called "leaders of society" to serve no matter what power, so long as that power could insure to its instruments any material advantages. That this disposition to look with distrust upon the higher classes is now animating nearly the entire mass of the nation, is not to be denied; but that its deleterious influence had already been at work in the army collected on the eve of Waterloo is, we think, a fact less familiar to general readers.

Opposed to what he shows us to have been the very indifferent moral condition of Napoleon's troops in June, 1815, Colonel Charras draws a picture of the army under Wellington's orders, which is truly admirable for its impartiality.

"The allied army was by no means homogeneous. All the elements composing it had not the same value in a military point of view. Nothing is more evident. But the bad consequences of this were less than Napoleon had calculated.

"The English troops were composed of old soldiers, almost all tried by the hard campaigns of the Peninsula, and proud of having delivered Spain from a foreign yoke, and of having, after six years of constant struggle, borne the British flag from the mouth of the Tagus to the borders of the Garonne. Those said six years had begun with uncertain fortune, but had ended by a long, uninterrupted series of successes, the battle of Vittoria crowning the whole as a sort of Southern Leipsic." — Vol. I. Chap. V. p. 73.

"Full of confidence in themselves and in their commanders; convinced that their generals were superior to ours, as Wellington, they believed, was superior to Napoleon; actuated by that inflexible sense of duty, the characteristic trait of the soldiers trained in Wellington's

severe school, these troops formed a *corps d'élite* in the widest acceptation of the word."

Passing in review the contingents furnished by the various courts of Northern Europe to this army which was about to fight the battle of Europe's liberty against the direst tyrant of modern times, the writer of the work before us speaks of Prussia in the following terms: —

"The Prussian *corps d'armée* was the vigorous representation of nearly all the classes of Prussian nationality, and was animated almost to fanaticism by the love of country and of that country's independence. In every Frenchman the soldiers of Prussia saw an enemy. Fatal results of Napoleon's outrageous ambition! These were no longer the soldiers of Valmy or of Jena, cold and full of indifference for the quarrels of their king, easy to be defeated and put completely to the rout. The hatred of victorious invasion, the wounds of their country, had made heroes of these men. Beaten over and over, in action after action, on both sides of the Rhine, the Prussians had won the force to resist in their reverses. Two names and two dates were at the bottom o all their thoughts, — Leipsic and Paris.

"Their officers and their chiefs shared all their passions as well as their enthusiasm, and inspired them with unlimited trust. Napoleon was wrong when he fancied that one Frenchman was worth two Prussians."

Colonel Charras observes, that one cause for supposing that the allied forces might be vanquished by the imperial army was, that the former were under the necessity of submitting to two separate generals, whose character was as opposite as could well be conceived. He gives a slight and spirited sketch of Blücher; which done, he passes to Wellington, and we may fairly say that no one even in England has ever painted the British hero more fairly, more justly, more as he really was. It is not a matter of indifference for us, on this side of the Atlantic, that such a man as Wellington should be well understood. He is of the race we came of; the blood of his forefathers and of ours has mingled; and unless we choose to forego our pride in our origin, which lies in that glorious old "Norse boat of ten centuries since," of which Emerson speaks, we cannot but take something to ourselves of all the real greatness of the greatest Anglo-Saxon of mod-

ern ages. Charras's portrait of the "iron man" is the prose of Longfellow's "Ode" upon his death. Both conceived of him in identical form; and, unless we revert to the Latin authors, we do not know of many better pictures of an illustrious man than this: —

"Wellington had never yet been face to face with Napoleon; but he was the first — and by how far the first! — of all the chiefs ever opposed to him. Napoleon, however, was determined not to recognize in him the qualities of a commander-in-chief. By describing him in the *Moniteur* as an 'ignorant and presumptuous officer, destined to great catastrophes'; by changing his victories into defeats in the official print; by hiding from France Vittoria, the Nivelle, and other engagements disastrous for her fame, — the Emperor seemed to imagine that he had successfully lowered the English general to a second-rate rank and importance.

"That there was a difference, a wide difference even, between the English general and Napoleon, is not to be gainsaid; but it was far less wide than the latter chose to fancy, or than we have had any notion of, misled as we have been by prejudice and falsehood.

"Napoleon had the genius of war developed to the highest conceivable degree; but the insensate ambition of the monarch destroyed the judgment of the tactician, and very often physical energy and activity failed the conqueror, and left him inadequate to the requirements of his position.

"Wellington was perhaps, strictly speaking, but a general of great talent; yet this talent was so complete, and was based upon qualities of such strength and intrinsic worth, that it almost attained to genius. Gifted with the extreme of good sense; a thorough statesman; a religious observer of the laws of his country; an excellent judge of character; informed to the utmost of whatever concerns the profession of arms and war; committing faults perhaps sometimes, but never persisting in them; careful of his soldiers, sparing of their blood; harsh towards indiscipline, implacable to theft; ready to plan, and to execute readier still; prudent or rash, temporizing or sudden, as the case required; inflexible in evil fortune; hard to be elated by success; an iron soul in a body of iron, — Wellington, with a small army, had done great deeds, and this army, whole and entire, was of his own making. He had a right to remain, and he has remained, one of the first military figures of our age. Born in 1769, he had, in 1815, like Napoleon, attained his forty-sixth year."

We hope our readers will agree with us, that the man who

can write of an enemy as Colonel Charras here writes of Wellington, is worthy to be implicitly credited, whatever are the statements he makes. When we reflect upon the amount of national vanity wounded, of national prejudice inflamed, by the very name of Waterloo in France, we can scarcely find terms of eulogy sufficient to express our admiration of the uprightness, the sincerity, and the liberality manifested in Colonel Charras's book. There is no man caring to know the real truth about one or two of the greatest events of our half-century, who ought not to find a pretext for attentively studying this extraordinary work. It is as full of information for Englishmen as for Frenchmen, and may most justly be denominated, in the favorite French phrase, *un événement*.

M. Guizot's Memoirs, in some respects, form the sequel to the two works we have just noticed; for they treat of France as she was on the morrow after Waterloo. As yet, the first volume only has appeared of these *Souvenirs*, which are, as a whole, to consist of five or six volumes. The space of time under consideration is between 1815 and 1830; a period during which M. Guizot prepared himself for public life, and might, had the moral part of his composition been equal to the merely intellectual part, have laid the foundation of a career infinitely more useful than his has been. He is one of the first writers who has described the condition of France during the struggle at Waterloo, and immediately after it.

"There was no enthusiasm whatever for the Emperor," says M. Guizot, "and there was small confidence in his success; but no one attempted anything against him. Napoleon acted in full and entire liberty, and with all the force which he could command in his situation; and considering the isolation in which he was placed, and the material and moral exhaustion of the country, France had become a whole nation of spectators, of tired and worn-out spectators, who had lost altogether the habit of interfering in their own affairs, and who really scarcely knew what issue they desired to the terrible drama of which they themselves were the stake. As to me, I was tired of remaining inactive, and of merely looking on; and foreseeing neither how nor when the performance would end, I resolved in the very middle of March to start for Nimes, where my mother resided. I can see in my mind's eye even now the aspect of Paris, — above all, of the Rue de Rivoli, which was just then half built. It comes back to me as I saw

it on the morning of my departure. No workmen; no movement; materials heaped up apparently without any object; unpeopled scaffoldings; half-raised edifices left unfinished; the want of money, of workmen, and of confidence visible everywhere; and, on all hands, the ruins of yesterday, — *des ruines neuves*. Throughout the ranks of the population was an air of uneasiness and anxious idleness, the air of those who are in want at once of both labor and repose. During my journey I everywhere saw the same thing, along the roads, in the villages, and in the towns; everywhere were the same agitation and the same inactivity to be remarked, and the same impoverishment of the whole land stared one in the face. More women and children, on all sides, than men. Here and there troops of young conscripts, with sad faces, marching to join their regiments; wounded and sick men pouring back largely towards their homes, — *a nation mutilated and at its last gasp*."

It is impossible to read M. Guizot's first volume of Memoirs without feeling that it bears most emphatic witness to the almost fathomless amount of mischief done to France by that modern Attila, Napoleon Bonaparte. If M. Guizot were alone in the putting forth of this opinion, one might feel that it required further confirmation, — a scrupulous respect for truth forming by no means one of the distinctive points of the ex-minister's character; but coming as it does in corroboration of what every impartial historian for the last ten years has affirmed, it deserves to be accepted as one testimony the more. "That man whose glory entailed upon us so much shame," says Chateaubriand, when speaking of the first Emperor; and this coincides perfectly with the view taken of Bonaparte by M. Guizot. At the end of the chapter from which we have just quoted, the sometime leader of the *Doctrinaires* announces that he had hardly reached Nimes before a letter from M. Royer-Collard brought him back to the capital, where he was quickly named Secretary-General to the Abbé de Montesquiou, whom Louis XVIII. had raised to the dignity of Minister of the Interior. The following extract is well worth reading: —

"I did not hesitate under such conditions to take office. No prior engagement, nor any of my antecedents, bound me at all to the Restoration. I belong to those who were carried upwards by the impetus of 1789, and who will not relinquish that position. But,

though not holding to the *ancien régime* by any interest, I never felt any bitterness against the France of other days. Born a Protestant and a *Bourgeois*, I am devoted to the principles of the liberty of conscience, of equality before the law, and of all the really great conquests of our social organization. But my confidence in these conquests is also very considerable, and I feel at my ease about them, nor believe that, in order to support them, I am at all obliged to regard the house of Bourbon, the nobility of France, and the Catholic clergy as dangerous enemies."

This passage is a really important one; for it touches upon one of the principal causes of disunion throughout French society, which is no other than the uneasiness of possession felt by certain classes with regard to the social conquests of 1789. If, once for all, Frenchmen would feel that there are some gains which cannot be snatched from them, that there are retrograde steps which no government and no body of men in their senses would dream of taking, — if all Frenchmen aspiring to the name of politicians would, once for all, look upon this as a settled fact, and chase from their minds the insane alarm at incessant encroachment on the part of their adversaries, — more would be done toward a good understanding between all classes than has been done since the days of the first revolution. Here, in reality, lies the secret of the mischief, which begins in evil feeling and ends in *émeute*. Each party is, and has been all along, afraid of the intentions of its opponents, and, above all, the so-called liberals are haunted by the fear that the party of the *ancien régime* will seek to recapture some of its old privileges and worn-out abuses. There is no denying that a few individuals of the last-mentioned party do exist, whose absurdities are such, and whose political incapacity is so glaring, that they would probably return to the monstrous immunities and oppressions of Feudalism, just as the ultra-Jesuit party in the Church would favor a revival of such practices as disgraced the government of certain Spanish kings; but these — although there is no denying that they do exist — these are merely individuals, and, as we have said, a very few individuals, not to be counted, and, above all, not to be dreaded. Ridicule is the best arm against them, and to ridicule they ought

to be abandoned. But in France everything is a pretext for fear, and, politically speaking, a country more given over to terror does not exist. To act courageously, to make the stand a citizen ought to make when his rights are assailed,—of this hardly one Frenchman within the last fifty years has proved himself capable; but to tremble lest some one should do him some fantastic wrong, and to resist the best measures of the governing force because he so trembles,—this is a game in which every individual man in France is a proficient.

At the present moment France is severely suffering for this identical "uneasiness," at which M. Guizot hints in the passage we have above quoted. Had not men of the shallow policy and irritability of fibre of Messrs. Thiers, de Rémusat, and some others, descried dangers of which there was not a shadow in the only national combinations for the future of France that have been proposed within the last few years, France would not be in her present enslaved and comparatively degraded condition. M. Guizot alludes to what is taking place now, as to what took place in 1815. We will continue our quotation, as it is one of the best passages we know of in recently written history, so far as the Restoration is concerned:—

"Because full now of fresh elements, the social edifice of France is not fresh built of yesterday. France can no more renounce her past, than she can her present. She would most effectually establish in her own internal self the seeds of mischief, and indeed of eventual ruin, if she showed herself hostile to her own history. Her history is the nation itself; it is the native country dear to every one, seen through the modifications of ages. As for me, I have always borne to names and facts that have held a great place in our national destinies a most respectful love. When Louis XVIII. returned, the Charter in his hand, I will avow I felt neither irritated nor humiliated at having to enjoy our liberties, or, if necessary, to defend them, under the royalty of the ancient race of France's kings, and in common with my countrymen of all classes, nobles or *Bourgeois*, even though their old rivalries were for some short time still a cause of agitation and distrust.

"Foreigners! *les étrangers!* the remembrance of them was the sore of the Restoration, and the nightmare which beset France while it lasted. The feeling itself was, doubtless, a legitimate one enough. The jealous love of their native soil, and of its independence, doubles the strength of

a people in prosperity, and saves their honor and dignity under adverse fortune. Had I been placed in Napoleon's army as a soldier, I should probably have been insensible to everything, save to this one only point. Placed, as I was, in civil life, other ideas, other instincts, have led me to seek the greatness of my country elsewhere than in her predominance by war. I loved, and I still love and esteem before no matter what else, a just and upright policy,* and liberty under the safeguard of law. *Of this I should totally despair under imperialism;* I hoped for both under the Restoration.

"The most absurd of all unjust appreciations is that which would aim at making the Restoration accountable for the presence in France of those foreign armies which only the mad ambition of Napoleon had attracted into France, and from which the Bourbons could deliver us only by a prompt and certain peace. The enemies of the Restoration indulged upon this subject in contradictions the most absurd and strange. First, they said that the Restoration was imposed upon France by foreign bayonets; next, that in 1814 *nobody* wished for it, foreigners no more than natives, exterior Europe no more than France herself. This party affirmed the Restoration to have been brought about by the smallest possible causes, and to have had no adherents save some few individuals of old and almost worn-out fidelity, or some sudden renegades from the adverse camp; they said that selfish intrigues and petty manœuvres alone caused the restoration of the Bourbons in France. Singular blindness of party spirit! the more this or that party proves that no one particular current or force established this *régime* in France, the more the intrinsic, and as it were intimate, principle of vitality of the Restoration becomes evident, and the more it is clear that the Restoration was in virtue of a great and dominant necessity. I cannot understand how really clever and superior minds can allow themselves to be so led astray by petty passions as not to be able to see things as they really are. In the crisis of 1814, the recall of the house of Bourbon to the throne was the only imaginable, the only serious solution of the difficulties of the position, — the only one which rested upon principles, and made the future government independent of the sudden changes brought about by human caprice and the caprices of fortune as manifested in the various chances of war."

M. Guizot says with truth, that the two benefits for which

* That the man who so ruined and lost France, in 1848, by precisely the reverse of anything like justice or uprightness in his policy, should venture upon this declaration, is assuredly somewhat strange. But M. Guizot has never thought it needful to adapt his actions to what he sets forth as his principles.

France longed the most, and which had the most signally failed her during twenty-five years, were liberty and peace. He is undeniably right when he says that these two advantages were amply secured to France by the government that succeeded the downfall of the empire at Waterloo.

There is a remark made by M. Guizot which is as true as it is worthy of notice, and which records a fact that may have escaped many students; namely, that with the fall of the traditional monarchy in France began the era of falsehood universal. The Convention and the Republic screamed out at the top of all their voices that France was free, and never at any period was she more enslaved; for men answered then with their heads for displeasing the mighty mob. During the empire nothing was talked of save peace, and France was bled within an inch of death by war.

"The Emperor Napoleon," says M. Guizot, "concluded, in fifteen years, more treaties of peace than any sovereign had ever before concluded. Yet never did war so often break out and begin anew; and never was peace so completely a lie, or a lie of such short duration. All the treaties were merely truces, during which fresh combats were preparing. And this also was the story of freedom. Promised in the outset, and celebrated with enthusiasm, Liberty first fled before civil strife, but not without her praises being chanted all the same, and her existence being sworn to. One fine day, however, civil strife was said to be terminated, but liberty was found to be terminated at the same time. The word *liberty* had, at one moment, been sufficient to inebriate the nation, who took no trouble to verify the existence of the thing; and at another moment, to shake off the fumes and expiate, as it were, the crime of intoxication, both the name and the thing were equally proscribed and sunk in oblivion."

Here, again, Louis Philippe's ex-minister touches upon a point which is essential, and which the student of French history should examine, — the facility that exists for the entire nation's being governed in the name of a lie! We do not believe that an example of this sort has ever been afforded by any country except France, or that any save a French government has ever tried the experiment of telling a whole nation the precise reverse of what in fact exists, and of expecting that nation to take the official word for what the

evidence of the nation's own senses flatly disproves. Yet this was the system of the first Emperor, from Wagram to Waterloo. He had no belief in, nor respect for truth. He possessed in his own hands the communicating medium between the government and the public mind, and he fancied it depended upon him to force public opinion to see things in this or that light. When fortune played him false, he either concealed the fact, or transformed it, or represented it in a shape exactly contrary to what had been its genuine one; and taking the public apathy for acquiescence, he seriously believed he had fashioned the public understanding to his hand. He forbade any spontaneous word or movement on the part of the people, and then, when his fantastic announcements were received in silence, he thought that silence betokened approval, as though they who thus held their tongues had been free to dissent and criticise. Napoleon I. lived ostrich-like as to what regarded public opinion; but he was one of the first who deliberately undertook to pervert the sense of truth in the mass of the French nation. Since then it has lost its respect for its rulers in its complete scepticism upon the subject of their veracity, and those who resort to falsehood do not see that the end they contemplate by their misstatements is never attained, and that the one only thing achieved is the degradation of the governing authority by the separation from it in the people's minds of any idea of credibility or honesty. An untruth is a dishonesty, and the government convicted of lying may be deservedly suspected of any amount of improbity. Emerson says justly, "The English value themselves on their truth, as distinguishing them from the French"; and in another passage he observes that the "English are veracious" as from some "superiority in organization" and "as if they could afford it." Now, it is exactly this strength produced by constitutional veracity that has been sapped in the French race by the mendacious policy of the Bonapartes, and it is one of the chief injuries their advent to power has caused to society in France. This is preeminently a tradition persevered in by the present Emperor; and absolute falsehood, the systematic perversion of truth, may be looked upon now as a governing medium employed

by Louis Napoleon. The consequence is, that the idea of truth is nearly destroyed in the national mind, and through the neglect of what is true the disdain of what is honest has crept gradually in; and what is termed in English "want of principle," has grown to be the one leading characteristic of Frenchmen, whether morally, socially, or politically speaking.

Perhaps the quality most to be noted in this first volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs is the perfect impartiality of his tone towards the men whose names fall under his pen, or whose acts he has to appreciate. Louis Philippe's minister evidently has a leaning towards the Restoration, (which, since what has passed in France during the last twenty-eight years, is conceivable enough,) and he takes good care at once to establish the fact, — so distasteful to the Napoleon family, — that the government of a Bonaparte is not, and can never be, anything save a phase of the Revolution.

A very different work from either of those we have mentioned, and different as are all its author's creations from those of any other man, is the "Richelieu" of Michelet. Rapid, original, glowing in color, there are in it the qualities of poet, painter, and musician, more than of a prose-writer or an historian. As we have remarked before, Michelet resembles Victor Hugo far more than any writer of his own immediate kind, and while reading his brilliant pages one longs for the harmony of rhyme, and feels that something is wanting to the completeness of the work. As yet, his volume upon Henri IV. remains the best of his historical series, and we do not anticipate that this new work upon the famous Cardinal will eclipse the admirable *fantasia* dedicated to the lover of *la belle Gabrielle*, which even Michelet's enemies were obliged to admire, and to admit as a *chef d'œuvre* of a portrait.

The one chief obstacle to Michelet's success as an historian is his bitter, deadly, irrational hatred of whatever belonged to the pre-Revolutionary history of France. He can see no grandeur, no beauty, in anything that precedes 1789, and the consequence is, that, unless in particular cases, (as with Henri IV. for instance, where opposite causes combine to serve his enmities towards royalty and religion,) Michelet can never present the reader with a trustworthy picture of what the

acts, and, above all, the motives, of this or that king or statesman may have been during the centuries that elapsed before the Revolution. Set aside the erroneous appreciations resulting from this perpetual bias, and you have before you a series of chronicles almost as dramatic as the historical plays of Shakespeare, but in which History — statesman-like, matter-of-fact History — plays nearly the same part that is usually allotted to her in works of fiction. Yet it is not erudition that fails Michelet; on the contrary, he is perhaps more learned than most of his contemporaries, and in the matter of dates, for instance, has remarkable precision; but it is the faculty of clear and direct vision that he wants, — he is constrained by prejudice, and distorts facts and men to his own private purposes.

We would reproach him with having followed the vulgar notion of Cardinal Richelieu. Instead of seeing what the immensity of the work was which Richelieu had to execute, how vast his plans were, and how judicious (though he died before he could carry them out), — instead of admiring the genius that at a glance saw how the impending union of Germany under Austria by Wallenstein's agency was to be prevented, and how (by hard means, it is certain) the internal unity of France was to be secured, — Michelet has been haunted by the phantom of Hugo's tragedy of "Marion Delorme," and every time he introduces the giant form upon his stage, you feel that he is pointing at it, and exclaiming, in tones of terror and disgust, "Voilà l'homme rouge qui passe!" The picturesque element distracts Michelet, and he sacrifices everything to his mania for word-painting. He has succeeded in perfection, and there are pages of his before which one lingers in admiration, as before a Titian or a Tintoretto, the colors are so splendid, the draperies so ample, the expression and the style so masterly and grand. But this is painting only, and has nothing to do with the stern record of the facts that were. Witness his Prince de Condé. If ever a man was born a hero, Condé was that man. Glory was his element; he could not help being glorious and heroic; it came naturally to him; and the proof of its being so is, that to his qualities as a warrior he added all the other more tender graces of

character; and his deep, chivalrous, pure passion for Marthe du Vigeau proves what was Condé's heart. Of this man, because he was a Bourbon and a prince, Michelet has been unable to prevent himself from making a type of arrogance, vanity, avarice, and littleness of all kinds. A more untrue picture than that drawn of Condé in this new work of Michelet's has seldom been given to the public. "Richelieu et la Fronde" is an unsafe book to put into the hands of any save those whose historical opinions are already fixed; but to those we cannot avoid recommending it, as one of the most magnificently-colored historical romances it has ever been our fortune to peruse.

ART. VII. — 1. *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.* Volume IV. of the Fourth Series. Boston: Published for the Society, by Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 514.

2. *The American Revolution.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 435.

THE subject-matter of both these volumes, taking into view the great theme to which the whole of one of them and by far the larger part of the other are devoted, makes it convenient to treat of them together. They are both filled, substantially, with a varied rehearsal of the incidents and measures which transpired in the councils of patriotism and of despotism during the year preceding the opening of the great American war of independence. They are, therefore, contributions to that steadily increasing library of American history, on which, as a foundation, the training of our future statesmen and the culture of our general scholars are to be based. We welcome every addition to our shelves which comes in the form of a faithful biography of one of our patriots, or of a more accurate rehearsal of the events of the times already receding into a dim distance. Few persons are aware how voluminous that department in our libraries is. We doubt, indeed, whether all the works which belong to it are actually

to be found even in any two or three of the largest libraries in our country.

It will be observed that one of the volumes whose title we have copied is issued under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This Society, which has now nearly reached the seventieth year of its existence, was the pioneer of all the similar institutions formed in this country, quite numerously in recent years, for the collection, preservation, and publication of materials for the illustration of our local and general annals. Dr. Belknap, the prime mover in this grateful cause, would rejoice greatly if he could return to see with what zeal, and by how many efficient laborers, it is now pursued. The Massachusetts Society has steadily followed up the work to which its honored founder devoted it. If it has not issued as many volumes as outside observers might have expected from the number of its years, it has as faithfully, and, perhaps in the ultimate issue it will appear, more effectively, served its design in gathering materials, rescuing valuable records from decay, consolidating its means, and training a select body of men for zeal, accuracy, and painstaking fidelity in the tasks of annotation and illustration. Its late President, Hon. James Savage, still giving the ripeness and vigor of what in his case we can hardly call old age to a work which he must have begun in his cradle, is preparing to leave behind him a monument of his marvellous industry and research in the Genealogy of the First Settlers of New England. His recollection of facts and dates, of incidents and details illustrative of times and characters, furnishes an almost unprecedented instance of the capacity of memory in receiving, keeping, and yielding up on demand, whatever is committed to it. His brain seems to be as faithful in the custody of things antiquated and obsolete, in all their minute relations, as is the antediluvian rock in preserving the most delicate tracery of the fern-leaf. The term of Mr. Savage's presidency covered those years of the Society in which it had parted with the fresh zeal of its first impulse, and had not as yet partaken of the fostering generosity which it has recently begun to enjoy. To him belongs the great credit of a quiet and patient constancy,

private and official, in administering the interests of the Society while it was assimilating the food for its maturity. Hon. Josiah Quincy, the senior member of the Society, and the associate of its founders, has just given to it the ownership, and to the community the perusal, of his "Memoir of John Quincy Adams." Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who now presides over the Society, brings to it, together with the treasured respect for a venerated and beloved ancestral name, tastes, acquirements, aptitudes, and personal gifts eminently befitting his office. His own peculiar claims and interests in connection with the Society have in part created and in part called out a new and lively zeal for its objects, manifested by the generous bequests of the Appleton Fund for publication, and of the splendid library of Thomas Dowse, Esq., by the bestowal of many lesser but still valuable gifts, and by the increased interest in its business and social meetings.

The thirty-four volumes of the Society's publications are, of course, occupied for the most part with matters relating to Massachusetts or New England history and biography; though the exceptions are numerous and important, in documents of great value interesting to the whole country, and even to the world. The editing of many of the papers contained in them has been a service requiring much dry labor, as, without accuracy, such documents are almost worthless. The task of editorial supervision for each volume is intrusted to a committee of four, of which, as is usual in such cases, the exacting toil is that of the chairman. The volume before us is, after this fashion, to be credited to the zeal and pains of Hon. Richard Frothingham. Of the call for labor, of the fidelity with which it was given by him, and of its good fruits, our readers will be able to judge when we speak more particularly of its contents. We may barely mention such of these contents as do not relate to the theme with which we must soon engage ourselves. They are, a reprint of Scottow's Narrative (1694) of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony; a paper on the Extinction of Slavery in Massachusetts; a Notice of the Sieur d'Aulnay, of Acadie; the Petition of Roger Williams to the General Court of Massachusetts;

the Declaration, Petition, and Relation of Phinehas Pratt (1668, curious documents); and brief Memoirs of Nathaniel Morton Davis, Abbott Lawrence, and William Parsons Lunt. More than half of the volume exhibits in print for the first time the Correspondence in 1774 and 1775 between a Committee of the Town of Boston and Contributors of Donations for the Relief of Sufferers by the Boston Port Bill. With a more or less direct bearing upon matters incidentally connected with the same paramount theme, there are Letters of Thomas Cushing, Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts; Queries of George Chalmers, the historian, and Answers of General Gage, in relation to Braddock's Expedition, the Stamp Act, and Gage's Administration of Massachusetts; Letters of Samuel Adams; a remarkable Letter from Joseph Hawley; and Letters, containing a variety of interesting particulars, from Rev. Dr. Andrew Eliot of Boston to Thomas Hollis, Esq. of England. It will be seen, therefore, that the especial theme of this new volume of Collections is the engagement of the sympathies of the whole continent, first in relieving the sufferings, and then in sharing the rebellious spirit, of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, under the oppressive action of the Port Bill. As the matter of the volume becomes at this point identical with one of the central themes expanded with ability and genius by Mr. Bancroft in the other volume whose title we have given, we must now turn to his work, and devote to it a few brief and general remarks, before uniting the two threads of the great narrative before us.

In the sixth volume of his continuous History of the United States, Mr. Bancroft finished his exposition of the causes which conduced towards the American Revolution. He now undertakes, in what may be regarded as a separate work, to make that crisis in our annals the subject of his most mature and his crowning labors. He designates two epochs in the subject; the first extending from the enforcement of the Port Bill to the Declaration of Independence; the second proceeding on to the acknowledgment of that act by Great Britain. The volume before us is occupied with the former epoch. We must pay to the volume as a whole the tribute of unstinted

and exalted praise. Gratitude requires this; for labor of the most exacting kind, research conducted with exemplary keenness and patience, and a noble ardor, awakened alike by the historian's zeal and the patriot's pride, have left their unmistakable stamp upon every page. Mr. Bancroft has enjoyed rare opportunities in the use of original documents from every quarter, ministerial and diplomatic, official and private. That some little fancies, theories, and partialities of his own should betray themselves in his relative estimate of the value of one or another class of his materials, and in his mode of using them, is not strange. In this he is human, — human, too, after his own individuality. The elaboration of some of his periods is occasionally too intense and artificial. In a few instances it would seem as if the inspiration of the thought with which he started had been reduced into mere ingenuity while he was seeking the most striking way of expressing it. He tessellates his narrative, in lines, half-lines, sentences, phrases, and words, with quotations from the copious and multiform papers which he has digested. His pages are thus a mosaic of his authorities. Of course his narrative wins in this way vivacity, a sparkling radiance, and a seeming attestation of its authenticity. But this mode of composing history is also apt to run into a bizarre style, to become unnatural, stilted, and exaggerated, and likewise to impair the perfect truthfulness of the narrative as a rehearsal of what once was fact. A writer may be tempted to seize upon the unqualified, the emphatic, or the passionate and unrestrained expression, sentence, or phrase in a speech or letter, and to work it into his own sober narrative, when perhaps the original speaker or writer may afterwards spend a whole paragraph in qualifying his recent excess in utterance. As to this feature of style, we have a grave objection to urge against some portions of this volume, especially its more characteristic and patriotic narrations of the debates and battles of the opening storm.

It pleases our English critics to charge upon American writers in the mass — particularly upon our historians, orators, essayists and lecturers, and the after-dinner speakers at our frequent celebrations and commemorations — what has come

to be designated as "the spread-eagle style," — a compound of exaggeration, effrontery, bombast, and extravagance, mixed metaphors, platitudes, defiant threats thrown at the world, and irreverent appeals flung at the Supreme Being. Now it is a simple slander upon us to generalize this charge, and to visit it upon American writers and speakers as such. There has been, as we all know, too much of this inflated and braggadocio utterance among us. The earliest appearance of the mannerism and the license which have developed — we might better say, degenerated into — this bombast, as we shall have occasion to note by and by, is to be traced to the ardent expressions of a young patriotism. "The 'Ercles vein" broke out first in some of our town-meetings, early caucuses, commemorations of the *Boston Massacre*, and on other similar occasions. It has run to riot in Fourth of July orations, stump speeches, and a few Congressional harangues of the "manifest destiny" pitch. Yet in these modern excesses and affronts to good taste and decency, it is not always easy to say when the speaker yields himself to this strain in sheer ignorance, or when with a covert and ridiculous sense of his own skill in thus pandering to the folly of others. This habit of speaking, however, is now visiting the force of its own ridicule upon itself, and that will banish it sooner than will any protest of those aggrieved by it on either side of the water. But we must withstand the reproach of English critics, that the style of which we speak is not only American, but also characteristic of American writers. In general, our writers, especially such of them as may be taken as representatives of the literary class, now use as classical a style, and one every whit as closely conformed to the standard of a pure taste, as do our contemporaries beyond the sea. "The spread-eagle style" is chargeable only upon a certain class of writers, on a certain class of occasions, treating a certain class of subjects. Unhappily, the class in each of these categories is too large; but it is not large enough to fix a national characteristic in this respect. We would by no means imply that a gentleman of the splendid scholarly culture of Mr. Bancroft should be ranked among the prime offenders in this matter. But there are sentences and para-

graphs in his volume, in which he has evidently caught from some of his old documentary authorities the spirit of exaggeration, occasionally turgid and sometimes almost ludicrously intense in its expression. We regret this the more, because his work will be justly regarded in England as a national work, the exponent of the American mind and genius in the rehearsal of American history. We know that some of his readers abroad, and those not the most phlegmatic or contemptuous, will smile at some of his rhapsodies and intensities in describing the councils of our patriots and the battles of our yeomen. His calmer and more prosaic relations, and his summaries, are, in our view, faultless, while his scenic descriptions and his pictures from the wild woods and wilder water-courses sparkle with the glory and grace of nature.

Mr. Bancroft has chosen in this volume to exclude all notes and all references to his authorities. He assigns as his ground for this omission, "the variety and multitude of the papers which have been used, and which could not be intelligibly cited without burdening the pages with a disproportionate commentary." His readers will recognize the force of this plea when they note, as we have already observed, that his pages are so largely interspersed with excerpts from original documents. Of course his context will, to a great extent, indicate his authorities, but it will not always satisfy his readers as to the pertinency of the citations, or the judgments or inferences drawn from them. On many points of comparatively trivial importance, Mr. Bancroft rectifies errors in several of our popular compends, and he differs in statement from the generally accepted opinions concerning matters of more or less interest. We are willing in such cases to yield entire confidence to the fairness of his conclusions drawn from the best authorities well used. But there are a few points of paramount importance, either from their intrinsic moment, or from the interest which feeling of a domestic, party, or sectional nature has thrown into them, on which he pronounces a judicial decision in reversal of generally established judgments. He must expect to be challenged on this score, and he would have facilitated the treatment of such issues as may arise between him and others, if he had given

with precision and fulness the grounds on which his verdicts are based. Perhaps he would in some cases have averted controversy, and have shown to his questioners sufficient guaranties for his judgments when in opposition to theirs. But having concluded to omit all references and authentications, he follows his own rule in the most serious as in the most trifling matters. His decisions are pronounced most oracularly and most positively where they are most divergent from settled opinions. True, he excites our curiosity, and wins the suspense of our minds, by promising at no distant day to cull out from his rich heaps of manuscripts such original letters as, besides possessing an intrinsic and general interest, will confirm his narrative. This is all that we can ask of him; and we can but strengthen the expression of our hope that he may very soon redeem his promise, by hinting to him that he is now virtually in debt to his readers in a way which demands quick payment. He will be especially held to substantiate the judgment which lifts Samuel Adams to such a conspicuous pre-eminence among his compatriots. Nor will it be enough to adduce the fact that there are so many papers in his handwriting. The preparation of one class of patriotic papers was assigned to John Adams. These were of an exact, legal, advisory, argumentative, and positive character, and were the product of his own mind. The preparation of another class of papers was assigned to Samuel Adams. These were of the exciting, demonstrative, ardent, and objurgatory sort, and in the construction of them he was the compiler, and, so to speak, the editorial secretary, of the utterances and opinions of many various minds. Two judgments, quite opposite in substance and tenor, may be found expressed in the writings of John Adams about the genius, influence, and wisdom of his kinsman. One who undertakes to adjudicate here will have a delicate matter for his treatment. But in the mean while Mr. Bancroft must open his stores. Whether his English readers will admit that he has rigidly adhered to his own resolve so to write as not "to revive national animosities," is not yet decided to our knowledge. The only sharp response that has reached us is in protest against his sharp judgment of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

The plan by which Mr. Bancroft has arranged and divided his narrative in this volume is admirably adapted to the interest and instruction of his readers. He preserves faithfully the proportions of his theme. Of tediousness he is incapable. His glance is wide and free over all the elements which enter into the substance and tenor of his story. His chapters are brief, and are only discursive enough to comprehend the details which bear directly upon the division of his subject on which they are respectively occupied. He has made a calendar of the period from May, 1774, to June 17, 1775, which is covered by his narrative; and by that calendar he presents to us almost the daily transactions and combinations of events, and the appearances, opinions, and deeds, in either hemisphere, which are wrought into the work of the loom that elaborated the finished pattern he is studying. He has to perform the office confidently hoped for from the oceanic telegraph-cable, of conveying daily bulletins from continent to continent, transmitting the pulsations and throbbings of a raging fever from member to member of the body politic.

The English journals are tantalizing us with the warning that the British side of the story of our Revolution cannot yet be written, because there are masses of state papers, official documents, and private letters, whose secrets, still jealously guarded, have in their keeping a great many surprises, with facts of a marvellous and wholly unimagined character, which will completely reverse in some cases, and rectify in others, the accepted statements in our histories. We are free to say that we are quite sceptical as to the existence of the means of such startling revelations. The only point of any emphatic consequence on which the disclosures from archives or private cabinets have changed the judgment or the narrative of our sober annalists, beginning as far back as the very first year of the strife, is in reference to the personal views and agency of Lord North. It suited the exigencies of our patriot declaimers — nor, making liberal allowance for rhetoric, did they much affront the literal truth in so doing — to represent the tyrannical course pursued towards us as dictated by the ministry, in distinction from the

agency of Parliament and the personality of the monarch. So Lord North bore the brunt of the angry declamation as the supposed leader and the prime mover in all the tyranny of Great Britain. The letters of the king to his prime minister came into the hands of Sir James Mackintosh, who transcribed the matter of chief importance in them into a volume which afterwards was in possession of Lady Charlotte Lindsay, that minister's surviving daughter. Lord Brougham received them some twenty-five years ago from her, and, having availed himself of them in his Historical Sketches of Statesmen, was the first to make public the fact that Lord North was not utterly unflinching, obstinate, and persistent in recommending oppressive measures, nor in any sense the instigator of his sovereign in that course. But, after all, the disclosure is by no means so important, nor does it really soften and abate an established judgment of that minister to so great an extent, as is commonly supposed. We cannot find that Lord North relented, till he had done mischief which he could not repair; or that he sought by resignation to relieve himself of the responsibility of advising, or rather of co-operating with, the king, until the quarrel had reached such a stage that it was impossible to arrest it, or to change its issue. He was bound in honor not to desert the king, and his distrust of the wisdom of their measures was but a late repentance, not available for amendment. Lord Brougham himself gives Lord North the full benefit of all the new disclosures in the case, but is inclined to judge him as severely, for yielding to the wishes of his sovereign in retaining his place and pursuing a course which he did not approve, as the Boston patriots judged him when they regarded him as the prime offender. Lord Mahon, who after Lord Brougham seems next to have been favored with the use of these letters, is somewhat milder in his general view of Lord North's course. Mr. Bancroft has enjoyed the same privilege, and we must regard his verdict as on the whole the most just.

Indeed, Professor Smyth of Cambridge, who in his Lectures, published in 1811, that is, before the disclosures concerning Lord North had come to light, while pronouncing upon him with unqualified severity, anticipated the plea that has since

been advanced for him, yet wrote: "For Lord North there can be no excuse. He must have been guilty of acquiescing in measures, the general folly of which he must have resolved to shut out from his view."*

When Lord Brougham wrote his "Sketches," and some others of his numerous published pieces, he had access in his various official capacities to repositories which are now guarded with considerable jealousy. He had personal assurance from a high quarter, when asking certain privileges of research in England, that some disagreeable disclosures made by him in print had led the guardians of a class of interesting papers to a very rigid prohibition of the transcription, and, in some cases, of the consultation of them. Doubtless there are such papers, great numbers of them too, which would yield much curious and important matter. It may be that some of them relate to the zeal which England then indulged in favor of the slave-trade, or to her efforts to engage the slaves and the Indians on her side against us. It may be that they contain humiliating or damaging information about ministerial intrigues, or about the governors and military officers sent here, most of whom showed such a manifest incompetency for their trust, and some of whom were one another's impugners and accusers. It may be that the careful use of such papers would very much enlighten us on some points not now clear or intelligible. But that they will introduce any new element into, or essentially modify, the relation of the history of the American Revolution, or reverse a single judgment now valid as regards men or measures, is a vain fancy. Mr. Bancroft has certainly had as much material as any writer could use to advantage. He does not need in any case to have recourse to his imagination, or to rely upon mere probabilities for any of his statements, where he meets a hiatus in some authority, or a discrepancy between partisans. He has his own biases, no doubt. The large vein of his idiosyncrasy runs through his whole series of historical volumes, and there is a special manifestation of it under a specific form in the various themes which he has treated,

* Lectures on the American War.

now in a philosophical disquisition, now in a beautiful piece of word-painting, and now in a brilliant episode partaking both of rhapsody and of learning. If he had had anything more to digest, we fear that the process of assimilation would have been less perfectly performed.

Some persons, however, are impatient of that painstaking zeal, scrutiny, and exhaustiveness of research, which are now considered so desirable in the method of the historian and in the composition of his work. They ask, What is the use of rewriting over and over again the same old story? Has it not been already told with sufficient fulness and accuracy? Why this everlasting ransacking of public and private repositories, — this high value set upon each successive pile of papers that comes to light, — this haste to make a new history for the sake of bringing in one new agent, or one new version of an event, which will at best be like the designation of some single ripple on a flowing tide? We do not sympathize with this impatience, which often expresses itself as disgust. Even if the rewriting of any interesting series of events as history, were nothing more in its intent and effect than is thus described, it would be a remunerative labor, and would deserve gratitude. But the aim of the historian is higher, and, if he is qualified for his work, all new materials will help to enrich and to authenticate his narrative. Especially in the treatment of that great theme with which we are dealing, the American Revolution, we value the introduction from time to time into its narratives of all the side-lights gathered from the diaries, letters, and memoirs of prominent persons, from the municipal registers and the legislative journals which are now happily treated with such respectful regard, and from the traditions which have been for the most part confined to a narrow circle. More and more, as years pass on, does the American Revolution present itself to its students as a theme unsurpassed in interest, whether of a solemn or of a merely curious character, by any other event that has transpired in the secular concerns of this earth. We are learning to see in it, as many of its noblest and many of its most simple-minded agents and observers saw in it at the time, an august disclosure of a newly-revealed stage in the great methods of

Providence. The work was mightier than the men that performed it. A microscopic study of it, as of the objects of natural science, gives us a grander conception of the whole in a finer apprehension of its parts. And there is one circumstance to be taken into the account, which, we believe, will warrant some very important inferences. There is a propitious time, an interval peculiarly favorable, for the composition of a satisfactory and trustworthy history of any great event in the world's annals; and we should date that time at about from eighty to a hundred years after the event transpired. We have not space here to give our reasons for accepting this theory, nor to draw our inferences from it. If our position be true, both the grounds of it and the inferences from it will be obvious to any one who thinks about it. In that period of time passions have cooled, rivalries have been in the main disposed of, materials for composing a history are abundant, many of the incidental circumstances necessary for its illustration are still in remembrance, traditions can be tested, and private and public documents may be used to the best advantage for explaining and supplementing one another. It is to be added, too, that the interest of a large class of readers is most intensely engaged upon great subjects which loom in the retrospect of nearly a century. The measurement of time is as important to a fair and engaging historical study, as the adjustment of the length of the telescopic tubes is to a favorable focus for observing distant objects.

In view of all our present accurate knowledge of the method and the immediate consequences of our Revolutionary war, — especially of the processes needful for engaging the thirteen Colonies as in a common cause, and the perilous forebodings of dissension attendant upon the subsequent formation of a confederate government, — a fair and inviting subject of speculation presses itself upon the notice of our philosophical historians. It offers itself in this question: What would have been the fortunes of the Colonies, if, on the instant of the opening of strife between them and the mother country, England, with a wise forecast of what the issue of the strife must necessarily be, had at once abandoned the

Colonies and bid them take care of themselves? Suppose that, when tidings of the indignation with which the Stamp Act, and the claim to the right of imposing internal taxes upon which that act was based, had been received in the Colonies, were carried back to England, a shrewd adviser of the sovereign had proposed to "leave off contention before it be meddled with," and after instituting measures to secure all proprietary rights, and the adjustment of the outstanding obligations of prerogative and contract, Great Britain had withdrawn all royal, ministerial, and parliamentary oversight, protection, and interference, and left the Colonies and Provinces to their own headiness or wisdom in the trial of self-government. This would have been but the adoption of what was more than intimated even in the House of Commons by some members of the opposition, as being theoretically the wise policy of England, and in conformity to the law of reason and the constitution of things. More than one advocate for a mild and forbearing course with the Colonies indulged himself in the alluring rhetoric of comparing the Colonies in their relation to the mother country to a sinewy and somewhat self-willed youth, who had grown to man's estate, who was fretting under parental restraint, and who had a legal claim to a discharge from pupilage and subjection. A question about property, as between parent and child, did indeed obtrude itself into the debate. But it was not exactly as if the restive youth demanded a partition of the parental estate. He claimed to be already in possession of all that he wished to have secured to him; and, what is more, he claimed to have earned it all without any help during his minority, or any borrowed capital at the outset. So the rhetoric of the argument was rich, and the argument itself was a strong one. The Colonists, self-exiled, had turned a wilderness into a fair heritage for hard labor, which was still the condition of all thrift in the enjoyment of it. Even when under age, and really weak in their isolation and immaturity, they had felt the sense of virtual independence, and only by the spur of that proud consciousness would they have been sustained under the severe exactions and hardships of their dreary enterprise. They had never held their claim on English protection

or patronage as of any real worth to them, beyond the simple assurance that their rights as patentees were identified with the rights of England to dominion here, as founded on discovery and occupation. As against Papal, Spanish, French, or Dutch pretensions, they were willing to refer back to the crown of England as their guaranty in the possession of the soil and in their rights of trade. But they had settled the matter of local ownership, of land tenure and dominion, with the Indians and among themselves. Here they had grown strong, bold, and rich. They had invented town-meetings, — a device which, when first brought to the knowledge of Englishmen, caused more of gaping amazement than has been excited among the gazers at the Museum upon the winged bull of Nineveh. They had planted the foundations of an empire in regions of such colossal magnitude, that it was even absurd to think that they could much longer be content to look across the ocean for the headship of their sovereignty. They were surveying lakes of fresh water fringing their domain, into which all Great Britain might be plunged and still appear as an island. They had, in fact, proved their power of self-government, and were in the virtual exercise of it; and their first acrimonious bickerings with England were carried on fully as much in the language and after the method of embittered diplomatic correspondence, as in the spirit of remonstrance or supplication. When we say, however, that the Colonists had proved their skill in self-government, we of course limit the assertion within the bounds of their separate jurisdictions, to the exclusion of all reference to a confederation among themselves. Probably there were no communities on the earth so well administered as were most of the Colonies in America at the era of the Revolution; and those functions and details of government in which the mass of the people had the most direct agency, were managed the most efficiently and faithfully. England, too, might have considered that even her visionary pretensions about an oversight and fostering guardianship exercised towards us in our pupilage were in the way of being amply satisfied, if, as the elder Pitt affirmed in Parliament, the profits of our trade were worth to her two millions sterling annually.

These representations, substantially, were made to men in power, and to the people of England, in season to have allowed the mother country, before any embittering feuds had gone too far for reconciliation, to adopt towards us the policy that has been suggested, namely, to cut us loose from all dependence and allegiance, and to compel us to shift for ourselves. Some of the wisest of her statesmen, as well as some of her more florid rhetoricians, recommended the measure. The charge of administering the Colonies was an unnecessary burden to England, attended with great delays and inconveniences, perplexing her counsels at home, and subjecting her to complicated rivalries and embarrassments in disposing matters of trade and commerce with other powers. All these perplexities would increase with the progressive development of the Colonies. The time must come when the child would outgrow the parent, in strength and riches at least, if not in wisdom. The relation between the Colonies and England was unnatural, and the only way in which it could be made natural would be, to set them adrift with a parting blessing, and the warning counsel, expressed in plain terms: "Now take care of yourselves. Keep out of mischief. Don't disgrace your parentage, and stand ready to fight for us when we have to fight for ourselves."

Suppose it had been so. Suppose that the vexation felt at home by the ill-reception of the Stamp Act here had thrown a spice of temper, and perhaps a hint of our ingratitude, into a formal state paper, announcing that England had done with us. What would have been the consequences to us? Deplorable and disastrous, beyond all description, we might almost say, beyond all imagination. Without drawing to any great extent upon our fancy, using only the sober facts which lie revealed and now well understood upon our records, we would undertake to show, that the abandonment of the Colonies by Great Britain before they were ripe for union in a confederation among themselves, would have involved a train of evils, more grievous in character, more complicated, extensive, and enduring, than those which attended upon the War of Independence. One has but to read with care the anxious story of the process by which the Colonies came out of the

strife in a condition which disposed and enabled them to enter into a union, to be satisfied that this process could not have been anticipated or effected by any other instrumentality than that through which it triumphed.

Two very distinct and independent conditions were needed to insure safety in the dissolution of our old ties, and success in our efforts to form new ones.

First, it was requisite that England should pursue such a course towards the Colonies as would be sure wholly to alienate their affections from her. This could be brought about only by a protracted series of irritating measures. There was a slight feeling of pride attending the thought that the Colonies were connected with the only free and the most advanced empire in the world. England was still called *home* by many whose descent removed them five generations from the original exiles. This pride would have been touched, and perhaps have changed itself into a sort of wounded affection, which proverbially clings with regret to an alienated object, if England, prematurely and without any actual wrong, had cast off her hold upon us. It was for her to pursue a course, beginning perhaps in a pardonable mistake, but leading on through obstinacy and arrogance to actual tyranny, persisted in after it was known and felt to be iniquitous, and defiantly vindicated at last as vengeance, when all show of right had disappeared. Only in this way, and exactly in this way, would the Colonies be made to know how annoying and oppressive the continuance of English rule over them must necessarily be. That such a course on her part, while alienating our affection from her, would also win for us sympathy from other nations, was a direct consequence from the natural working of things. A less direct consequence to be looked for as incidental to such a course would be, that some old rival of England as a nation would be prompt to seek, or easy to be won into, an alliance with us. We have hinted at an alternative between seeking and accepting an alliance, because we regard it as one of the still unveiled secrets of the era before us, whether France or the American Congress was really the prime mover in the league of amity and co-operation between them. But this was an essential element of the

condition which we are defining, that, contemporaneously with the rupture of our old allegiance, there should be an embryo development of the tendrils which were to bind us to new affinities for a national training. The ten years which witnessed the working out of all the elements of this condition in the series of aggravating measures adopted by the English ministry, were just about a sufficient space of time to allow their most effective working towards the great result.

The other condition needed to avert the dreadful risks attendant upon a rupture with the old government, and to assure the almost chimerical project of a stable union among the Colonies in the perils of resistance and in the establishment of a confederation, was, that time and occasion should be granted to us for overcoming all the obstacles, and for availing ourselves of all the facilities, in the way of the desired end. Our union was the birth of time and occasion measured out and furnished by England. It could have sprung from no other combination of circumstances than that in which it originated. It was necessary that the Colonies should be brought into an acquaintance with one another in a way which would knit them in strong sympathy and love, before it would be safe for them to defy a common foe. There is not a single feature in the whole history of our Revolutionary war which has for us such a subduing influence of an almost melting tenderness, and which so reveals the Providence that guided it, as the fact, that holy charity was the prompter to the long train of agencies which wrought out our union. The correspondence opened in Boston with the whole continent, and the gifts which were sent hither to relieve the poor in their distress from the Port Bill, were the real initiatory means of our confederation. The dove of a fraternal pity which bore over the continent in its laden beak the staff of bread for the famishing, dropped everywhere from beneath her wings epistles which summoned both givers and receivers to become known to one another first as brethren, that they might next become joint sovereigns of a glorious domain.

The method of policy pursued by Great Britain suggested to the Colonies the policy for them to pursue, and, more than all, helped them to carry it out in every respect, slowly, wisely,

deliberately, and in triumph. Thus the two conditions which we have defined as essential were brought together; and the two books now before us, each in its own way, but both of them in a most delightful and impressive way, tell us how those conditions worked. The English policy opened and shaped itself very gradually, step by step, giving us the lead just fast enough to be available to us. That policy was so besotted and moon-struck as to help our local agitators to nationalize their cause. The mixing of the tea in the waters of the Atlantic Ocean was a symbolic act, and affected the character of the water in every bay and river on the sea-coast of our continent. That English policy wrought out our union. It protracted a necessary delay till we could feel or grope our course on to a safe issue. It added just enough of fuel to the flame to keep it steadily burning. It was continually devising some additional grievance, or threatening some act of vengeance, which extended the fear of possible tyranny far beyond its original compass, and so brought in one after another of the Colonies, less as actual parties in the first quarrel, than as spectators whose blood rose so as to tempt them to enter the ring. England worked so slowly, feebly, and hesitatingly in her first measures of intimidation, as to take from the more resolute measures which came later all the wholesome character of dread, and to tempt the Colonies to withstand the latter simply because they had withstood the former. The little homœopathic dose of the military first sent to Boston was barely sufficient to cause a nausea. The sight of that ineffective force facilitated the necessary process of change, from speaking with dignified consideration of "his Majesty's troops," to the more daring familiarity of "red-coats," which, when it run down among the boys, cast itself into the appellative of "lobsters." England worked after this fashion in alienating her Colonies, and in making it safe for them to be alienated. The process was a most wonderful one. The Colonies had previous alienations among themselves; they had jarring interests; there was very little sympathy between them about anything, and England created for them their first sympathy out of an antipathy. Some of the Colonies had no real grievance. No one of the measures

adopted by England previously to our Declaration of Independence would have been really oppressive to the majority of them. The tea tax, which England insisted upon retaining for the sake of adhering to a principle, would not have cost any one among the Americans, in his lifetime, so much as some of them contributed for the relief of the suffering and the unemployed in Boston alone. Many of the Colonies, instead of inheriting, as did Massachusetts, a traditional fretfulness towards England, the result of old provocations, were warmly loyal to the realm, and were actually interested for the time being in retaining their allegiance to it. In one point of view there is something ludicrous in the scenes described with such a graphic power by Mr. Bancroft, in which wild backwoodsmen in their hunting-shirts, sleeping under a roof which spread over the convex of a hemisphere, and having the range of a continent before them, passed resolutions to secure their *liberty!* There was as little real cause for fear that they would lose it, as that they would suffer from thirst while encamping upon the bank of a Western river, or crossing a Northern lake. Certainly it would seem as if only the most felicitous management and the most adroit skill could have contrived to draw these Colonies into a league for fighting, and then into a national union. English policy wrought out that marvel. We are free to say that an intelligent apprehension of all the facts which might here be exposed, and a candid allowance for them, ought to affect the tone towards England in which our histories are written. That tone should be softened; if not justice, gratitude requires it. As a nation, we are under obligations towards Great Britain for enabling us to become a nation, and for pursuing such a course towards us as turned our alienation from her into sympathy with one another. We will further make confession. It may be that our course of study on this subject, or a biassed result from it, has affected our judgment; but we must affirm that the intensely bitter tone in which some of our modern patriots and orators still rehearse the aggravating course of Great Britain in the war, is disagreeable to us. Not only is it needlessly irritating and inflammatory, but it is virtually unjust. Even if England, like Joseph's

brethren, really intended for evil all that she did against us, — which is not true, — the thought how wonderfully God turned it all to good in our case, as in Joseph's, should chasten the passion with which the old grievance is related. Indeed, we owe to England something like a debt, and a tinge of gratitude ought to cast itself over the narrative. Fearful would have been the consequences, had England abandoned us before oppressing us, or hurried on the open fight before we had formed a rank and file, or made us loathe foreign dominion before we had learned how to rule one another and how to limit ourselves. The rhetoric sounded beautifully when England was told that we ought to be free because we were grown men; but stern facts presented an alarming commentary. It was evident that there was hostility to be engendered and fighting to be done, either with one another or with a common foe. The natural relations between a grown-up son and a parent are often not so difficult to settle as are those of brothers who are joint heirs to unequal portions of an inheritance. There is no question but that the most irritated and bitter among the English advocates of continued severity against the Colonies, up to the acknowledgment of our Independence, expected us even then to fall into open and implacable quarrels among ourselves, and to present to the world a wretched spectacle of jarring, irreconcilable fragments of a people, laden with hopeless debts, rent with jealousies, and trained in fighting only that they might devour one another. Some quite amiable Englishmen predicted these results as the punishment of our ingratitude to the dear mother country. After many dire strifes, the remnant of us would set up a king. Why, a king was even picked out for us from the royal stock of Europe. He was to come over by invitation, and set up his throne. We have done without him so far. The course which England pursued towards us was just adapted to enable us to dispense with a king, and to educate us all for sovereigns.

How England, of course with our co-operation, though subordinate, managed to bring about this grand result, is, as we have said, beautifully related in the volumes before us, and expounded with an admirable and lucid development of the

two processes, — alienation from Great Britain and cohesion among ourselves, — which made us an independent nation. We will run hastily over some of the salient points of the story, following the lead of these two most instructive reporters of it.

The Parliamentary Bill which shut up the port of Boston was a revengeful measure, designed to coerce payment for the East India Company's tea which had been thrown into the harbor. No doubt seems to have been entertained that this summary act would not only secure such payment, but would also be effectual towards the complete subjection of the refractory spirit of the citizens. Up to this point Boston had been regarded in the councils of Great Britain, and not unfairly so, as the prime offender, and as concentrating in the bosoms of a few ardent or self-seeking popular leaders all that then existed of discontent and the spirit of rebellion. The easy problem which, as Parliament supposed, was given to it to solve, was, how by one summary act to repress this spirit before it should grow more violent or extend itself. The nobler problem which Providence was to work out was, how to make a ministerial act, which, though oppressive, could hardly be called tyrannical, the means of awakening the spirit of liberty and of union among a most heterogeneous multitude of persons, in the main content to be under foreign rule, and strangers to one another. We do not hesitate to say that the act fell a little short of sheer tyranny, because it was designed to redress a deed of violence and sedition attended with a loss of private property which was under government protection. On June 1, 1774, Governor Hutchinson left the land of his birth, the church of his baptism, the college of his education, the town and country mansions furnished by the wealth he had acquired in the long course of prosperity that had enriched him and his family, and all the honors which his fellow-citizens had lavishly bestowed upon him till he began to crave those which he could enjoy only as the tool of a foreign will. At noon on the day of his departure for England, the port from which he sailed was closed. The coincidence of these events was characteristic of the whole strange method for working out a destined result. The only one of the Pro-

vincial Governors of Massachusetts who was a native of the soil was the chief agent in exciting the spirit of rebellion. It was right that he should pass out of its waters as the interdict was laid upon them. The closing of the port put an instantaneous stop to more than half of all the various occupations of its laboring and mercantile classes. All water transit for every species of property was forbidden. Nothing could be transported in boats from one wharf to another, not even food, wood, hay, sand, lime, or bricks. If vessels on the stocks were launched, they were liable to seizure. For a town standing upon the edge of the ocean, surrounded by deep water, and which, but for one narrow neck of land attaching it to the continent, would have been an island, — encircled by islands covered with flocks and crops, without a bridge in either direction, — for a town thus situated and environed, the interdict operated like the plague coming hand in hand with famine. What is regarded in all civilized communities as a most dangerous class, the dependent and the unemployed, were thus left to brood over their wrongs, to foment discords, and to be the means for rallying the sympathies of a continent. Under other circumstances, the presence of such a number of idle and angry persons, leaving their common employments and lacking bread, would have been a most alarming element of anxiety and mischief in a small but flourishing town. Benignant for us was the fostering method of Providence which turned that forlorn company into pleaders first for bread and then for something more. On the 17th of the same month, a day to which the next year was destined to affix in red a deep mark, the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the eve of its dissolution by Governor Gage, resolved that resistance should be made to the operation of the Port Bill, and that the suffering people of Boston and Charlestown ought to be encouraged in withstanding oppression, and in holding out under their wrongs by aid from all quarters, especially from other parts of the Province. These resolutions were ratified and enforced by the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, and on the 17th of September the Continental Congress made the solicitation of contributions for Boston the ground of a public appeal. The trust of receiv-

ing and distributing such contributions was, at first, imposed upon the Overseers of the Poor, as a lawful body politic for such functions. But these gentlemen having asked relief for reasons given, a larger committee of twenty-six members was chosen, to whom soon after ten more were added, charged with the anxious and responsible trust. They were men of the highest standing, religious and patriotic, representing different interests and feelings in the community. The office was one of exacting labor, and it was exposed to much invidiousness. It had two distinct objects, — to obtain the common articles of subsistence for the necessitous, and to provide employment with pay for the idle. Only the most judicious and conscientious management would have secured such an agency against being in itself a prolific source of mischief. Samuel Adams was the chairman of the committee, and the town treasurer, David Jeffries, had charge of the funds. At a town-meeting in December a general vote of thanks for the donations was passed, besides the acknowledgment made by the committee in each particular case.

There are in the archives of the Historical Society two Letter-Books devoted to this very interesting correspondence. One of them contains copies of letters from over the whole continent accompanying the gifts transmitted, the other contains the replies of recognition and thanks from the committee. It is this correspondence, edited and illustrated by Mr. Frothingham, very pertinently and intelligently, and with great pains, which mainly occupies one of the volumes before us. The reader of it will be struck by the remarkable variety in sentiment, phrase, and turn of expression displayed on both sides of the correspondence, considering that it has but one theme. This is the more remarkable on the side of the committee in the composition of their replies. One might naturally suppose that they would have chosen a few formulas of patriotism and gratitude, and repeated them in substance in their several compositions. But no. In two or three instances they sent a copy of the same reply in two directions; but for the rest they gave themselves even to the routine-work of their task with the zeal and fervor which dictated in each case an original epistle. It is amazing how wealthy

they found or made the vocabulary of patriotism and of brotherly-kindness. Now it is in these papers that we meet with the first specimens of that spasmodic, energetic, and occasionally exaggerated style of patriotic expression, which, wofully degenerated and deprived of the heart-beating and the originality of Revolutionary eloquence, is grossly parodied by some of the muddier Fourth-of-July orators, *et id genus omne*. We can more than tolerate the originals, not only because they are originals, but because they are real, and were written by those who backed them up by deeds. Nor do they ever run into the rant, bombast, and blasphemy of some modern declamations.

Here is a good specimen, from the letter from Brooklyn, Connecticut, accompanying a gift of one hundred and twenty-five sheep: —

"We mean, in the first place, to attempt to appease the fire (raised by your committing the India Tea to the watery element as a merited oblation to Neptune) of an ambitious and vindictive minister, by the blood of rams and of lambs; if that do not answer the end, we are ready to march in the van, and to sprinkle the American altars with our hearts' blood, if occasion should be." — p. 51.

There was another mode of emphatic expression which occasionally crept into the excited remarks of some of our Revolutionary men, for which we will offer no apology. We have a specimen in an epistle of Gadsden, of South Carolina, in which he says, "Don't pay for an ounce of the damned tea." Considering what was the fate of the tea, perhaps the word may be regarded rather as judicial than profane.

It would not be easy at this day to get a perfectly exact account of all the gifts sent to Boston in these critical times, nor of their value. It is enough to know that they answered their noble purpose in both directions, as expressing the sympathy of the donors, and as securing all deserving objects from extreme destitution. Of course the shutting up of the harbor greatly added to the difficulty and the cost attending the reception of the contributions, especially as, for the most part, they were in heavy goods and articles of sustenance, such as live stock, flour, grain, and wood. The town of Marblehead generously offered the use of its wharves and warehouses

for the unlading and storing of the goods, and they were thence transported by land to Boston. Some large donations show the zeal of wealthy places, proud of their munificence in a noble cause; some small gifts from frugal settlements, into which the luxuries of life had hardly yet penetrated, are tokens nevertheless of the substantial food of our yeomen. If any one would have a marvellously touching proof and illustration of the sweet Christian assurance, that the mutual doing of deeds of kindness and mercy makes us have confidence in one another, adds to our own wisdom, sincerity, and loftiness of purpose, and strengthens us for sharp conflict and sure victory, let him read this correspondence. He will find on every page of it evidence of what we have said, — that English policy devised for us our policy, and knit the inhabitants of this continent in bands of love, while alienating them from old foreign ties.

Here is a slyly cautious paragraph from a most spicy letter, overflowing with rank rebellion, from Lebanon, Connecticut: —

"As you have printed some letters, &c., if any of this should be thought worthy of notice, (which we don't desire,) and as the issue of things is not absolutely certain, and this town the residence of the Governor, &c., please to let it stand as anonymous, and be entire, ending with 'bleed and die together.' The remainder you may do with as you please." — p. 45.

And here is some good, sensible matter from a reply by Joseph Warren to a letter from Norwich: —

"We consider a suspension of trade through the continent with Great Britain, Ireland, and the West Indies, as the grand machine that will deliver us. If this should fail, we must then have recourse to the last resort. As yet we have been preserved from action with the soldiery, and we shall endeavor to avoid it until we see that it is necessary, and a settled plan is fixed on for that purpose. The late Acts of Parliament are such gross infringements on us, that our consciences forbid us to submit to them. We think it is better to put up with some inconvenience, and pursue with patience the plan of commercial opposition, as it will be more for the honor and interest of the continent, as well as more consistent with the principles of humanity and religion.

"Mr. Gage finds himself very unequal to the task that is set him, and is at a loss for measures. He sees and is astonished at the spirit of the

people. He forbids their town-meetings, and they meet in counties. If he prevents county meetings, we must call provincial meetings, and if he forbid these, we trust that our worthy brethren on the continent, and especially of the town of Norwich, in Connecticut, will lend us their helping arms in time of danger, and will be no less conspicuous for their fortitude than they now are for their generosity." — p. 47.

In a reply to a letter from Kingston, asking about the condition of Boston, we find the following: —

"The circumstances of this Town are truly deplorable; our harbor filled with armed ships; all foreign trade suspended; a vast number of poor thrown out of employ, who swarm daily to the Committee for labor or support; our Town filled with troops; the Neck, the only avenue into the Town, fortified by cannon planted on the walls; a regiment, and two redoubts, about forty rods without the fortification; the soldiery insolent, all the cannon that is private property which they can come at seized; the cannon at the North Battery spiked up, our powder taken possession of, and every hostile appearance. What the event of these things will be, is known only to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, in whom we desire at all times to put our trust. In full confidence that our cause is just, and that we have an unalienable right to all the privileges specified in our charter, we are determined to make no concessions.

"We have just to observe that we employ our poor, in mending the streets, making bricks, spinning wool, flax, cotton, &c., &c., and are erecting looms to weave the same into baizes and shirt cloth, which we hope to sell, and so protract our stock. The Committee have an arduous task, and they can assure the public that no one person, but such as are in indigent circumstances, ever received a penny benefit from the donations; and it is requested that no ill-natured report may be credited, until facts can be ascertained.

"Please to present to our friends in Kingston, that have so liberally contributed to our relief, the most sincere and hearty thanks of this Committee, in behalf of the Town. We wish the best of Heaven's blessings may attend you, and that this kindness may be rewarded into your bosoms a thousand fold." — pp. 77, 78.

The small farming town of Littleton, Massachusetts, sent a donation of £4 3*s*. 0½*d*., with "twenty-six and a quarter bushels of rye, one handkerchief, half-pound of pinks flowers," and the expense of carting the rye to Boston, accompanied by a letter containing the following: —

"I wish the donation had been larger; but our principal men give nothing. You have many friends in this Town, but are not able to do much for you. I would have you put in the papers, received so much from Littleton, as a few of us would be glad to support the credit of the Town." — p. 241.

The explanation of the hint dropped in these lines is that the minister, the lawyer, and some of the principal inhabitants, were Tories. The reader of the volume will not fail to note, that among the gifts which passed through the hands of the Committee were two money-drafts upon the Governor of Massachusetts, who was also the general of the forces, Thomas Gage. He seems to have paid at sight the smaller draft for £ 186, and to have at least *accepted* the other for £ 737. It may be that in these negotiations he was the purchaser of some of the surplus provisions for which he paid in that which "answereth all things." This curious fact ought to have another mentioned in connection with it, namely, that Washington, after devoutly observing in his parish church the Fast Day which Virginia had appointed on account of the enforcement of the Port Bill in Boston, headed the subscription paper for the relief of our poor by friends in his neighborhood with a gift of £ 50. The small district of Monson, evidently the residence of some rude but honest yeomen, sent a present, the nature of which is not specified, and a letter, with the following postscript: —

"We have eighty stout fellows in this district, a great part of which are not only disciplined, but excellent marksmen. I dare be bold to say that at about thirty rod distance, they would pick up tories as so many hawks would kick (pick?) frogs from a frog-pond." — p. 271.

And so the zealous work of generous sympathy was engaging the committee and their new-made friends all over the continent, till the very eve of the battle at Lexington. The planters at the South, the wild hunters then penetrating westward, the French and English in Quebec, joined with neighbor Provinces, and with towns inland beyond the mountains and spread along the coast, in the same noble cause. It is observable that some scandalous reports, impugning the disinterestedness of the Committee, and ascribing to them the meanest motives, obtained currency, and required a repeated

notice in public prints and circulars. These slanders, which were alleged to come from the malignity of the Tories, as they witnessed the spirit engaged on the side of sympathy with the Bostonians, when followed up by the Committee, took the form of two specific charges, as follows: "That each Member of the Committee is allowed six shillings, and, as some say, half a guinea, for every day's attendance; besides a commission upon all the donations received, and other emoluments for their trouble"; and "that the Committee have employed poor persons in working for themselves, and gentlemen of fortune with whom they are particularly connected in their private concerns, and paid them out of the donations received." These base insinuations, when freely circulated at a distance by enemies or pretended neutrals, would have the effect of cooling the ardor, and holding back the gifts, of many well-disposed persons. It was therefore well that the Committee took pains to meet them by a dignified but flat denial, signed by Samuel Adams, while they freely opened their books to all who would consult them to know how they administered their charities. Mr. Frothingham has taken pains to seek out from the prints notices of the meetings held over the country for the collection of these gifts, and to give us interesting notes illustrating the text. These meetings extended the circle of sympathy, and deepened and strengthened its tide. So they are to be regarded as parts of that wonderful and beautiful method of a Divine purpose working through human affections, and preparing the fragmentary materials of an empire on this continent for assimilation and coherency.

These ministrations of charity to the poor in Boston from the other towns in the Province and from the continent at large, furnish, of course, only an episode in the whole year's drama as written by Mr. Bancroft. He deals very skilfully with this one efficient agency in extending among all the nominal subjects of Great Britain here the dread of all tyranny, and the sense of a common cause uniting them first in resistance and then in harmony of purpose, and in bringing them into those intimate relations which enabled them so to overcome their antipathies that a new empire might spring

from their counsels and arms. The reader of Mr. Bancroft's volume will require no aid in tracing through every page of it the working out of those two conditions to which we have referred as necessary to suggest, and then to secure the achievement of American independence. He opens to us the vacillating, but always irritating, policy of England. He takes us into the debates of Parliament, and the secret sittings of ministers. He explains to us how it was that England delayed to strike a decisive blow until the train of circumstances had so matured our strength and ability for resistance that the *decision* passed from the side of Great Britain to our own side. The plea set up for England, that her plans and measures were devised in entire ignorance of the actual state of things in the Colonies, is shown by Mr. Bancroft to be wholly vain. Indeed, one needs but to read the speeches of Pitt, Pownal, Burke, and Barré, to understand that only a dogged obstinacy and arrogance could blind ministers to the folly of their course. Facts enough, eloquently, deliberately, and importunately uttered, were laid before the councils of the nation, to have guided them more wisely. Colonel Barré, in 1774, told the Commons, "The Americans may be flattered into anything, but are too much like yourselves to be *driven;* have some indulgence for your own likeness." Dean Tucker, that strange medley of wisdom and folly, in his Fourth Tract, recommended the recognition of our independence, and a treaty with us, ten years before we had ventured to declare ourselves free. Lord Chatham, addressing the ministers in 1775, said, "The whole of your political conduct has been one continued series of weakness, temerity, despotism, ignorance, futility, negligence, blundering, and the most notorious servility, incapacity, and corruption." If the objurgatory spirit in these charges helped, as doubtless it did, to strengthen the bad passions and the fatal errors which they rebuked, there were not wanting calmer appeals. Dr. Franklin's examination at the bar of the House of Commons, ten years before our Declaration of Independence, should have wrought a great impression through his mild wisdom. Indeed, if English statesmen had but read aright their own history of just a century previous, they would have seen that the triumph of constitu-

tional principles among them was but an earnest of the result that must take place in America. Burke reminded them of the parallel in these burning sentences: —

"In effect we suffer as much at home as abroad; for in order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims of our own. We never gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood."

Horace Walpole's letters through the whole period are strewn with banter and sarcasm, from which, however, it is very plain what was his serious view of the policy and conduct of the whole war on the part of Britain. Thus: —

"Mrs. Britannia orders her Senate to proclaim America a continent of cowards, and vote it should be starved unless it will drink tea with her. She sends her only army to be besieged in one of her towns, and half her fleet to besiege the *terra firma;* but orders her army to do nothing, in hopes that the American Senate at Philadelphia will be so frightened at the British army being besieged in Boston, that it will sue for peace." — (To Rev. William Mason, August 7, 1775.)

But wisdom, remonstrance, and banter were all vain. In vain did the city of London, after holding a friendly correspondence with the aggrieved Colonists, petition Parliament against its measures, and find its effort to offer a humble address to the throne repelled. In vain did officers of the British army and navy resign their commissions rather than engage against us, while even the king's brother disapproved his course; and the lack of Englishmen willing to fight in the bad cause necessitated the enlistment of Continental mercenaries. The almost annual change of ministry, between that of Pitt and that of Lord North, during the five critical years which really disposed of the issue at stake, indicates the shifting policy of the times and the men. The Olive Branch petition, sent hence to London in August, 1775, was not taken into the British ark because there was no dove to offer its beak. And now the whole burden and blame of the course pursued by England are visited upon the king, — but not rightfully so. His full share of responsibility was actually understood here at the time, and it was well known that his quality of ob-

stinacy became more intense as the Colonies thwarted his contemptuous and revengeful measures. The New England Calvinistic preachers of the time, many of whom were just then softening into Arminians, had a good illustration in him of the textual exposition, that by the Lord's hardening the heart of Pharaoh, is meant, that the Lord *allowed it to harden.* For so it was with the king. But he found advisers and backers in his measures, even many among the Colonists themselves. The only explanation we can discern for the whole train of events and its marvellous working, is that the God who allowed the king's heart to harden, and his counsellors to err, and his generals to be incompetent, and his soldiers to be conquered, had a design to accomplish which included all these contingencies as its means.

Four months after the Port Bill reached Boston, the Congress of twelve Colonies was in session at Philadelphia. Mr. Bancroft follows with consummate skill every thread which was worked in the loom that was fashioning the pattern of a new and rich design. He traces through parallel lines the oppressive and alienating measures of Great Britain, the harmonizing and co-operating measures of the Colonies. He tells us with what delicate care, and with what a cautious feeling of the way, the representatives of most unlike constituencies were brought into council together, and then balanced, qualified, and moderated one another's judgments and feelings. He takes us into town-meetings, provincial assemblies, camps in the backwoods, and secret sessions in Congress. He points out to us the temporizers and the neutrals, the honest waverers, ready to be assured into ardent champions of the right, and the truculent debaters, who would speak artfully against the proclivities of their own hearts. He gets into the secrets of the French minister, Garnier, at London, and tells us what that keen and sly observer of English policy and fatuity wrote home to Vergennes, prophetic of every measure which transpired here; and thus he finds the root of that alliance which was soon to unite us in a championship of freedom with the French Empire. But something must precede that alliance as its condition. France would make no treaty with us till we had committed ourselves to

an implacable rupture with Great Britain. That required a Declaration of Independence, and this Declaration required two Congresses to mature it. In the mean while some extreme measures, such as real battles, must come in the series of providential methods. And these, too, came. They were fought on the soil of Massachusetts. Mr. Bancroft leaves nothing to be desired as to the fulness of detail in relating them, and nothing to be objected to as regards the accuracy and impartiality of his narrative. With the rehearsal of those battle-scenes, as preparing work for an American army, and with the choice of Washington, the nation's providential man, Mr. Bancroft leaves us to wait further fruit from his labors.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Griechische Geschichte, von* ERNST CURTIUS. Erster Band, *bis zur Schlacht bei Lade*. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1857. 12mo. pp. 537. [Greek History, by ERNEST CURTIUS. Vol. I. To the Battle at Lade.]

2. *Die Ionier vor der ionischen Wanderung, von* ERNST CURTIUS. Berlin: Verlag von Wilhelm Hertz. 1855. 8vo. pp. vi. and 56. [The Ionians before the Ionian Migration.]

IN that little History of Greece which, far as it was from being an adequate representative of the scholarship of England at the time, yet undoubtedly embodies the general faith of our grandfathers on the subject, Goldsmith announces that he shall begin his narrative "at the period when real and authentic history commences"; and proceeds to give us, as undoubted facts, the precise date of the foundation of Argos "in the time of Abraham," and the names of its early kings, — the formation of Athens into a regular government "by Cecrops, an Egyptian," — the coming of Cadmus, and "the well-known adventures of his unhappy posterity, Laius, Jocasta, Œdipus, Eteocles, and Polynices," — and the tale of Helen and the Trojan war, with the capture of Troy "about

the time that Jephthah was judge in Israel." It was about the year 1770 that the work was published. But England did not long remain contented with this achievement of the versatile doctor. Her scholars, attracted to the subject more than those of any other European nation by their natural sympathy with the political activity of the people among whom man first conspicuously merited Aristotle's definition of him as a "political animal" (πολιτικὸν ζῷον), have given us from that day to this a splendid succession of histories of Hellas, steadily increasing in their ability, brilliancy, and comprehensiveness. This series was opened, not unworthily, by Dr. Gillies, in 1786. In his elegant work we see already the dawn of that philosophical spirit which bore its full fruits in the two following generations. "In the works of Homer and Pindar, and the writings of the Greek tragedians," he remarks, "and scarcely anywhere else, may the stories of Cadmus, Semele, Bacchus, Amphitryon, Hercules, Œdipus, etc., be read with pleasure and advantage; for, as Strabo (I. ix.) says, 'All there is monstrous and tragic land.'" Gillies accepts, however, in the main, the narratives of Cecrops, Danaus, Cadmus, and Pelops, and the story of the Trojan war, as given by the more judicious of the ancient historians. His Tory successor, Mitford,* who published his first volume in 1784, was equally conservative. Thus of Hercules he says: "Besides a large concurrence of other testimony, Homer leaves no room to doubt either that there was such a Grecian prince, or who and what he was." Thirlwall, in 1835, for the first time fairly introduced the English reader to the critical atmosphere of the last half-century. His scepticism is temperate and judicious, as becomes an Englishman; the old traditions of the early Grecian history are to him but legendary; he regards these legends, however, as containing truth more or less discoverable, and shows no inconsiderable skill in its extraction. At length, in Grote, — the very Coryphæus of the whole band, — historical scepticism mounts to its highest point for the latitude of Great Britain.

* We call Mitford Gillies's *successor*, because, although he published his first volume two years before Gillies, the bulk of his work appeared subsequently, — the last volume, indeed, not till 1818.

Greek history begins at the first Olympiad: all before is myth, — mists of fable through which the gigantic shapes that seem to loom up are themselves but phantoms, or at least so distorted and confused that it is idle to ask their real character.

To some quiet gentlemen in their studies, — men of general scholarship, and a poetical rather than a philosophical or sceptical turn of mind, — these recent assaults upon the faith of antiquity have been very disquieting. The Tory sees in this dethroning of old heroes and demigods the same spirit which would, in our own day, lay ruthless and destroying hands upon throne and altar. The Christian is too apt to identify the sound scholarship which dissipates the phantoms of early fable, with that contemptible pseudocriticism which would fain impeach the credibility of authentic historical records. No one, however, can seriously attempt the hopeless task of maintaining the old, uncritical belief in its entireness; though men have sighed, "We live in an age of disenchantments!" and complained — not without reason — that, when robbed of pleasing illusions, only vague and indefinite shadows are offered in their place.

This complaint is not without reason; yet the critical scholarship of our times can build up as well as destroy. This is its true glory. It sweeps away the clouds of fable, to disclose the solid ground of fact. Although at the waving of its wand gigantic individual forms that peered out of the fog may vanish, it is able to raise in their place an entire and distinct landscape, with its general features clearly defined, however its details may be lost in the distance. Furnished with all the wondrous and manifold science of our age, it brings to its task the eyes of Argus and the hands of Briareus. For it God has written the history of the world in his everlasting mountains and rocks, his plains and rivers, seas, coasts, and islands, climates, floras, and faunas, — in short, in the whole physiology and conformation of his globe; and man, too, in those works of his hands which have conquered time, — inscriptions by which he has perpetuated his deeds and his languages in the imperishable rock, — the fragments which survive of his walls for defence, temples for worship, dwell-

ings of the living, and tombs of the dead, — his roads, aqueducts, and bridges, — his idols, and various works of art, — utensils of war and peace, — coins, weights, and measures, — the names he has given to his places of abode, — in fine, not simply in literature, but in every sphere of his activity, — has left memorials of his history, than which the most authentic written documents are not more suggestive, trustworthy, or intelligible. Nay, on some points modern criticism is furnished with more precise information than the most distinguished of the ancient historians could possibly obtain. For this superiority it is indebted to the great progress which has been made in physical geography, in ethnography, and in the knowledge of the religions and mythologies of the ancient races, and, above all, to the creation and development of the science of Comparative Philology, — a science which has within the last twenty years poured a flood of light upon the early history of the various tribes of the Indo-European race, revealing the characteristics of their respective civilizations, and their relative antiquity.

The great work of Grote has been as successful as it is brilliant and vigorous. Popular in Germany even more than in England, reprinted and widely circulated in America, it enjoys a world-wide reputation. Yet, with all its merits, we cannot but pronounce it as failing to do justice to the resources and capabilities of modern scholarship for penetrating even into the gray dawn of Grecian history. The confusion and perplexity which meet us here it pronounces inexplicable, immitigable. To our natural demand that the learned historian should lift the curtain of fable, and disclose the true picture, it answers, in the words of Zeuxis, "The curtain *is* the picture." It has been left for the author of the works named at the head of this article to give the world for the first time the true *origines* of Hellas. The task could not have fallen to better hands. No one of the young scholars of Germany possesses in a more eminent degree than Professor Curtius the varied attainments which modern scholarship demands of her favorite sons; and in addition to those qualifications for the work which may be supposed to belong to all great scholars in common, he has others of no humble

order, peculiarly his own. Belonging as he does to a highly respectable family in the free and commercial city of Lubeck, the influences which surrounded his early years must have stimulated his observation of the social and political activity of men. As a pupil of Ottfried Müller, his youth drank at the richest and purest fountains of ancient learning and criticism, and upon his shoulders has fallen the mantle of that master whom the world pronounced fittest for the task of bringing the obscure portions of Greek history into light. As tutor of the young Prince Frederick William, the future sovereign of the greatest Protestant power of the Continent, the responsibilities of his office must have added zeal to his study of the laws which govern the growth and welfare of states. Above all, by means of a four years' residence in Greece, and of repeated journeys throughout the whole country in all directions, he has that familiarity with his ground which is valuable always for one who would reconstruct the past, and in no case more so than in that of Greece, — the land where so little of modern civilization has been superimposed, that the past is not obscured by the present, and the traveller is left alone with Nature and with History. Of some of the results of these travels, his well-known work on the Peloponnesus is a perennial monument. Successor of Boeckh as editor of the Corpus of Greek Inscriptions, and keeping his eye ever on the watch for all the discoveries of remains of ancient monuments and works of art in every kind, — to whose investigation he brings a rare æsthetic sense and exegetic skill, — he has the best access to these slight and delicate, but often deeply significant, sources of information. For his rich stores of learning, his clear, graceful, and elegant style is a fit vehicle. He understands the art of symmetrical arrangement, so sadly neglected by many of the writers of his country, and exhibits a rare union of German profoundness with French or English clearness and method. His aim, too, has been — and the same praise may be given to the other works in the excellent Weidmann series — to convey all the best results of the most erudite investigation in a manner intelligible to the general reader, and to bridge over the chasm which has un-

fortunately separated the scholastic from the popular literature of Germany.

Pursuing his investigations with an honest love of truth and no seductive passion for novelty for novelty's sake, he has yet arrived at many views entirely new and striking. But the particular service which his book has done to the learning of our time is, as we have already intimated, in giving us positive rather than merely negative results, and in pointing out with certainty and clearness the connection and course of development of the Greek people from their earliest origin. All former works find no connecting thread till after the Dorian migration. Curtius has accomplished the task by seeking in the myths — aided by the lights thrown from the various other sources of history — the historic germs they infold. Here his method is at variance with that at present prevailing. Mommsen, in his admirable Roman History, throws aside all the mythical element as mere stubble. Grote relates, to be sure, after Apollodorus, all the twelve labors of Hercules, and other like myths, but begins the *history* afterwards, as something entirely new. Our author has chosen the more difficult, but certainly the more philosophical method. For him the myth embodies, though in a poetical form, the consentaneous memory of the people, and as such it is entitled to our belief. No single man could have fabricated it. It is the child of Fact, though nurtured by the Imagination. "Mythology," as Max Müller happily phrases it, "is only a dialect, an ancient form of language"; not to be interpreted indeed with prosaic literalness, but obedient to fixed laws, and those laws in good degree ascertainable. Poor is our boasted scholarship, weak our critical discernment, if we can furnish no Œdipus to solve its enigmas. We contend that the investigators of classical antiquity are not bound to be timid. Genius in this field has the same right of bold conjecture, the same power of bold but unerring reconstruction, as in any other. Shall Cuvier build up a whole mammal from a single bone, shall Agassiz construct an extinct fish from a single scale, and shall not the classical palæontologist restore old history by the same method? We admit the greater difficulties in his case, the cool and temperate judg-

ment required to restrain the vagaries of an unsupported or too hasty imagination; nor do we demand that anything should be accepted which is not confirmed by its general satisfactoriness as an explanation of the particular period of history, and as far as possible corroborated by ancient authors, monuments, and other sources of exact information. The competent observer will be both bold and sure, — and as much the one as the other.

Farther back than even myth and tradition, comparative philology penetrates into the darkness of pre-historic time. The results of this science deserve a place in every work of ancient history, and they find their place in Curtius, but not in Grote. So important are they, that we propose to exhibit some of them even more fully than our author, availing ourselves in part of the labors of Mommsen and Max Müller. The first and most familiar discovery was that the ancestors of the Indians, Persians, Greeks, Italians, Germans, Slaves, and Kelts, — thus including our own ancestors, — were originally one people, dwelling in the uplands of Asia. First to separate themselves from this united Aryan or Indo-European family, and to push their way into Europe, were the Kelts; they were followed subsequently by the Germans, and they by the Slaves and Letts. The next great swarm that deserted the hive, leaving behind them the progenitors of the Medo-Persians and the Indians, was composed of the common ancestors of the Greeks and Romans, who, pushing westward, but still remaining in Asia, dwelt for a long time together as one people, developing those peculiarities in language, customs, and ideas which distinguish them in common from the other Indo-Europeans. In this Græco-Italic nation, as it has been called, we have the preface of the history of both the Greeks and the Romans, and the explanation of their affinity. But our information does not stop here. As words are the symbols of thoughts and things, so they give us a picture of the ideas and the activity of the people who use them. And thus of the civilization of that old united Aryan nation, whose very existence would be unknown to us were it not for the testimony of comparative philology, the same testimony gives us an image neither vague nor shadowy. They led a half-no-

madic and pastoral life, surrounded with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen, guarded from the bears and wolves by faithful watch-dogs. The noble horse had submitted to man. Houses sheltered them from the storm, and strong doors resisted assaults from without. They made use of wagons, and travelled on high-roads from town to town. The mutual relations of parent and child, brother and sister, had been acknowledged and hallowed; and each of the degrees of affinity, as of kindred, had received its recognition and its name. Above the family had already arisen the idea of the community; and the king, or lord of the people, had found his office and his title. For a long period of years Peace showered her blessings on the land, and the arts flourished under her smile. Silver, copper, and iron were mined and wrought; wool was woven and made into clothing; the lakes and rivers were navigated by boats furnished with oars and rudders; meat was cooked, and the practice of eating raw flesh held in abhorrence; cakes were probably baked of the ground seeds of wild grains; and salt was used as a condiment. Time was measured by the periods of the moon. The decimal system of numeration was in use, but perhaps not carried beyond hundreds. A Supreme Being was devoutly recognized, and Mythology had already begun to clothe many of the more striking phenomena of nature in her garments of allegory.

Such was the civilization which the Græco-Italians bore with them as their inheritance, when they left their ancestral abode. Theirs was not the blood which would allow them to fall back, or to remain stationary on the path of progress. They introduced the tillage of land, unknown to the older Aryans, and raised corn, wine, and oil. The word by which they denoted a field, had signified to their fathers only territory or plain; their term for plough had meant a rudder; that for wine, the agreeable in general, without particular reference to drink. With agricultural habits they adopted fixed abodes, and worshipped *Ἑστία* or Vesta as the goddess of the hearth. The boundaries of individual landed estates were accurately marked out, and superficial measures on the decimal system determined. One wife commanded the affections of her lord, and received due honor as mistress of the house; and adul-

tery was severely punished. The father wielded a patriarchal authority, which left more distinct traces in the institutions of the Romans than in those of the Greeks. In the administration of justice, provision was made for giving judgment and imposing punishment, while the principle of retaliation was admitted. The clothing of the people was similar to that of their illustrious descendants, and the lances with which they fought were the same. They marked out sacred enclosures, and believed in a shadowy existence of the dead. In navigation, however, they made no advances, but remained ignorant of sails, masts, and yards. Of their intellectual activity, their language is the noblest monument. By introducing a larger number and nicer distinctions of the vowel-sounds, they enriched their dialect and added greater precision to its grammatical forms. Their peculiar sense of order and law is exhibited in the fact that they subjected even that which is "most volatile and inconstant in speech," the place of the accent, to fixed laws, by decreeing that the principal stress of voice should never fall farther back than the antepenult; thus securing the integrity of the final syllables, so liable to be destroyed by a farther removal, and at the same time allowing sufficient liberty of marking, by changes of the accent, the distinctions of cases and genders, moods and tenses. In short, all the testimony from language concurs in attributing to the Græco-Italic people "a love of rational order founded upon the relations of an agricultural life, an aversion to everything capricious or chaotic, a manly striving to attain to clear articulation, to purposed regularity in life and thought."

The time at length came when this offshoot of the Aryan family was itself to separate into two great branches. The fathers of the Italians took up that line of migration by land which was not to end till they had pushed themselves over Alps and Apennines to the heart of the Peninsula. Of the mental characteristics of that branch which, left by itself, we may now call purely Greek, it is again in language that we find our earliest information. Professor Curtius gives us a masterly synopsis of the peculiarities which distinguish the Greek language from the Latin. We content ourselves with

quoting his concluding remarks, in which he draws from the facts stated their historical significance.

"The people which knew how to develop the common Indo-Germanic treasure of language in so peculiar a manner, called itself, from the time it felt itself as a unit, by the name of Hellenes. Its first historical act is the development of this language, and this act is an artistic one. For as a work of art must the Greek language be considered before all its sister tongues, from the feeling which reigns in it for harmony and perfection of sounds, for clearness of form, for law and organization. If we possessed nothing of the Hellenes but the grammar of their language, yet this would be sufficient evidence of the extraordinary endowments of this people, who appropriated to themselves the material of speech, penetrated all its matter with spirit, nowhere left dead masses remaining, — a people that, with their decided aversion to all that is bombastic, formal, and obscure, knew how to accomplish the greatest results with the simplest materials. The whole language is like the body of a scientifically trained wrestler, in which every muscle, every sinew, is developed to full efficiency; nowhere swellings and idle bulk, all is strength and life.

"The Greeks must have received the material of language before it had stiffened to an inflexible mass; otherwise it would have been impossible for them so clearly to express in it, as in the most plastic clay, the whole variety of their intellectual aptitudes, their artistic sense of form, as well as that acuteness of abstract thought which did not manifest itself first in the books of their philosophers, but still earlier in the grammar of the language, particularly in the building of the verb-forms, — a system of practical logic valid for all times, the understanding of which tasks to this day the full power of a practised thinker. As in the formation of the language the noble powers of the people attested themselves in the harmonious exuberance of youth, so on the other hand the perfected language, reacting on the people as a whole and on all its members, exerted the mightiest influence; for the more perfect the organism of the language, the more is he who uses it assisted, and in some measure compelled, to logical thought, to the clear working out of his conceptions. It leads the mind, as it is learned, from step to step to a development ever more and more all-sided; the incentive to master it ever more completely never decays; and while it thus trains and develops the individual to ever higher activity of mind, at the same time it holds him, without his being aware of it, in that common connection of the whole nation, of which the language is the expression. Every disturbance of this connection, every alienation, betrays itself first in the language.

"Their language, then, was from the beginning the countersign of the Hellenes. In their language they learned to feel themselves a separate community, distinguished from all the other people of the earth; it remained for all times the bond which held the widely scattered tribes together. It is *one* language in all its dialects, and so too is the people of the Hellenes one and unmixed. Where this language was spoken, whether in Asia, Europe, or Africa, there was Hellas, there were Grecian life and Grecian history. As, long before all history, it stood already in full development, so has it also long survived the narrow period of classical history, and still lives to-day in the mouth of a people who manifest through their language their connection with the Hellenes. It is then the bond which, through space and time, unites together all that belongs to the history of the Hellenic people in its widest sense." — pp. 20, 21.

The substantial identity of this language in all its dialects, proves that all the Greeks lived for centuries together as one people after their separation from the Italians. This united existence, however, lies back of direct historical memory. We know the language only as divided into dialects, which dialects necessitate the supposition of separations and distinct development; we know the people only as divided into races. The two principal forms of the language, as well as the most important divisions of race, are the Ionic and the Doric. These dialects in their own characteristics betray some of the circumstances of their origin. The rough Doric is the language of highlanders, "accustomed to do all that they do with a certain exhibition of strength, and stretch of the muscles. In its full and broad sounds we recognize breasts steeled by mountain air and mountain life; conciseness in form and expression is its character, as befits a race which in a laborious, frugal life has little wish or time to make words." The Ionic, on the contrary, belongs to coast-lands, to a more comfortable mode of life, with easier gains and a greater variety of outward influences.

"Its easier nature is exhibited in the restriction of the aspirate sounds, which are shunned, particularly in contact; *t* is attenuated into *s*, the sounds are formed less in the bottom of the mouth and the throat; men make easier work of speaking. The language is more fluid, more prolonged by vowels, which are allowed to sound side by side or flow together into diphthongs. The vowels themselves are softer, but thinner;

more *e* and *u* than *a* and *o*. The forms of the language, as of expression, incline to a certain agreeable breadth. Opposed to the narrow and sinewy Doric, which adheres more strictly to the indispensable, there is here a greater fulness, a certain superfluity of forms, in which the language delights to indulge. There is throughout more freedom allowed, more variableness and interchange of sounds prevail."

Besides the Ionic and Doric, we find other forms of the language, to which the name Æolic is applied. This is no distinct dialect, and has no fixed abode. Varying in different localities, its true characteristic is that it presents the least deviation from the oldest form of Greek, and hence stands nearest to the Græco-Italic and to the Latin. We shall see the Dorians and Ionians take their proper place in history, when we come to the ethnographical portion of Professor Curtius's work; we delay its consideration only to notice the new light which our author throws upon his subject from physical geography.

No one of her prominent historians has neglected to notice the striking general features of the geography of Greece, — the land in which more directly than anywhere else man is brought to hear at once both of those voices celebrated by Wordsworth:

> "One is of the Sea,
> One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:
> In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
> They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

Her scenery, varied, beautiful, and romantic, so as to call out the energies and stimulate the fancy of her people, is never so savagely grand and mysterious as to overawe and appall them. Manifoldly peninsular as the country is, and manifoldly intersected by mountain ranges, everywhere in Greece you meet with fastnesses where a thousand men could fortify themselves and hold out against any foe, and the traveller feels at once the necessity of those numerous local distinctions and divisions which so conspicuously marked her civilization and her history. But the geographical key-note of all her earlier annals Professor Curtius has been the first to strike: this is the intimate, inseparable connection between the two shores of the Ægean, between Europe and Asia south of the Euxine.

"Sea and air unite the coasts of the Archipelago in one whole; from the Hellespont to Crete the same annual winds blow, and give to the navigation similar directions, to the climate similar changes. Between Asia and Europe there is scarcely a point to be found where in clear weather a sailor feels himself alone between the sky and the water; the eye reaches from island to island, a convenient day's sail leads from inlet to inlet. Therefore in all times the same people have seated themselves on both shores, and since the days of Priam the same languages and customs have prevailed on this side and on that. The Greek islander is as much at home in Smyrna as in Nauplia; Saloniki lies in Europe, and is nevertheless a Levantine port; in spite of all changes of political relations, Byzantium to this day is regarded on both sides as the metropolis, and as a billow rolls on continuously from the strand of Ionia to Salamis, so a popular movement has never seized on one shore without transplanting itself to the other. Caprice of politics has separated the two opposite shores in ancient as in modern times, and used the broader sea-paths between the islands as boundary lines; but every separation of the kind has remained an external one, and has never availed to put asunder what nature has so evidently designed as the theatre of a common history." — pp. 3, 4.

This physical fact is as fruitful and suggestive as it is simple. We shall see its full significance in its connection with the ethnographical views of Professor Curtius.

It was in Phrygia that the ancestors of the Greek people, coming down from the mountains of Armenia, developed that language and those customs which were afterwards to characterize all its different tribes in common.

"The Phrygian language is nearly related to the Greek, more nearly perhaps than the Gothic to the Middle High-German. Phrygian religious rites, Phrygian arts, were from of old so naturalized in Hellas as is possible only with kindred races. That wide table-land, then, watered in the north by the Sangarius, in the south by the Mæander, renowned in all antiquity for its rich fields and its excellent pastures, warm enough for the culture of the vine, healthy and well adapted to the nurture of a hardy population, may be regarded as the paternal estate of the great Phrygio-Hellenic people. In these regions the most important divisions of the people appear to have taken place; here after the separation of the Italians dwelt the Hellenes, first as a branch of the Phrygian nation, but afterwards as a separate people." — pp. 29, 30.

From this original Hellas, also, overpopulation led in time

to migrations. The first, proceeding by land, took possession of the coasts of Asia Minor, the shores of the Propontis, and in Europe of the whole country from Thrace to Tænarum. The men who went out in this migration were called by the ancients Pelasgians, "as preceding the Hellenes." They form the substratum of the population of historical Greece, and the shores of Asia Minor are "the dark background of their history." In later times different tribes followed them, from the same cradle of the Greek nation, but bearing a higher civilization, and destined to awaken a higher intellectual life among the pioneers who before them had "hewn the forests, drained the marshes, and levelled the rocks." This second series of migrations pursued different paths. A part, crossing the Hellespont, passed through Thrace into the mountain-land of Northern Greece, where they settled in the mountain districts as an agricultural, hunting, and pastoral people. Among them were the ancestors of the Dorians. The others descended from the high plains of Phrygia through the fertile river-valleys to the coasts of Asia Minor. These were the ancestors of the Ionians. Here, then, we find the separation into two branches; here begins the dualism which continues throughout the whole history of Greece.

Among these Asiatic Greeks, — the Old Ionians, — Greek civilization and culture made their first advances. Not that the race struck out arts and institutions, wholly self-moved and spontaneously, on the flaming forges of their own minds. No! they, too, — peculiar and original as are the strongly marked characteristics of their development, — were the wealthy heirs of past civilizations; they, too, as they wandered on that strand, were

> "Nourishing a youth sublime
> With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time."

They were indeed, Professor Curtius remarks, remote from the old seats of culture, India and Bactria, Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon; but on the coasts they found themselves in close connection with a people who seem to have had a peculiar mission to carry the arts from older to younger nations, — the Phœnicians. From them they learned with quick perception all the arts of the Orient. Particularly was their

knowledge of navigation perfected; they were taught to add sails and rudders to their barks, and to direct their courses by the stars. First of the Greek race to sail the sea and hold intercourse with the people of the East, their name, Iaones or Ionians, became the general appellation which Phœnicians, Hebrews, Persians, and Egyptians used to characterize the Greek population of Asia Minor, and afterwards extended westward to Greece proper, and all the Grecian tribes, as they became acquainted with them. We are not, however, to picture to ourselves an entirely uniform development and civilization in the various districts in which these Ionians established themselves. The different circumstances in which they were placed, the different associations into which they were brought with other races, could not fail to give an individual character to their several communities. Hence different local names; nor are we to wonder that the individual appellations of the subdivisions of Asia Minor have so far prevailed in the records of history, as almost to shut out the memory of that primeval Ionia.

Already had the Phœnicians opened in all directions the paths of the sea. Everywhere on their track the Ionians followed, exploring first the eastern portions of the Mediterranean, and seeking particularly such river-mouths as afforded a safe entrance and easy access to the interior of the country. Wafted by the northerly winds prevailing in the Archipelago, they entered the mouths of the Nile, where they continued and extended a lucrative traffic already established by the Phœnicians. As early as the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries before our era,* — so Curtius reads from inscriptions on Egyptian monuments of the eighteenth dynasty, and his views are sanctioned by the high authority of Lepsius, — companies of Greek merchants had settled on the banks of

* Farther investigation of Oriental monuments will doubtless give us farther information in regard to the chronology of the various movements of the early Asiatic Greeks on the south and east of the Mediterranean. Curtius remarks that at least as early as the eleventh century B. C. the Ionians were known to the Hebrews as the children of Javan; that in the tenth century they appear again on the Egyptian monuments of the twenty-second dynasty; and that in the ninth, they are alluded to by the prophet Joel as buying the children of Judah and Jerusalem from the merchants of Tyre and Sidon, and selling them among the Gentiles.

this stream, under the Egyptian sovereignty. But most important and fruitful were the results of their movements westward.

European Greece had already been discovered by the Phœnicians. The purple-fish, furnishing the dye for which Tyre was so famous, was abundant on "the coasts of the Morea, the deep bays of Laconia and Argolis, and the Bœotian shore, with the canal of Eubœa." The necessity of making immediate use of the juice taken from the shell-fish compelled the dye-hunters to land and occupy stations on the coasts. Associations of merchants established factories for the business, and the Phœnicians were thus brought into direct relations with the Pelasgian inhabitants of the country. Nor did they fail, born merchants as they were, to avail themselves of the other natural advantages which the land presented. Its large variety of trees furnished better and more abundant material for ship-building than their own coasts; the kermes oak afforded tanner's bark, and its berries a scarlet dye-stuff; mines of copper, silver, and iron were discovered and worked. The Pelasgian natives could not have remained uninfluenced; "they wondered, observed, and learned; their slumbering powers were awakened, the ban that had held men fettered in a monotonous existence was removed. Intellectual action begins, and with it the first life-breath of Grecian history." To these awakened Pelasgians come in due time their adventurous Ionian cousins, following in the track of the Phœnicians across the Ægæan. Perhaps the differences of language between the old inhabitants and these new-comers were chiefly such as might exist in the same country between the learned and far-travelled merchant and the unlettered boor. Moreover, the facility of communication must have been increased by the influence of the Phœnicians upon both parties. At any rate, the new-comers felt themselves at home; the beautiful land of Hellas, which their descendants were to make so glorious, won them to settle upon its shores; here they naturalized all the arts with which they had become acquainted, and imparted their own advanced civilization to the rude natives, who gave them kindly welcome. This theory is entirely consistent with the traditions that have

come down to us from the early days of Hellas. All the myths agree in attributing the origin of Greek civilization to agents from abroad. The Pelasgic Zeus is the only god who has not come as a stranger from beyond the sea; and the oldest altars are on the shores.

"So far, the purport of the myths is clear and plain; it is the consciousness of a culture introduced from the East, through colonization. But who these colonists were, — on this point the representation is much less clear. This is natural; for when those myths took shape in the land, the strangers had long been naturalized among them, and their origin forgotten. Besides, myth goes not back, like historical investigation, to the first foundations; it loves precisely the extraordinary, the immediate and wonderful. All of a sudden Aphrodite springs up from the foam of the sea, and with Poseidonian horses comes Pelops over the sea to the coasts." — p. 40.

But these strangers came at the same time as kinsmen. They were themselves Ionian Greeks; but their race having settled in the Phœnician colonies, in Lycia and Caria, and on the delta of the Nile, as well as in their own proper home, it is not strange that the names Phœnician and Egyptian were given them in many cases by their Western kinsmen, from the lands whence they came and whose arts they introduced. And not only were the Asiatic Greeks designated by the names of the regions from which they emigrated; they had also other general names, besides Ionians, the most widely extended being that of the Leleges, and in a still more remote and less civilized period of their emigrations they were known as Carians.

These immigrations into the European peninsula continued during a long period of time, and represented different stages of culture. As the geological history of the earth is written in the successive strata deposited on her surface, so Curtius reads the characteristics and the chronology of these movements in the succession of deities and observances in the Greek religion. The Pelasgians, like the early Persians and Germans, held fast to a pure fragment of the primeval revelation, the belief in one supreme, invisible God. Him they worshipped without image or temple; the mountain summits were his altars.

"Without a personal name, also, they prayed to the Most High; for Zeus (Deus) signifies only the heaven, the ether, the luminous abode of the Invisible; and when they would indicate a nearer relation between him and men, they named him, as the author of all that lives, Father Zeus, Dipatyros (Juppiter). This pure and sincere devotion of the 'godly' Pelasgians is not only contained in a pious tradition of antiquity; but in after times, as before, in the midst of Greece filled to overflowing with temples and images, still glowed the mountain altars of him who dwelleth not in houses made ready by the hands of men; for the original and simple always maintained itself longest and truest in the old religions. So lived the Arcadian Zeus, through all the centuries of Greek history, formless, unapproachable, above the oaken summit of Lycæus, in sacred fulness of light; the bounds of his district were recognized from the fact that within them every shadow was extinguished. For a long time the people retained the pious aversion to representing the Divine Being to the senses under definite names and characteristics. For, besides the altar of the 'Unknown,' whom Paul recognized as the living God, here and there in the cities were altars of the 'pure,' the 'great,' the 'compassionate' gods, and by far the larger part of the Greek names of their divinities are originally only attributes of the unnamed Godhead.

"This Pelasgic worship of God could not maintain itself in its purity. With the separation into races and peoples, the religious consciousness was altered; the newly won places of abode must possess visible signs and pledges of divine grace; from the different sides of the Divine Being are made new beings. So the religious consciousness was divided at the same time with the nationality, and divine worship differed in different localities; it was attached to the visible, and the path of advancing sensuous representation was entered upon. To this the contact with foreigners and their idols contributed. Men left to themselves were wanting in the power of repulsion against strangers. So, as they were drawn into association with the world, as their relations in life were multiplied, they believed that they needed new gods; for they did not trust their domestic gods beyond the circle of their former sphere of life. They could not resist the alluring charm of image-worship, and paid homage to the gods of the strangers who accomplished so great things under their protection. The idols (Xoana) came into the land from abroad, and particularly the little span-high images which were honored in coast places from the oldest times, are to be regarded as sailors' idols." — pp. 43, 44.

The first idol seen by the Pelasgians was the image of

Astarte, which the Phœnicians always carried with them on their voyages, and set up as the holy centre of all their commercial settlements. To the isthmus of Corinth the Tyrians brought their city's god, Melcar, whom the Greeks adopted as Melicertes, afterwards, however, transferring his attributes to Hercules.* The first Asiatic Greeks, following the Phœnicians, attached themselves to the same deities, although giving them a more Hellenic form. But they also brought with them the worship of other deities, which cannot be traced to Syria, but originated among themselves on the eastern shores. In the succession of rites introduced, Curtius recognizes two principal epochs, characterized severally by the names of the gods Poseidon and Apollo. Ungracious, like his own element, his service, too, disfigured by barbarous rites, Poseidon indicates an earlier and ruder civilization. His was the Cario-Lelegian period, leaving its historic memorial in names like Ægæ, Ægion, Ægina, Ægila, all coast-points, and all renowned seats of the Poseidon worship. The names Samos, Samicon, Same, Samothrace, recurring on both sides of the Ægean, also attest this period. But of all the gods that peopled Olympus, most glorious and noble is Apollo. His worship is to be considered less as a fragment of the Greek polytheism, than as in itself a religion, — a religion which contained this germ of truth, that it recognized one Supreme God, and claimed for Apollo only that he was his prophet, the mediator between him and man, — and a religion which, wherever it went, elevated the morals, refined the intellect, and called out the highest energies of the people. In fact, Apollo is the very symbol of that symmetrical, harmonious development, that noble and all-sided culture, which

* "The worship of these two deities denotes at the same time the principal epochs of Phœnician influence, which are determined by the ruling city. So long as Sidon led out the colonies, the worship of the goddess of Ascalon, Aphrodite Urania, [Astarte,] was diffused with them; to her the dove is sacred, which, flitting before the mariner, announces the neighboring coasts. Later, about 1100 B. C., begins the colonization proceeding from Tyre, which is indicated in Hercules-Melcar. But at this time, when the Tyrian power was elevating itself, the Ionian Greeks had already a maritime power of their own, and consequently in their tradition, as it lies before us in Homer, Sidon only is the centre of Phœnician naval supremacy." — p. 45.

is the immortal contribution of Hellas to the welfare of the human race. This second great epoch in the religious history of early Greece, as awakened by Eastern immigration, has itself its different stages; obscured at first by less refined manners and by assimilation to the Poseidon worship, it reaches finally its full noon of glory when the Pythian god assumes his throne in Delphi. The priests of the god in whose train so many blessings followed, and who bore even to the blood-guilty the joyful promise of pardon and reconciliation, were called Evangelidæ, the "bringers of good tidings." No vulgar fanatics or narrow-minded enthusiasts were fit to be his servants. In his religion, divination, which had been the inspection of entrails and the equally irrational observation of other natural objects, was deduced from a nobler source, — from the exaltation of the spirit through the near presence of the divinity, — from the illumination of the soul, and its elevation to the vision of a higher order of things. The restoration of harmony between the visible and invisible worlds was its object. That it might appear that the work was not of mere human wisdom, the god chose weak maidens and women for his organs;* but the sibyls were selected by the priests, and the priests interpreted their utterances, whose purport they themselves did not understand. Not only were the priests the dispensers of the oracles; they were also important agents in the diffusion of that higher culture of which their god was the symbol. As such, the people naturally regarded them with reverence, and resorted to them for counsel. Close observers of human nature, and endowed with wide knowledge of the world, they possessed that prophetic power which really belongs to knowledge, wisdom, and genius. The practice, too, of their art, and the traditions of experience transmitted by their predecessors, gave them that tact which turns everything to the best account, covers failure, and makes a merit of even accidental success. A class of men possessing such power and influence would naturally seek to cement their strength by union. Thus arose those Amphictyonies so rich in their political results, in

* This choice is at the same time one of the many indications of that high respect for woman which is among the proudest glories of the religion of Apollo.

which separate communities were united, and the feeling of a common nationality awakened by association for the celebration of common rites and festivals, and the protection of a common sanctuary and its treasury. "In this sense we can say that Apollo, as the god of the Thessalian Amphictyony, is the founder of the common nationality of the Hellenes, the beginner of Hellenic history."

In the legends of the heroes, as well as in the religious mythology of Greece, Curtius unfolds with master-hand the germs of historical truth they inwrap, and finds full confirmation of his Ionian hypothesis. But we must pass on to consider the fortunes of our Ionians as affected by that reaction from within outward, from the old population against the new-comers, which, beginning in Thessaly, or, to trace it further back, in the Alpine land of Epirus, did not cease till it had reached the southern extremity of the Morea, changed the dynasties and institutions, and in fact transformed the whole country. When these great movements began, the Ionians and the Pelasgians on the coasts had become so united as to form one apparently homogeneous people. This union was the more easy, inasmuch as the Ionians, besides being kinsmen, had come by sea, and therefore few at a time and mostly unaccompanied by women. The Æolians and their offshoot, the Achaians, were Pelasgians, who, through the influence of the Asiatic Greeks and mixture with them, had arrived at an advanced state of culture. Such were the Bœotians of Arne, an Æolian tribe, whom the Thessalian horsemen from Epirus, pouring down over the heights of Pindus, in part reduced to subjection, in part drove out on that migration which, under the guidance of their kings and priests, founded the new and historical Bœotia. Such Pelasgians, too, were the Dorians, a branch of the Perrhæbians, who in the neighborhood of the vale of Tempe had adopted the civilization of the Ionians around them, and the worship of Apollo. Driven from their plains by invading hordes from the interior, they took refuge in the mountain regions of Olympus, and here developed their striking peculiarities of social and political organization. Becoming crowded, and conscious of their strength, they finally burst their way to the south, and

settled the fruitful land between Parnassus and Œta, thenceforward called by their name. Here, and in their subsequent southern settlements, they performed their peculiar mission in spreading the Apollo worship, promoting political and religious union, diffusing fixed laws and institutions, and scattering the seeds of Hellenic culture over the land. On the details of the great Dorian migration, which appropriated to itself nearly the whole Peloponnesus, we need not dwell. The more ground the Dorians won, the more the Ionians lost. Disturbed in their settlements on the coast by the aggressive tide of northern immigration, they took refuge at last in their ships, and through the Cyclades crossed the familiar sea to find new homes in the land of their forefathers, and to make a new Ionia of the old. Coming to rule, and not to obey, demanding the best sites for their settlements, and driving the inhabitants from their old seats and habits, they were often resisted, though among a kindred people; hence the fights with the Carians and Leleges which the legends recount. But these were not conflicts with barbarians brought into contact with a new race and an entirely new civilization. In the activity of their European life, the adventurous Ionian colonists had made immense progress in civilization, it is true, and were far in advance of those they now found in the ancient home of the race; but the gods of that home were not strange to them; they attached themselves in their settlements to the ancient sanctuaries, and married the daughters of the land. When once the first shock of their aggression was over, the natives willingly submitted to the new order of things, and invaders and invaded coalesced as one people, with a readiness unintelligible except upon Curtius's theory of their identity of race. So these European emigrants came to Asia, —

"Greeks to Greeks, Ionians to their old home; but they came so transformed, so endowed with noble elements of culture, they brought with them so rich treasures of many-sided experience, that with their coming an epoch of the most fruitful excitement commenced, and from the union of the original kindred a development began in the old land of the Ionians, thoroughly national, but at the same time uncommonly advanced, rich, and in its results completely new." — p. 108.

But there was no renewal of the ancient separation of the two great races of Greece by the waters of the Ægean. Particularly in the Peloponnesus, Dorians united themselves to the movement, and colonies under their lead, continuing on the sea the same southerly direction which had characterized their migration by land, planted themselves in Cythera, in Crete, and to some extent on the southwestern shores of Asia Minor. Still earlier had the Achaians, fleeing from the south, met in Bœotia their Æolian brethren, and with them set out in the northernmost of the three great lines of migration. And now on the shores and islands of Asia Minor we find these different races settled in close proximity. So, too, on the other side of the Archipelago, ensues a like commingling. It is interesting to mark their several characteristics; —

"Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum";—

and especially to notice how the "friction" of these noble races in their happy interaction "struck out the sparks of art and science."

Our readers will not fail to observe how widely Curtius's theory of the Ionians differs from that which has hitherto prevailed. Nor can they fail to appreciate and admire its beauty and simplicity, and the light it sheds where all before was darkness, — at least if they have such remembrances as we have from our college days, of headache and confusion worse confounded in the vain attempt to gain from the sources then accessible a clear notion of the Pelasgians, and of the early settlements and civilization of Greece in their ethnographical relations. We must regard this hypothesis as one of the happiest inspirations of genius; and, whatever exceptions may reasonably be taken to single details, we accept it in its general purport without hesitation, because it is probable and consistent with itself, — because it has the clearness and simplicity of truth, accounts satisfactorily for all the facts, and is confirmed by a thousand arguments from legends, literature, and all the various sources of history, whose force is none the less that they are often delicate and casual. It has already met with a favorable reception in the land of

scholars where it had its birth; and we believe it destined to remodel the statement of the early history of Hellas in all lands and for all time.

It would be an agreeable task to follow so clear a thinker and so fascinating a writer as Professor Curtius still further, through all the regions which his genius and learning have illuminated; but we must content ourselves with a mere allusion to a few of the original features of his work.

Of the legends of the Trojan war he gives us the first clear historical explanation, finding their only basis of fact in the Æolo-Achaian migration. The descendants of Achilles and Agamemnon, who sought new homes in the East, not content with Lesbos and a strip of coast, coveted, attacked, and gradually appropriated a large piece of the mainland. In this fillibustering enterprise, however, they met with a spirited resistance from the brave inhabitants of the Troad; not till after a long series of years and many a combat did they gain the mastery of the country, and they won its fertile fields inch by inch. To cheer and excite them in the wearisome struggle, their bards fabricated fables of the prowess of their ancestors on the same ground; here, before, had Achaian valor broken the might of Troy; here had the old heroes of their race won victories which they were themselves to emulate. That such songs should be framed is exactly in accordance, Curtius thinks, with the spirit of the people and the genius of epic ballad. The lively poetic sense of the Ionian neighbors of these adventurous Æolians was not slow to perceive the value of the rich material these ballads contained. They were passionately fond of song; they had developed their language to the highest flexibility, variety, and harmony, and could boast "the accomplishment of verse" above all other tribes. And so they took the ballads and wrought them into forms of immortal beauty. Here was it that Greece, on that Ionian strand, beheld the Iliad

> "Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

Here these exquisite lays were sung, as to this day the minstrels sing on the shores of the classic seas, and as we have heard the brave deeds of Bozzaris chanted in Nauplia to won-

dering and delighted crowds. Smyrna, where the most complete union of Æolians and Ionians had taken place, appears to have been a centre of this epic minstrelsy, and hence mythology gives the name of Meles, a small stream in its neighborhood, to the father of Homer.* The sympathy of these Ionians with their Trojan kinsmen, (for such Curtius is undoubtedly correct in pronouncing them,) appears in the higher civilization, the more refined and humane manners, which the poems attribute to the Trojans as contrasted with their foes.

In the history of the Peloponnesus, Curtius insists upon the importance of the præ-Dorian element, which maintained itself in the so-called Dorian state after the "return of the Heraclidæ." This is contrary to the general view made popular by Ottfried Müller, who, enamored of his Dorians, exaggerated their productiveness in matters of state and religion. The Ionian element remained influential in the revolutionized states, particularly in Sicyon, Corinth, Megara, and Argos,

* Curtius does not enter into the vexed question of the personality of Homer. His theory is not inconsistent with such personality, which is best defended on the supposition of a formative ballad period antecedent, and a poet of constructive genius afterwards arising, Shakespeare-like, to fuse the materials, and create the symmetrical, glorious whole.

To the historic character of the myth of the Trojan war, as told in the Iliad, Curtius objects, that its features in general are not individual and characteristic, but such as must repeat themselves in every similar contest; while all that is peculiar and individual points to the Æolo-Achaian colonization. Thus the departure from Aulis cannot be explained on the supposition that a prince ruling peacefully in Argos was the leader of the expedition; such a man would have assembled his fleet in the Argolic Gulf; the coast of Aulis was, however, the natural meeting-place for these emigrants from the north and south. Moreover, it must have been this same migration, and not the command of the king of a city, which united the two widely separated branches of the Achaians, the Thessalian Myrmidons and the Peloponnesians; and all that is told of the rivalry of the two leaders, and of the quarrels between Agamemnon and Achilles for booty, marks the time when the descendants of these Achaian princes met in their wanderings. We are led to the same result by the many reminiscences of other battles, interspersed throughout the Trojan traditions, but unconnected with the abduction of Helen; — the long land and sea expeditions of Achilles; the conquests of Tenedos, Lesbos, Lyrnesos, Thebæ, Pedasos; the coming, going, and returning of the besiegers; — all indications of a long-continued period of warfare, a conquest of territory extending from place to place, a forcible establishment in the country. The older lays, moreover, tell us only of fights on Trojan soil; all the tales of the return of the heroes to European Greece belong to later extensions of the tradition.

and, quickened at length by reviving commerce and the consequent reception of Asiatic influences, broke the Dorian fetters, and sprang to power in those tyrannies which form so important a feature in this part of Greek history. The reader will particularly notice the new light in which Pheidon of Argos appears.

In a chapter full of life and interest Curtius gives a glowing picture of the commercial activity and the colonizing movements of the early Greeks. He recognizes the historical significance of the myth of Æneas, and reveals the importance of the Greek settlements in Libya in their influence both on Carthage and on Egypt. It was upon the Grecian population and influence that the power of Psammetichus was founded. Wars originating in commercial rivalry have hitherto been unsuspected in the early history of Hellas; but our author shows plainly that the Lelantine war between Chalcis and Eretria, alluded to by Thucydides and Herodotus, was of this character. The general civilization of the nation is portrayed in miniature in the chapter on "Greek Unity," in which the importance of Delphi as the intellectual centre of Greece is set forth more fully than by any former writer, and the whole activity of the people, in their civil and social institutions, colonization, education, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry, is shown to have been to a wonderful extent inspired and directed by religious feeling, under the guidance especially of the priests of Apollo. New light is thrown, finally, upon the relations of the Lydians with the Greeks; and in regarding the Mermnades as a race belonging to the Grecian coast, their whole policy receives a simple explanation.

The success of Professor Curtius's work in Germany is shown by the fact that early in this year a second edition of three thousand copies was called for and published, before the second volume had been written. England and America will not long suffer such a book to remain untranslated. Meantime scholars acquainted with the German language — happily not few in number in this country — will find the original most delightful as well as instructive reading. It bears throughout the impress of a noble and catholic spirit, alive to

all generous impulses, and endowed with all an Ionian's sensitiveness of taste. We confess to feeling a peculiar charm in the delicate beauty of the style, the clearness of the thought, the harmony of the whole composition. As we read the eloquent page, imagination carries us back to the author's old lecture-room in Berlin, — we mark again the fine enthusiasm with which that face was lighted, — again we listen to the music of that rich and harmonious voice.

ART. IX. — *Climatology of the United States, and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent.* By LORIN BLODGET. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1857. — XVII. *Permanence of Climate.* — XVIII. *Physical Constants.* — XIX. *Climate of the Northwestern Districts.*

CIRCUMSTANCES have led us to an examination of the topics placed at the head of this article. They are the captions of the last three sections of the large work on the "Climatology of the United States," which we have already noticed.* The first and third we shall more particularly consider, because the subjects have a stronger interest for the general reader. They may prove a not unapt introduction to the consideration of the climatic facts, and the reasonings and illustrations, which make up the work itself.

The permanence of climate in a country is a subject of importance chiefly in a scientific view. Practically, it has less interest, because the changes, if there are any, are confessedly of very slow development. With all the fluctuations, there is a middle range to which there is seen to be a constant tendency. More extended observations have increased the force of this conviction in the educated and thinking. Two wide-

* Concerning this book the Baron von Humboldt writes to the author as follows: "The work by itself, in a scientific aspect, is conceived in views the most proper thoroughly to reach the causes so various of the distribution of heat on the coast and west of the Alleghanies."

spread and popular errors on this point appear now to be corrected, or generally abandoned. The first is the opinion of some scientific men, that the climate of the temperate zone has been growing milder in Europe and America; and the second is the belief of the common people, and of a few thinkers, that the climate is becoming more severe, and less favorable to life and happiness. Both are exploded by the system of climatic averages deduced from the multitude of observations over the Northern hemisphere, and by the vast amount of historic records on climatic facts and vegetable products. To these our author appeals as "the results of observation and historical citation," and regards them as decisive proof. The argument at this day is held to be entirely satisfactory. The conclusion accords with the language of an old authority: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

In opposition to both these errors the most powerful work was the dissertation of Noah Webster, published by the Connecticut Academy in 1806, "On the Supposed Change in the Temperature of Winter." The views of Dr. Williams in his "History of Vermont," and of Mr. Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia," as well as of Buffon, Gibbon, and others in Europe, on the amelioration of climate, seemed to be annihilated by his argument. He proved by extracts from a host of authors, German, Saxon, Latin, and Greek, that the grape, fig, olive, orange, date, and the common cereals, flourished in the open air, without protection, at the same northern latitude in the time of Julius Cæsar as they did in 1800; that in our country the same fact holds true of the native productions, from its first settlement to the present; that very severe winters occur, occasionally, in recent as in ancient times, and were then, as now, the exception, and not the rule; and that they are, as they were, attended by a general freezing of waters in the sounds, bays, harbors, and rivers. He shows, too, that the clearing of forests and the cultivation of a country extend the heat of autumn into winter, and cause, by the greater freezing of the earth, the winter to extend its power later into the spring, so that the general temperature of the year is un-

changed. The settlement of our new territory has afforded constant proof of these two positions, and the facts are equally certain as to other particulars in Europe and Asia at the present day. We may acquiesce in the general opinion of philosophers, that the average heat of the globe, and hence of its climate, cannot have changed more than a small fraction of a degree for the last two thousand years, if indeed from the time Adam was placed upon the earth. Considerable strength was added to this argument by the collection of authorities on the same point by Dr. Forry, to which only a mere reference need be made.

Permanence of climate depends on the permanent power of its modifying cause, — the sun's rays. If the heat of the sun is sent forth with the light in the same constant flow to the earth, as is in the highest degree probable, "all the changes we observe are periodic as belonging to the day and the year, and non-periodic in all other cases," so that rain and the humidity of the atmosphere, depending on the temperature, must also be permanent. To determine the intensity of the solar rays in all the periodic changes, is a great object. This has been attempted with most interesting success in the essay published in the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."* The fundamental principle of the investigation is, "that the intensity of the sun's rays, like gravitation, varies inversely as the square of the distance," the well-known "geometrical consequence of the divergence of the rays." The intensity also is to be "referred to the exterior limit of the atmosphere which surrounds the globe," as the atmosphere slightly modifies the action of the solar heat. The intensity will vary for several periodic reasons.

1. From the ellipticity of the earth's orbit.

The ratio of the sun's intensity in equal times, at the mean distance, perihelion, and aphelion, is given as the numbers 1,000, 1,034, and 967. The amount of heat received in any given time "*is exactly proportional to the true longitude described*" *in that time*. From this law, which had been before demon-

* "On the Relative Intensity of the Heat and Light of the Sun upon different Latitudes of the Earth." By L. W. Meech, A. M. Vol. IX. Art. I. 1856. This dissertation was passing through the press at the same time as the Climatology.

strated, it follows that the "earth does not receive equal increments of light and heat in equal times." It follows, also, that the whole globe receives in each of the four seasons equal intensities of heat, for in each of these the sun describes a quarter of a circle in longitude.

The difference of intensity at perihelion and aphelion amounts to one fifteenth of the former quantity,—no inconsiderable part. Is this difference perceptible? As the perihelion occurs about the 1st of January, when the cold is increasing from the southern declination of the sun, this difference is not noticed north of the equator; but as this time is summer in the southern hemisphere, and occurs just after the longest day there, the intensity of the heat becomes, on the plains of Australia, excessive beyond what we of the northern hemisphere ever experience.* Mr. Merriam, so well known by his meteorological observations, had an associate last year in Australia, who reported on his return, some time since, that in the first ten days of February the temperature rose, at midday, and under a clear sky, to 120°, 130°, and at the highest to 146°. The place of observation was in latitude 37° 48′ south, and longitude 144° 57′ east, in the southern part of Australia. Mr. Merriam adds, that many years ago, on an intensely hot day, named in the local tradition Black Thursday, men and cattle took refuge in the water. In order to produce, then, such high temperature, the latitude of the place must be considerably south of the southern tropic. A glance at the map of the world shows why no such high temperature is to be expected in the southern part of Africa or of South America. Notwithstanding what we have said, Dove found, by a comparison of observations in the opposite hemispheres, that the mean temperature of June in one is considerably greater than that of December in the other, although this last month is near the perihelion. For this singular fact he assigned the reason to be "the greater quantity of land in the northern hemisphere exposed to the rays of the sun at the summer solstice." This reason Herschel approved.

The difference from ellipticity does not affect the heat of

* Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, new edition, p. 196.

the seasons, because the velocity of the earth is greater in perihelion and less in aphelion, and varies with the intensity. The sum of the intensities of heat is the same over the earth, for summer and winter. As the intensity is greater for the southern hemisphere, it has eight days' less time for its summer; and as the heat of the northern summer has less power, it has eight days' longer time. The compensation is complete. Spring and autumn would not be affected by the ellipticity in either hemisphere.

As the perihelion advances nearly twelve seconds in a year, in the order of the months, it will occur in June about fifty-four thousand years hence, when the superior intensity of the sun from this cause will be changed to the northern hemisphere, and be greatest about the summer solstice. The probability of much change of climate from ellipticity, in the past or the future, is small. For the whole surface of the earth, and for a hundred thousand years, it would not make a difference in temperature of two thousandths of a degree. This theory sustains the conclusion from other grounds of argument already noticed.

2. The intensity of the sun's heat varies on account of the obliquity of the rays, and this obliquity changes during the hours of the day, and the days of the different seasons. If the sun's daily motion were only in the equator, the rays would fall in a perpendicular to the earth's surface only on the equator. Owing to the obliquity of the ecliptic, the sun is vertical twice in the year to all places within the tropics. This materially modifies the intensity of the sun's rays on the north of the equator and on the south. Taking any day, it is shown that the "*sun's intensity at any instant is proportional to the sine of the sun's altitude.*" It obviously begins in the morning, and gradually increases with the elevation, unless counteracted by other causes, till it reaches a maximum at noon, and then declines. Halley first proved the law just announced. From this law, by a very ingenious method, Mr. Meech derives the *hourly* and the *diurnal* intensity of the sun. At the equinox, the diurnal intensity for all places is shown to be *proportional to the cosine of the latitude of the place.* If the equinoxes have the mean temperature between the ex-

tremes of heat and cold in summer and winter, as is probable, then the same ratio would hold in relation to the annual mean at the equator, namely, that the annual mean temperature at any latitude *varies as the cosine of the latitude of the place*. This is Brewster's well-known law, as stated by Mr. Meech.

Some very interesting results are deduced by Mr. Meech from the diurnal intensity at different latitudes, on the same day. The relative intensities are given in relative numbers for the following latitudes, all taken from his table.

Thus, on June 15th, near the summer solstice, the diurnal intensity at the equator, or

Latitude	0° is 72.0,	Latitude	60° is 88.8,
"	20° " 85.2,	"	80° " 96.1,
"	40° " 90.1,	"	90° " 97.6.

At the summer solstice the sun is vertical at the tropic, and its rays there fall with their full intensity; but either north or south of this, obliquely, and with less force. But the length of the day at the equator is twelve hours, and increases northwards, so that in latitude 20° the day is 13.2 hours; in latitude 40°, 14.8 hours; in latitude $66\frac{1}{2}°$, 24 hours; and at the pole, six months. Though the obliquity of the sun's rays increases towards the north, the length of the day increases in a greater ratio, so that the sum of the intensities at the pole is greater, as seen above, than at any latitude towards the equator; and this is shown to exceed that of the equator by one fourth, as at the pole the sun shines continuously for six months, and at the equator only for twelve hours. Mr. Meech proves, also, that between May 10th and August 3d, on which two days the sun's declination is 17° 40′, the "sun's vertical intensity over the north pole is greater than upon the equator."

This result comports with the fact of the greater heat of summer in more northern latitudes than towards the equator for several hours about and after midday, but it is not the only reason. There is another well-known consideration, namely, the increase of the heat for a time after the maximum intensity has passed at noon. In the temperate lati-

tudes, the heat of summer days, other things being the same, increases till two, and even till nearly three, in the afternoon. It is obvious that, for the first hours after noon, the increment of heat must be the same as for the first and second hours before twelve, as in both cases more heat is received by the earth than is given off; and this must continue till the balance turns.

The application of similar reasoning to the seasons has long been the solution of the increase of the temperature of summer for more than a month after the summer solstice, and of the greatest cold of winter for the same period after the sun has touched the southern tropic.

As the obliquity of the ecliptic slowly changes, and is less now than two thousand years ago, the sun was formerly vertical at the solstice a little farther north than now. But time fails us to follow the results of this change.

Interesting as are the conclusions of this admirable investigation, we have now come to the condition in which the time of the greatest heat of the day, or of summer, must be resolved by actual observations with the thermometer; for on these, climatology has been dependent for the greater part of its advancement, and to these there must still be constant resort. So varying are the circumstances, that only this instrument can show the hour of greatest heat in the day, or the time of it in summer, or of the least heat or coldest part of winter.

These *periodic* changes, with some of the modifications incidentally noticed, show to every one the difficulty of ascertaining the physical constants. A long series of extended observations over the northern hemisphere will be required; and even then, so many are the causes of variation, local and general, it may demand different series of constants for different countries, different hours, and different seasons. Many very curious facts in this discussion will convince one of the magnitude of the work to be accomplished. The necessity of hourly observations, day and night, with the careful noting of all related phenomena, increases before the mind, laborious as such observations ever have been and must be. Probably the difference in the times of taking the observations enhances the other difficulty immeasurably.

When will observers agree universally to take the hours which lead to the best results? The union of such a multitude of observers over our great country in the use of the three hours 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M., at all the military posts and where observations are taken for the Smithsonian Institution, is a scientific wonder of great promise. Obvious as are the advantages of this plan, have all the meteorologists adopted it?

The last topic discussed in the Climatology is the "Climate of the Northwestern Districts." Lieutenant Warren says, "Though the western prairie of Nebraska is not much inferior to that of corresponding meridians in Kanzas and Northern Texas, there is no disguising the fact, that a great portion of it is an irreclaimable desert, with only a little wood and cultivable land along the streams." Again he says, "Without doubt, these regions will yet be inhabited by civilized man." Our author contends that the explorations contain abundant evidence of the high value of this large area for settlement and cultivation. In respect to temperature this is clear. But "the quantity of rain is not less important than the measure of heat to all the purposes of occupation," and the author admits that "for the plains east of the Rocky Mountains there may reasonably be some doubt as to the sufficiency" of rain. This refers especially to the facts about "the Bad Lands and the coteaus of the Missouri," and covers that area of which Lieutenant Warren has given the results in his Letter to Senator Jones.* The following facts are taken from this letter. Nebraska contains 230,000 square miles, about 150,000 of which have been in a degree explored by Lieutenant Warren. A line drawn from Fort Randall, on the Missouri, near longitude 97°, on this meridian, through Fort Kearny, on Platte River, to Kanzas, will have the greater portion of the arable land on its east side, as well as the wooded parts on Elk-Horn River and on Platte or Nebraska River. This is a very small portion of the territory. The Sand Hills and the Bad Lands lie on the west of the upper part of this line and still farther

* Letter of Lieutenant G. K. Warren, Topographical Engineer, to the Hon. George W. Jones, relative to his Explorations of Nebraska Territory. With a Map of the Territory. Washington. 1858.

north, — a desolate country. Farther north still, and on the east side of the territory, lie the Black Hills, and the nearly level plains around them, well covered with pines, — the country of the Dakotas, a large and brave tribe of hostile Indians. Living as these do by hunting, that part of Nebraska, consisting at least of many thousand square miles, cannot be a very poor and plantless country.

The two causes operating to make a large tract of the territory, from one to two hundred miles in extent, an irreclaimable desert, are poverty of soil, and the deficiency of water, — very adequate causes of a desert anywhere. The deficiency of water is admitted by Mr. Blodget; and it may extend over a wider tract than his data show. Still, looking at the map given by Lieutenant Warren, the eastern, northern, and western portions seem to abound with rivers. Thus the Missouri is the eastern boundary, into which empty several large and long tributaries from the Territory. After following up the Missouri, west of north from latitude 40° to latitude 48°, we find this river coming from a nearly western course across the northern part of Nebraska, from longitude 101° to longitude 112°, receiving at Fort Union, in latitude 48°, longitude 104°, the Yellowstone from the southwest, a tributary of great length, and fed by streams from two to three hundred miles long, one of which rises in latitude 43°; and at Fort Benton, longitude 110½°, the Missouri receives another considerable stream from the far south among the mountains. In the southern part of the Territory, the Platte or Nebraska River enters the Missouri at latitude 41°, coming from the far west, and like the Missouri from west of longitude 112°, and having its channel between the parallels of latitude 40½° and 42½°, along a fertile valley, with abundant tributaries to water the southern part of this great Territory. On this river Lieutenant Warren places the chief line of western travel and emigration from the Missouri to the more fertile regions west of that desolate part of the Nebraska Territory. At Fort Laramie, on the Platte, in latitude 42° 12′ and longitude 104° 47′, where the beautiful Laramie, flowing from the southwest, unites with it, the country is specially commended by Lieutenant Warren to the attention of the government.

This is sufficient to satisfy us that the time has not yet come to settle the question of the value of this part of the United States, and especially of the regions farther west and south. In Nebraska Territory dwell powerful hordes of Indians, of several tribes; great herds of buffalo roam over its plains and mountain-studded valleys; in some parts, elk, deer, and other wild animals abound. To say nothing of the instincts of the Indians and of their judicious selection of their dwelling-places, certainly the animals swarming over that great country must have an extraordinary power of vitality if they live and propagate so abundantly in regions sandy, desolate, barren, and "where no water is." Indeed, a glance at the course of the Missouri and its larger tributaries shows great provision for the conveyance of the floods from the hills and valleys, and the tortuous windings of the river for thousands of miles indicate its fitness and design to restore to the atmosphere, by evaporation, a large portion of its waters, to give freshness and verdure and life to various portions of the country. Other explorers speak of the capacity of that Western world in language not altogether depreciatory of its value. One thing is true, at least, that thus far the emigrants have found the country superior to the estimate of its agricultural and mineral advantages.

The language of Lieutenant R. Saxton, U. S. A., is definite and full. He had explored the route of the Columbia valley nearly eastward to Fort Benton, on the head-waters of the Missouri, latitude 47° 50′ and longitude 110° 36′. Before crossing the dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains, from which the waters flow westward into the Pacific and eastward into the Atlantic, the highest point of the ridge being 4,724 feet above the Pacific at Fort Vancouver, he says:* "I find that my previous ideas of the Rocky Mountain range were, so far as this section is concerned, entirely erroneous. Instead of a vast pile of rocks and mountains, almost impassable, I found a fine country, well watered by streams of clear cold water, and interspersed with meadows of

* Explorations for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific. Vol. I. Lieutenant Saxton's Report, pp. 281–283, in Governor Stevens's Report of the Route on the 47th and 49th Parallels of Latitude.

most luxuriant grass." And again, "Through a magnificent country, fitted to support a numerous population of civilized men." Before reaching Fort Union in the northwestern part of Nebraska Territory, for days, Lieutenant Saxton describes the abundance of game, as "buffalo, bear, elk, and black-tailed deer," says that no country "can boast a greater profusion of game," and soon adds, "innumerable herds of buffalo cows, in many places extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach." Another explorer reports similar herds of buffalo in that section of Nebraska Territory, at a later period. There must be luxuriant vegetation, with a fine soil under it, well watered, on which civilized man will find a rich and happy home. Admitting the existence of a large irreclaimable desert in Nebraska Territory, and the smaller deserts reported in some of the explorations farther south and west, there is still a vast country of great value, from which these deserts cannot exclude the enterprise and energy of Americans.

ART. X.—*The Life and Labors of the* REV. T. H. GALLAUDET, LL. D. By REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 440.

THE story of active philanthropy is ever interesting, and many a schoolboy has read with delight the lives of comforters of human sorrow, from John Howard to Florence Nightingale. But in the whole range of biography we seldom meet with a more interesting narrative than that of Thomas H. Gallaudet. His labors were neither in jails nor in military hospitals, but chiefly with the deaf and dumb, whose woes at first sight would appear more utterly irremediable than those of chained felons or mangled soldiers.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was born in Philadelphia on the 10th of December, 1787. He came of a Huguenot family, originally settled in the city of Rochelle, France, his great-grandfather, Peter Elihu Gallaudet, having emigrated to this country

a short time prior to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When Thomas was quite young, his parents removed from Philadelphia to Hartford, where he grew up, giving early promise of more than ordinary success in life. He appeared singularly adapted by nature for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, which vocation he afterward pursued with such eminent ability, and we find one of his first compositions to be "A Reverie" regarding languages, and speculations as to the possibility of inventing some universal language, which, although a plan that has occupied many profound minds, has as yet proved abortive. He was fitted for Yale College in the Hartford Grammar School, and entered the Sophomore Class in the autumn of 1802, when fourteen years of age,— quite too young, as he afterwards thought. He was a universal favorite, while in his studies he was remarkably systematic. He displayed a strong taste for mathematics, and in English composition had no equal in his class. He graduated in 1805 with the highest honors, and soon entered the office of Hon. Chauncey Goodrich, one of the most distinguished lawyers in Hartford, with whom he applied himself diligently to legal studies. But law, although offering many attractions to his mind, was not destined to be his profession. His health failed before one year of study had elapsed, and he accepted the post of tutor in Yale College at the end of the second. He discharged the duties of his tutorship with honor to his College and himself for two years, devoting his leisure hours to English composition and literature, and acquiring a pure and transparent style. On leaving his Alma Mater for the second time, his health demanded active service, and by a large commercial house in New York he was offered a business commission which took him over the Alleghany Mountains, the journey invigorating his constitution, and proving profitable to his employers. Soon after his return he entered a counting-room, probably intending to devote his life to trade; but, in the language of the work under review:—

"This was not the will of Providence. God had more important work for him to do; a work for which he was better qualified, we believe, than any other young man whose services could have been

secured. The great and only deficiency was, he had not yet given his heart to God. And just here it was that the Holy Spirit interposed to supply the deficiency; opened his eyes to his guilty and lost condition, and, as he tremblingly hoped, brought him out of darkness into the light and liberty of the Gospel. He soon after made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the First Congregational Church in Hartford, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Nathan Strong." — p. 24.

In 1811 he entered the Andover Theological Seminary, passed through the prescribed course of studies, and took his diploma at the anniversary in 1814. Now opens the most useful and interesting part of Gallaudet's life. He was fitted to preach, and did preach, but the ministry was not to be his special mission, more than the law or commerce. About this time he became very much interested in the case of Alice Cogswell, a deaf mute about ten years of age, whose misfortune had been caused by an attack of spotted fever when she was two years old. The house of her father, Dr. Cogswell, adjoined Gallaudet's, and he thus had frequent opportunities of seeing the little mute. His benevolent disposition was deeply stirred by the unfortunate condition of his young friend, and he soon discovered that he was better able than any one else to communicate with her by signs. He taught her the names of persons and things by simple sentences, and these favorable beginnings induced her friends to hope that eventually she might be taught to read and write. Her father in the mean time was of course much interested in the system of instruction for the deaf and dumb as practised in Europe, and among other works which he perused was one by the Abbé Sicard, the pupil and successor of the celebrated Abbé de l'Epée, and who perfected the sign language. Dr. Cogswell supposed that he would be obliged to send his daughter abroad for the needful tuition, as there was then no institution in this country for the instruction of mutes, and not a single individual who understood the foreign system. On further examination of the subject, it was found that a much greater number of the deaf and dumb were living in Connecticut than any one had imagined, and it was believed that enough might be found in the New England States to form a very large school. A number of benevolent individuals at once inter-

ested themselves in the project; but in the first place it was necessary that some one should visit Europe in order to qualify himself thoroughly for the task of instruction. Mr. Gallaudet was at once looked to as the man, and indeed no one else appears to have been thought of.

"His fine education, gentlemanly manners, attractive social qualities, philosophical turn of mind, undoubted piety, and growing sympathy for the large class of deaf mutes, wholly uncared for in this country, recommended him as pre-eminently qualified for the task of pouring the light of a new being into their dark minds." — p. 29.

Attached to the ministry, he hesitated for a short time about assuming this new responsibility; but at length accepting the call, he was furnished with letters of introduction to many of the most distinguished philanthropists in Great Britain, as well as to the principals of the Deaf and Dumb schools in London and Edinburgh. He sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 25th of May, 1815, and arrived at his destination after a pleasant passage of thirty days. It was hoped and expected that Mr. Gallaudet's high testimonials would at once give him free access to the London and Edinburgh schools, in order that he might in a short time qualify himself for the office of teacher, and return to his own country; but in this he was greatly disappointed. To an American for the first time going abroad, there is much in the European system of rigid exclusion which is peculiarly annoying. In his own free land he is at perfect liberty to visit, without showing passports or demanding permits, all the government buildings, its bureaus of state, treasury, army, and navy, its mints, arsenals, dockyards, patent-office, its legislative chambers, and President's house. In the same spirit, nearly all private establishments are open to his inspection. But in Europe he finds many objects of interest closed to him entirely, and for many more which he is allowed to see a permit is required, for which he is not infrequently made to pay, and, what is far more trying to an American, to wait also. Some of the picture-galleries, museums, and palaces are alone exceptions. It is also frequently remarked, that the professedly despotic governments, as France, Russia, Austria, and Naples, offer fewer barriers to the researches of an intelli-

gent traveller than England. There is in our mother country an inveterate prejudice against innovation, a blind reverence for old forms of red-tapism simply because they are old. The English people reform slowly, less on account of their dislike of imitating the improvements of other nations, than from the fear of destroying the prestige of some feudal custom.

Greatly to his sorrow, Mr. Gallaudet now found that, although the schools of England and Scotland were private establishments, whose proprietors with one or two exceptions treated him courteously, they had bound themselves by rules and restrictions which virtually shut him out. They would receive him only on condition of his entering the lowest class as a pupil, to pass regularly through a course of three years. With such a requirement he was unwilling to comply, believing that he could thoroughly possess himself of the system of instruction in a much shorter time. He asked that he might be admitted to the London school for a few weeks only, on trial. His application was peremptorily refused; he must serve three years or not at all. He passed six weeks in London in anxious suspense, referred by teachers to committees, and by committees back to teachers, the spirit manifested towards him being, to say the least, narrow and illiberal. He could, after all his efforts, only obtain leave to join the London school for one month on trial; but after that he must serve as assistant teacher for three years, unless the principal, Dr. Watson, saw fit to release him sooner as thoroughly qualified. This placed him entirely in Dr. Watson's power, and he determined to apply in other quarters. So wholly devoted was he to his philanthropic purpose, that he scarce allowed himself any time for sight-seeing. To his active mind and cultivated taste the picture and sculpture galleries, the museums and libraries of London, would have offered inexhaustible pleasures. But, with stern self-denial, he saw little of these, his whole time in the vast metropolis being busied with the great cause of his mission, while his thoughts turned fondly homeward upon those whose miseries he longed to alleviate.

He left London on the 24th of August, 1815, and three

days afterward reached Edinburgh. Here he was beset by the same difficulties which had baffled his efforts in the Southern capital. He became at once anxious to depart for Paris, where he could meet the Abbé Sicard, but decided to delay his journey for a few months on account of the unsettled state of France. The great events which had followed the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, the flight, surrender, and exile of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, took place just at the period of his arrival in England, and he wisely judged it inexpedient to visit the Continent until the new, or rather ancient, order of things should be fully established. He therefore remained in Edinburgh until the 12th of February, 1816. His sojourn in England and Scotland made him acquainted with many distinguished men and women, who took a kind interest in his mission, and among those with whom he formed friendships may be mentioned Josiah Roberts, Robert Hall, Zachary Macaulay, father of the great historian, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Thomas Brown, Dr. Chalmers, Mrs. Grant, and Hannah More.

At length Mr. Gallaudet reached Paris, on the 9th of March, 1816, bearing a letter from Mr. Macaulay to the Abbé Sicard. The Abbé, in strong contrast with the Scotch and English teachers, received him in the most cordial manner, promised him every facility, and was as good as his word. Mr. Gallaudet at once entered upon a regular course as pupil, and, notwithstanding his imperfect knowledge of the French language, made such rapid progress, that in three months, instead of three years, he had so far mastered the system as to be prepared to return to the United States, and place himself at the head of the proposed deaf-mute asylum. But as the branch of instruction for which he was now qualified was entirely new in America, and more than one teacher would be required for a successful beginning, it was necessary for him to find some competent assistant. One of the Abbé Sicard's principal aids was M. Laurent Clerc, and, after some little negotiation, Mr. Gallaudet induced him to leave his native land, and go to America in his company, to become a teacher in the asylum. This gentleman is still attached to the institution in Hartford, where we saw him but a short

time since, and held with him a long blackboard conversation, both in our bad French and in his good English.

While Mr. Gallaudet was pursuing his inquiries and studies in Europe, the friends of the asylum were taking active steps to insure its success. In May, 1816, the Legislature of Connecticut granted an act of incorporation, the institution being styled "The Connecticut Asylum for the Education of Deaf and Dumb Persons." It could not, however, at once be opened, as it required some months to collect funds, and also to enlighten the public mind as to the practicability of the undertaking. Mr. Gallaudet on his return visited several of our large cities with this double object. He was eminently successful, as he inspired confidence wherever he went, and on the 20th of April, 1817, the asylum was opened. At first, only seven pupils were entered; but before the end of the year, so successful was the experiment, that the number increased to thirty-three, and applications for admission came from all quarters. Thus, notwithstanding the grant from the Legislature of five thousand dollars, the directors had not sufficient funds to provide for those indigent mutes whose friends were unable to meet the cost of supporting them, and this sum was afterward expended in educating the needy pupils of the State alone. The principal building being completed and occupied, it was dedicated on the 22d of May, 1821, on which occasion Mr. Gallaudet delivered an interesting and impressive discourse. Meanwhile the institution had continued to prosper, in the autumn of 1818 containing between fifty and sixty pupils. The salaries of the teachers, however, and other school expenses, much exceeded the income from tuition, and as charitable subscriptions could not always be relied on, it was determined to petition Congress for a grant of money or of land from the public domain. The petition, being drawn up and presented, was warmly advocated by the Connecticut delegation, and among others who greatly interested themselves in its favor was Mr. Clay, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. The reception and success of the petition present a striking contrast to the fate of that of Miss Dix, whose land-bill for the benefit of the insane was vetoed by the late President. A grant of twenty-

three thousand acres of land was obtained, the avails of which have constituted a large fund. Between the years 1825 and 1830, the number of pupils increased from seventy to one hundred and forty, and Mr. Gallaudet had the satisfaction of seeing the institution placed upon a permanent basis, and continuing to enlarge its charities year by year. Not only did he give daily his personal aid in the arduous task of teaching, but, in order more effectually to inform a generous public of the progress of deaf-mute instruction, he visited most of the principal towns of New England with some of his pupils, giving such exhibitions as he thought were demanded to secure general confidence.

Mr. Gallaudet's incessant labors gradually wore upon his health, which at length imperatively demanded his resignation as principal of the asylum, and, after twelve years of most active service, a sense of duty to himself and to his family, as well as to the institution, induced him to tender his resignation to the Board on the 25th of April, 1830, and it was accepted. But although his official connection with the school was at an end, he never ceased to feel the deepest interest in its prosperity; nor did he until the end of his days manifest less sympathy with many other benevolent associations. We must hurriedly pass over his connections with these, as the limits of this article will not permit us to enlarge upon them, and at the same time to refer again, as we purpose, to the subject of deaf-mute education. As soon as it was known that his duties with the asylum were about to cease, he received communications from philanthropic individuals and institutions in many quarters. He had always displayed a warm feeling in favor of the American Colonization Society, and he at once received solicitations from the officers of different branches in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pensylvania, to accept the office of agent, which, however, he felt obliged to decline, as well as that of principal of the New England Asylum for the Blind. His fame had gone abroad, and the trustees of this institution were exceedingly anxious that he should take charge of it, even before he left his post at Hartford. He also received pressing invitations from the New York University, Dartmouth College, the

Oneida Institute, the Utica Female Seminary, the High School of Burlington, New Jersey, the New York High School, the Cincinnati Seminary, and many others.

It does not appear that Mr. Gallaudet had any fixed plan when he left the asylum beyond a strong desire to write books for children. Busy as he continued to be in his various avocations, he found time to write many of these, as well as numerous contributions on his favorite topic of deaf-mute instruction, for magazines, reviews, and the journals of the day. Eight years thus passed, and in 1838 he was solicited to accept the post of chaplain to the Insane Hospital at Worcester. Unwilling to leave his home, he declined the invitation, but a few months afterwards accepted the same office at the Retreat in Hartford. Here he greatly interested himself in the condition of the insane, and, in the same benevolent spirit which he displayed in every action of his life, he thoroughly examined systems and modes of treatment, and made many valuable suggestions for the happiness and improvement of the victims of mental disease. His duties were faithfully performed until the summer of 1851, although his health had sensibly failed for some time previous. In July of that year he was attacked with dysentery, from which he never recovered. He lingered until the 10th of September, and then peacefully closed his pure, faithful, and earnest life. In Hartford his death was deplored as a public calamity, and no funeral ceremony could ever have gathered together a company of more sincere mourners than the deaf-mutes who shared in his obsequies.

The art of instruction for the deaf and dumb is almost entirely the result of the philanthropy of modern times. Before the Abbé de l'Epée, various attempts had been made, but rather as a matter of philosophical experiment than in any well-grounded hope of success. The fate of those unfortunate beings, who from birth had been destitute of the sense of hearing, or who had lost it in infancy before the age of articulation, and consequently became dumb also, was peculiarly hard. Their minds were suffered to remain without culture, they were left to themselves, and shut out from the society of rational beings. Such unnatural prejudices were

formed against them, that in some countries it was the custom to destroy all infants who at three years of age remained incapable of speech and hearing. Even in France, the country in which deaf-mute instruction afterward most rapidly advanced, the birth of such children was accounted a family disgrace. Their animal existence was alone regarded; they were rigidly secluded in some convent or asylum, left to the tender mercies of unfeeling keepers; and, all desire of improvement being repressed, they gradually grew into the idiots they were deemed, and, if naturally gifted even with the powers of Shakespeare or Leibnitz, sank in time to the condition of brutes.

One of the first experimenters in deaf-mute instruction was Pedro de Ponce, a Benedictine monk of Leon, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century. John Bonet, also a Spaniard, published the first known work on the subject, in 1620. It was accompanied by a manual alphabet, from which the one now in use in Europe and America was derived. Other laborers followed, but little was done to attract public attention until the Abbé de l'Epée devoted his life to the relief of the unfortunate deaf and dumb. He was born in 1712 at Versailles, and was educated by his father, the king's architect, during an irreligious age, in the fear of God, and taught to love his neighbor as himself. He entered the Church, but, being a Jansenist, met with much persecution, and remained poor to the end of his days. His benevolent spirit was ever zealous in its offices of charity, but it appears that accident first led him to the great work which became the chief object of his life. Two sisters who were deaf and dumb resided with their mother in Paris. De l'Epée had occasion to call at their house, when, learning that the mother was absent, he addressed some questions to the young ladies, and was surprised at receiving no answer to anything he said. The mother soon returned, and explained the apparent rudeness by a detail of their infirmity; farther informing him that a kind friend, Father Fanin, had attempted to give them some instruction, but had died before his labors were crowned with success. De l'Epée at once was interested for the poor women, and set himself to work in the endeavor to invent

some mode of communication with them. After long reflection, it struck him that language is but an assemblage of the signs, in the same manner as drawings are the representations, of numerous objects. He also remembered the principle laid down by his tutor, a good metaphysician, "that there is no more natural connection between metaphysical ideas and the articulated sounds which strike the ear, than between these same ideas and the written characters which strike the eye." Why might he not therefore frame a language of gestures, as signs to meet the eye, to serve instead of a language of words? In his essays with his pupils he met with many disappointments. He showed them letters which he taught them to imitate, but nothing like ideas reached their minds; the teaching was purely mechanical. He had indeed invented gestures to correspond with every sound in the language; but the medium of communication was still wanting, and he was as if striving to teach a language by a grammar in that same language, every syllable of which was unknown to the pupils. He taught them at length even to transcribe whole pages of abstruse disquisitions, but appears to have deceived himself as to the real amount of knowledge he imparted. He was in truth somewhat in the position of Egyptologists, prior to the decipherment of hieroglyphics; he had discovered the Rosetta stone of the deaf-mute language, but it was reserved for the Abbé Sicard fully to explain its meaning and to render it intelligible to others. The language of De l'Epée himself, on complimenting Sicard for his improvements on his own system, was, "Mon ami, j'ai trouvé le verre, c'est à vous d'en faire les lunettes."

We cannot enter into any detail of the Abbé Sicard's system, which would require a paper specially devoted to it; but while he retained the plan of artificial signs contrived by De l'Epée, he soon found that the intellectual education of his pupils should be the chief object, and in order to attain this end he struck out for himself a new path. The object of his first lessons was to teach his pupils the relation between the names of objects and the objects themselves, and thus he gradually proceeded to the comprehension of abstract ideas. His system has been eminently successful, and at

the present time well-educated deaf mutes are as capable of understanding the most subtile metaphysical distinctions, as of comprehending any of the ordinary phases of material life. From personal experience and reflection, Sicard came to have little faith in the teaching of articulation to the deaf and dumb. Mr. Gallaudet coincided in his views, and placed the greatest reliance on the language of natural signs, which he contended is universal. Some of his papers on the subject are exceedingly curious and entertaining. He thinks that this sign-language might be generally used by missionaries in foreign lands, as a means of communicating with the heathen, in a very much shorter time than that usually spent in the necessary study of their languages before they can be instructed in Christian precepts.

In the summer of 1818, a young Chinese passed through Hartford, and spent an evening with Mr. Gallaudet. He was so ignorant of the English language that he could not express in it his simplest wishes. Mr. Gallaudet introduced him to M. Clerc, a deaf mute from birth, who did not know a single word of Chinese. No two persons, therefore, could possibly be brought together more completely disqualified for colloquial intercourse. The result, however, surprised all present. M. Clerc learned from the Chinese many interesting facts regarding his birthplace, his parents and their family, his occupations at home, and his ideas of God and a future state. By the aid of proper signs, also, M. Clerc ascertained the meaning of about twenty Chinese words.

So remarkable was Mr. Gallaudet's success in the sign-language, as frequently to astonish strangers, and we quote an extract from his Memoir in his own words, in illustration of his skill. One of his pupils was a lad of much intelligence, with whom he made frequent experiments to ascertain how far he could communicate ideas to him without the use of words spelled to him on the fingers, or of any signs made by the arms and hands, but solely by expressions of the face, motions of the head, and attitudes of the body.

"One day our distinguished and lamented historical painter, Colonel John Trumbull, was in my school-room during the hours of instruction, and on my alluding to the tact which the pupil referred to had of read-

ing my face, he expressed a wish to see it tried. I requested him to select any event in Greek, Roman, English, or American history, of a scenic character, which would make a striking picture on canvas, and said I would endeavor to communicate it to the lad. 'Tell him,' said he, 'that Brutus (Lucius Junius) condemned his two sons to death for resisting his authority and violating his orders.'

"I folded my arms in front of me, and kept them in that position, to preclude the possibility of making any signs or gestures, or of spelling any words on my fingers, and proceeded, as best I could, by the expression of my countenance, and a few motions of my own head and attitudes of the body, to convey the picture in my own mind to the mind of my pupil. It ought to be stated that he was already acquainted with the fact, being familiar with the leading events in Roman history. But when I began, he knew not from what portion of history, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, the fact was selected. From this wide range, my delineation on the one hand, and his ingenuity on the other, had to bring it within the division of Roman history, and, still more minutely, to the particular individual transaction designated by Colonel Trumbull. In carrying on the process, I made no use whatever of any arbitrary or conventional look, motion, or attitude, before settled between us, by which to let him understand what I wished to communicate, with the exception of a single one, if, indeed, it ought to be considered such.

"The usual sign at the time, among teachers and pupils, for a Roman, was portraying an aquiline nose by placing the forefinger, crooked, in front of the nose. As I was prevented from using my finger in this way, and having considerable command over the muscles of my face, I endeavored to give my nose as much of the aquiline form as possible, and succeeded well enough for my purpose. Everything else that I looked and did was the pure, natural language by which my mind spontaneously endeavored to convey its thoughts and feelings to his mind by the varied expressions of the countenance, some motions of the head, and attitudes of the body. It would be difficult to furnish the reader anything like a complete analysis of the process which I pursued in making the communication. To be understood, it ought to be witnessed, and accompanied with the requisite explanations. The outlines of the process, however, I can give. They were the following: —

"A stretching and stretching gaze eastward, with an undulating motion of the head, as if looking across and beyond the Atlantic Ocean, to denote that the event happened, not on the western, but on the eastern continent. This was making a little progress, as it took the subject

out of the range of American history. A turning of the eyes upward and backward, with frequently repeated motions of the head backward, as if looking a great way back in past time, to denote that the event was one of quite ancient date. The aquiline shape of the nose, already referred to, indicating that *a Roman* was the person concerned. It was, of course, an old Roman. Portraying, as well as I could, by my countenance, attitude, and manner, an individual high in authority, and commanding others as if he expected to be obeyed. Looking and acting as if I were giving out a specific order to many persons, and threatening punishment on those who should resist my authority — even the punishment of death.

"Here was a pause in the progress of events, which I denoted by sleeping as it were during the night and awaking in the morning, and doing this several times, to signify that several days had elapsed. Looking with deep interest and surprise, as if at a single person standing before me, with an expression of countenance indicating that he had violated the order which I had given, and that I knew it. Then looking in the same way at another person near him as also guilty. *Two* offending persons were thus denoted. Exhibiting serious deliberation — then hesitation, accompanied with strong conflicting emotions, producing perturbation, as if I knew not how to feel, or what to do. Looking first at one of the persons before me, and then at the other, and then at both together, *as a father would look*, indicating his distressful parental feelings under such affecting circumstances. Composing my feelings, showing that a change was coming over me, and exhibiting toward the imaginary persons before me the decided look of the inflexible commander who was determined and ready to order them away to execution. Looking and acting as if the tender and forgiving feelings of *the father* had again got the ascendency, and as if I were about to relent and pardon them. These alternating states of mind I portrayed several times, to make my representation the more graphic and impressive. At length the father yields, and the stern principle of justice, as expressed in my countenance and manner, prevails. My look and action denote the passing of the sentence of death on the offenders, and the ordering them away to execution.

"Before I had quite completed the process, I perceived from the expression of his countenance, and a little of impatience in his manner, that the pupil felt satisfied that he was fully in possession of the fact which I was endeavoring to communicate. But, for the sake of greater certainty, I detained his attention till I had nothing more to portray. He quickly turned round to his slate, and wrote a correct and complete account of this story of Brutus and his two sons." — pp. 198 – 202.

The services of Mr. Gallaudet were not forgotten by his pupils after his connection with the asylum had ceased; and not long after his death the "Gallaudet Monument Association" was formed, for the purpose of erecting some suitable memorial in his honor. With true earnestness of purpose, the association determined that no subscriptions should be received excepting from deaf mutes, although the citizens of Hartford generally would have freely contributed. The proposal was gladly met by the deaf and dumb in all parts of the country. These persons are generally by no means wealthy, but they cheerfully gave from their little, and the result is one of the most elegant monuments of its size in the United States. The same rule that limited the subscriptions was applied as far as possible in the construction of the work, so that it should be the sole product of deaf-mute labor. It stands within the grounds of the asylum, and in front of the building, — an obelisk and base of pure white marble, about twenty feet in height. Besides the usual inscriptions commemorative of the deceased, the south panel is decorated with a beautiful bass-relief (the work of Mr. Carlin, a deaf mute), representing Mr. Gallaudet in the act of teaching the manual alphabet to little children. The attitudes and expressions of the figures are exceedingly natural and graceful. Above this panel, on the shaft, is the Syro-Chaldaic word "Ephphatha," and on another side of the column the name of Gallaudet in the letters of the manual alphabet. The entire cost of the work was about two thousand five hundred dollars, and on the 6th of September, 1854, in the presence of many hundreds of deaf mutes, it was formally inaugurated, with appropriate ceremonies. Surely that man is entitled to our love and veneration, who, had he accomplished nothing else in life, raised up the deaf and dumb from the position of outcasts, to take their places in the great human family as intelligent and thinking beings. As a Christian philanthropist the name of Gallaudet will ever be remembered, and we of this century can point with pride to the noble institution of which he was the chief ornament. To those who leave its walls, even with all the aid of modern art in teaching them, many of the pleasures of this world are denied. All

the varied and exquisite delights of sound they never know,— neither the charms of instrumental music, nor the far sweeter tones of human voices. They may enjoy the sparkle, but not the murmur, of the rill; the plumage of the bird, but not its song; the visible grandeur of the cloud, but not its thunders. Yet they can share human love and sympathy, can labor happily and usefully, can appropriate the consolations of literature, and the richer promises of religious faith. In patient hope, they wait the dawning of that day when they shall hear and answer the summons to immortal life.

ART. XI. — 1. *The Story of the Telegraph, and a History of the Great Atlantic Cable.* By CHARLES F. BRIGGS and AUGUSTUS MAVERICK. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1858.

2. *The Atlantic Telegraph: a Discourse delivered in the First Church, August* 8, 1858. By EZRA S. GANNETT. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

WE were among those who had no faith in the speedy success of the great enterprise of which these titles are the memorials. We knew that very many conditions must be essential to the completion of the work; and supposed that of those conditions there must needs be not a few which could be revealed only by a series of failures, each fruitless attempt suggesting some provision or precaution before unthought of. We therefore neglected the preparation, which we would else have made, for the scientific historiography of the telegraph. The details of the several experiments, and the daily operations of the last, are already familiar to our readers, who will find them embodied in the volume named at the head of this article. Of Dr. Gannett's eloquent sermon we shall speak before we close. Our present design is to present certain general views of human art, suggested by this its last, most stupendous triumph, and to determine so far as we may its probable results as regards business and the intercourse of nations.

It is a strongly marked feature of the various public recognitions of the event under discussion, that the Divine agency has held the foremost place in men's thoughts. Never has it been more profoundly felt that there is but one Creator. This is, indeed, the truth that underlies all discoveries and inventions. Man creates nothing; he only finds and uses what God has made. He confers no properties; he only ascertains and applies inherent properties. We talk familiarly of raw material. There is none. If there were, it would for ever remain unchanged. What we call by that name has in it all that is ever developed from it. Our paving and building stones lie in their quarry in parallel strata, with crystals so grouped and separated as to invite the very cleavage they receive, and the blocks in which they are laid are bounded by natural divisions of the mother rock. The veins and fibres of our trees guide, rather than yield to, the axe, the lathe, and the plane; and they might have been of essentially the same substance, and yet so gnarled and knotted that the accumulated science of centuries could not have learned to shape them. The city is as truly an outcropping from the soil as the wheat-harvest. Its embryo as truly lay in quarries, forests, and clay-pits, as did the embryo of the corn-crop just gathered lie last winter in the cultivator's granary. Our silk we could not wind for use, had it not been first reeled on the cocoon with a delicacy far surpassing our finest handwork. We make no dyes, but dip our raiment in brilliant and enduring hues beautiful as the rainbow or the sunset clouds, which were treasured for us in barks and roots and insects. The down of the cotton-plant gives to the superficial eye no better promise for the spinner than that of the common Asclepias, and of many other plants that subserve no human purpose; but it is capable of being spun and woven by virtue of its length of staple, its curliness, which enables it to bear the strong pulling of the machinery without breaking, and the minute teeth with which its fibres are fringed, and without which no force would suffice to keep it twisted. The steam-engine, that most versatile of mechanical agents, — now bearing on its fire-wings costly freights and migrating multitudes across the waste of waters, now

twisting a gossamer thread or mending a web, — is but an intensifying, yet in miniature, an imprisoning, and harnessing to the industrial yoke, of the very process of alternate evaporation and condensation, by which the waters circulate through air, earth, and ocean in an unceasing and omnipresent life-tide.

In close analogy with these instances, the telegraph is, in its last analysis, neither a work of man, nor an invention of this century. The agent which it employs has always been used for the very service in which it has now been installed. It has been the medium of all communication between mind and matter, brain and muscle, brain and brain; and in the phenomena of mesmerism and of pseudo-spiritualism, there is at least some reason to believe that, along air-lines and for indefinite distances, thoughts and words are sent with as unerring fidelity as marks their transmission on the artificial lightning-path. By the connection now established between distant cities and opposite hemispheres, we have but arrested, for a special subdivision of one among its many departments of service, a force which throbs from zone to zone, leaps from sky to earth, darts from earth to ocean, courses in the sap of the growing tree, runs along the nervous tissue of the living man, and can be commanded for the speaking wires simply because it is and works everywhere.

In estimating the Creator's part in the achievements of human ingenuity and skill, we ought to take into account the adaptation of man's physical structure to the purposes of art. There are, in one of our devotional hymns, two lines, peculiarly childish in sound, which yet contain the whole theory of civilization, and expound the earthly position and destiny of man, —

> "Why was my body formed erect,
> Whilst brutes bow down to earth?"

Were it not for this difference, man might be possessed of all the native intellectual capacity he now has, and yet could gain scarce any accurate knowledge of the universe, could embody his ideas only in the rudest forms, could transmit very little of experience and wisdom, or their results, from generation to generation, and could bequeath to his imme-

diate posterity hardly anything more precious than some rude booth or burrowing-place. Man is, we suppose, the feeblest animal on earth in proportion to his size, yet easily walks as sovereign, chains the behemoth to his march, tows the leviathan by his warp, makes the everlasting hills bow before him, lays his mandate and his chain on the giant forces of universal nature. And it is chiefly by means of the hand, — by the eleva ion, expansion, and more complex organization of the very digits, which we trace in less perfect development in the anterior limbs of every quadruped. The hand, — so slender and flexible that it might seem fitted neither for doing nor enduring, but whose closely knit webwork of nerves and sinews concentrates the entire strength of the body, and wields a greater force compared with its magnitude than is found in the whole world beside, — combining all mechanical powers in one, the fingers jointed levers, the sinews pulleys, the wrist-joint a perpetual screw, without whose ball and socket movement no screw of steel could find its way into its bed, — one moment lifting heavy weights or striking ponderous blows, and the next subserving the most delicate uses, dissecting the microscopic proportions of a flower-cup or an insect's wing, marking with the graver air-lines subtile as sunbeams, copying the vanishing hues of clouds and rose-buds and the human countenance, embodying thought in forms so ethereal that they might seem traced by the breath of viewless spirits, — this is the machine which renders all other machines possible, this the prehensile and shaping agency by which Nature is put to the torture for her secrets and to the test for her resources, this the means and pledge of man's viceroyalty upon the earth. There is no mechanical operation, whether of ruder handcraft or of the highest art, the capacity of which is not inherent in the hand, the direction of which is not one of the complex movements of which the hand is susceptible, the efficacy of which does not depend in the last resort on the guidance or restraint of the hand. Thus, when we make water or steam take the place nominally of the hand, it really supplies not manual skill, but simply a substitute for muscular power. With the living hand we construct the engine or machine; we copy in it some portion

of the divinely shaped pair, or rather, as they are by division and combination, the countless multitude of instruments comprehended within our two wrist-joints and palms and our ten digits; and then with our own hands we start, accelerate, or check the working of these artificial hands, — barely supplying to these last from the impetus of falling water or expanding steam the force which accrues to human muscles from the economy of the vital organism.

But this is not all. The intellectual development which issues in art is not spontaneous; but its seeds are connate with the human mind. There might be mental capacity, which would seldom issue in material skill. There might be a curiosity as to outward nature, which could ask questions without finding answers to them. There might in the realm of intellect be a perpetual flowering without ripened fruit. We owe our scientific knowledge, and the art resulting from it, not to mere power of mind, but to those innate ideas, those shaping matrices of thought, those inevitable categories, which in each department are a Divine directory for our inquiries and researches, and without which the keenest acumen and the most brilliant genius would be equally bewildered and unguided with the infant or the idiot. Without this element which the mind supplies, not from its culture, but from its essence, we might reason inductively from observed facts; but should have no sense of intrinsic probability to suggest our experiments, and thus the acquisition of an item of knowledge would be merely a happy accident.

Thus alike by the nature of matter, the capacities of the body, and the laws of mind, are the achievements of art prepared for by the Infinite Creator, and Philosophy must shape her literal formula in close accordance with the ascription of every devout heart, — "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things."

While man's part in what are termed his inventions and discoveries is shown to be thus small, even this diminished glory is divided, and can seldom with justice attach itself to any one great name. It is less an historical fact than the exponent of an essential law, that the credit of every new appropriation or application of natural forces has been dis-

puted, — that every niche in the temple of art has rival claimants, often from different lands, each with an equally plausible title to the undetermined place. It is the age, not the individual man, that discovers or invents. The preceding age has lifted the veil from the unknown just so far, that the next fold to be upturned covers what will startle nations, introduce new modes of activity, offer new commodities or benefits to the race. It is a question of paltry moment, whether Professor Morse conceived the first idea of the electric telegraph, or whether he barely embodied a pregnant suggestion of Dr. Jackson. Electro-magnetism had revealed phenomena which pointed to this agency. Its facts ascertained by experiment had no corollary but this. A hundred minds in Europe and America were charged with thoughts, which must have had this issue. Had neither Morse nor Jackson been in the field of science, the discovery could not have been held back a year later. Ten years earlier, the conception could not have entered their minds. One or the other of them but uttered the word, which had been shaping itself for articulation from Franklin's first experiment, and which, already spelled out by the joint agency of more philosophers than we can name, would at all events not have remained unspoken. And, the wire once stretched from city to city, the question of the ocean telegraph was hardly a question of time. The probability was obvious. The attempt was inevitable. Brave and skilful men have made it, and they merit our profoundest gratitude. But any or all of them might have kept aloof, and yet science would have indicated, commerce would have dictated, philanthropy would have demanded, and competent ability would have conducted the trial. It was the necessary next step in material development. We say not this to detract from the praise due to those whose names are so intimately connected with this miracle of science and art. But it is their highest praise that they receive their laurels in devout humility, and are foremost in the thank-offering to that Divine Providence which favored the inception, and has crowned the consummation, of their enterprise. And the Providential men of each stage of human progress deserve to stand forth before their contemporaries, and to send their

names down to posterity, as the representative men of their times, as the types of the mind of the age, as the called and anointed co-workers with Him who leads on the race in the conquest and use of the world's resources.

We fear not to write of the oceanic telegraph as an achieved and certain success, though, while we write, no pulse has for several days been transmitted across the waters. The connection may have been broken, — we trust not; — the capital expended may be irrevocably sunk, — we believe and hope not; — but, if it be so, the fact has been established that the words of man can emulate the speed of light, and anticipate the flight of the hours. The communication, if not permanently effected now, can command for its completion the treasuries of nations, the wealth of the civilized world. Ere long, the earth will be girdled. The longer, but shallower ocean-route, with its intermediate station on one of the Western Isles, is already projected, and, in case equally of the success or the failure of the present line, will be speedily attempted. No sooner will the wires have crossed our continent than the cable will be sunk with assured confidence in the quiet waters of the Pacific, led to some island in the intervening archipelago, and thence landed on the Asiatic shore. These vast distances overpassed, we may anticipate the establishment of shorter lines between every pair of great capitals and commercial emporiums. Meanwhile, it can hardly be that there will not be devised means of more rapid articulation, by which intelligence may send its simultaneous flash around the globe, so that the age is not far remote, when events transpiring in every portion of the civilized world shall have their daily chronicle, their hourly bulletin, in each.

What are to be the results of this new element of international life? Of this we may be assured, that, however magnificent may be our horoscope, experience will transcend it. This has been the case with all great inventions, — with the printing-press, the telescope, the steam-engine, the cotton-gin, the power-loom. And, not infrequently, some incidental or unanticipated use or consequence of a new or improved process of art has thrown into the background or superseded the specific purpose to which it was dedicated at the outset.

Undoubtedly, a very few years will develop from the electro-magnetic intercourse between the continents altered relations, customs of trade, maxims of international law, forms of concurrent action, modes of manifesting to the sense and representing to the imagination the virtual ubiquity realized, yet passing thought, and substantial benefits of a moral and spiritual character, of which we have as yet no intimation. In addition to these vague anticipations of the graver sort, we can conceive of festive aspects of the future, in which the magnetic wires will play a principal part. "Simultaneous celebration" would have a meaning till now undreamed of, if on some world-honored anniversary the London bells should be rung by an operator in Boston, or a salute be fired on the New York Battery by a spark sent from the coast of Ireland. Less improbable than the event which has given occasion to this paper would be the interchange of these jubilant international courtesies at the same moment among all the leading nations on both sides of both oceans, day no longer "uttering speech unto day" alone, but noon to midnight, with half the globe's circumference between.

As for commerce, opinions that ought to be sound are divided as to the consequences of the oceanic telegraph, — whether it will issue in the monopoly or the diffusion of intelligence, in a more eager and hazardous, or a more measured and sober competition, in more wary and discreet habits of business, or in more rash and reckless speculation. On this question we belong to both parties, adopt both opinions, anticipate both results, — the less favorable at the outset, the more propitious in the sequel, — first private and partial benefit, afterwards the general good. So long as there is but one electro-magnetic cable crossing the ocean, and that — apart from the reserved rights of governments — under the control of a close corporation, and working at a comparatively low rate of speed, it is hardly possible that its services should not be monopolized by individuals or cliques, and employed to transmit intelligence to certain privileged parties in advance of the tardier means of knowledge on which the many must still rely. But with rival lines, and enhanced rapidity of transmission, exclusive privilege must cease, and

all whose transactions are large enough to afford the outlay will have their telegraph c correspondents; or, what is more probable, price-currents and commercial bulletins will be transmitted, under competent authority, for the public eye and for the benefit of all whom they will concern. When this stage is reached, the tendency will be — as it already is, through increased facilities of communication, in distant parts of the same country — to an equalization of the stocks and prices of commodities all the world over, and thus to the restoration of commerce from a game of hazard to the certain and moderate profits earned by placing goods where they are needed and wanted.

Great benefit in many ways will accrue from the accuracy with which the first intelligence of important facts and events will be transmitted. Hitherto, unauthentic rumor has generally preceded and misrepresented fact, and has thus led to ill-grounded movements in business, misunderstandings between governments, baseless fear and equally baseless indignation. In the near future, fact will anticipate and supersede rumor. The telegraph, if wholly subject to irresponsible, careless, and deceptive management, will not be supported, or even tolerated. However free it may be to individual use, there can hardly fail to become connected with it — either through public patronage or the collective agency of those whom such an arrangement vitally concerns — official and responsible news-gatherers and reporters, whose place and revenue will depend on their veracity and faithfulness.

Among the important results of the oceanic telegraph, we must name the easy detection of fugitives from justice, and the added difficulty and hazard thus placed in the way of crime. The tendency of all modern science has been in this direction. Chemistry, by its unerring tests, may detect vestiges of the murder in the decomposed body of its victim, and proofs of the murderer's guilt in the slightest discoloration of a garment or a blade. Photography may furnish transcripts of the features of a thief or a swindler for the picture-gallery of every police-office in Europe and America. And now he who would shun exposure and infamy may "take the wings of the morning," yet shall hardly have lost sight of his native

shore before Transatlantic ministers of the law are preparing for him an ungenial welcome. The impossibility of fleeing from one's character and from merited retribution cannot but have, in frequent instances, a salutary influence in the first access of great temptation, and to many this fearful ubiquity of human justice must suggest, as it typifies, the inevitableness of the Divine penalty. Moreover, while the mere dread of detection and punishment is an inferior motive, — yet not therefore useless, as it may be precedent and ancillary to motives of a higher order, — the leaguing of the powers of nature against crime and guilt identifies the law of right with the attributes of the Almighty, illustrates the sacred reverence in which he holds all moral distinctions, and ministers to that blending of virtue and piety in the human character, which can take place only where there is an equally vivid conception of God's justice and his love.

Intercourse, to which space opposes no barrier, must tend to establish and consolidate peace among the nations. This office has been hopefully inaugurated by enhanced commercial activity, by oceanic steam-navigation, and by the multiplied relations and interests growing out of the facility of foreign travel. A most striking and instructive change has already taken place in the course of human history since the general peace ensuing upon the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte. Previously to that date, wars had occurred, with brief intervals, between nations occupying the same plane as to civilization and culture. Since that epoch have occurred several of the most needless and unjustifiable wars on record, but they have all been between nations of high culture and those holding an inferior position as regards the arts and refinements of life. Such have been the wars of Great Britain in India and China, of the United States with Mexico, of England and France with Russia, which, when we include in our estimate the whole of its territory, must be ranked as a semi-barbarous state. Meanwhile, causes of dissension between the more civilized nations, which half a century ago could have been brought only to the arbitrament of the battle-field, have in repeated instances been settled by diplomatic negotiation or by the intervention of neutral powers. So often has

this taken place in our relations with the European states, that the rumors of war, which seem to be a part of the machinery of every quadrennial campaign for the choice of President, are now as little heeded as the cry of "Wolf" in the fable, and the braggart speeches in Congress which used to spread alarm and conjure up fearful visions among the peace-loving, are now regarded merely as illustrations of the lack of sense or principle, or of both, in the speech-makers. The reason of this is, that relations of business and friendship between the citizens of any two among the great commercial states are so numerous and close, as to invest any anticipated rupture between them with all the horror and atrocity of a civil war.

War has always been in a great degree impersonal; or where there has been personal enmity, it has been against some sovereign or minister, whose real or imputed usurpations and public wrongs have made him seem a criminal worthy of condign retribution. There is profound truth in the identification in the classic tongues of the terms *stranger* and *enemy;* for only a nation of strangers can be regarded as enemies. War has been waged against a nation, not as composed of well-known individual men, but as an aggregate of brute force to be contended with as remorselessly as the attack is urged against physical obstacles to worthy and desired ends. There is not in the heart of any civilized nation the lurking barbarism which could prepare fire and sword against a people, large numbers of whom were in intimate relations of traffic, friendship, and frequent intercourse with its own citizens.

It is obvious that this "bond of peace" must be to an incalculable degree tightened and strengthened by the lightning-winged words which will daily cross and recross the ocean-path now opened to them. In addition to this, the ease with which accurate information can be obtained, the precedence of which we have spoken of fact before magnified rumor, the ease with which explanations may be made between governments, the facility for the settlement of incipient feuds before they have engendered anger, retaliatory speech, and vindictive purposes, must have a most momentous and blessed agency in hastening the time when men shall not "learn war any more."

Other topics we might urge, but time fails us. We must, however, recur, before we drop the subject, to the sermon, so level with its great theme, the title of which stands at the head of this article. The preacher, always fervent and profoundly impressive, has never done more ample justice to his fine powers of glowing thought and emphatic utterance. We quote, in conclusion, as in part coincident with, in part transcending, the views to which we have given expression, the following paragraphs: —

"The connection of Great Britain with our own shores is not a fact that can stand alone. By this channel we shall hold communication with Continental Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. The line of electric transmission will soon girdle the globe. Civilization must receive an impulse greater than it has felt at any time within the last half-century, memorable as this period has been for the appearance of agencies suited to awaken intellectual activity. How can we bring before our minds, with sufficient distinctness, the consequence of a universal interchange of thought by the speediest method? The world, it has been said, will be made a great whispering-gallery; I would rather say, a great assembly, where every one will see and hear every one else. The press has for the last fifty years been the chief agent in educating society. It must now share that privilege with another instrument. The telegraph will anticipate the journal. Facts and opinions, the materials with which successive generations construct the road along which society advances with unequal, but never retrograde steps, will now be furnished to every one on the moment. What an excitement will be given to the brain and heart of the world! Too much, you may say. Perhaps so. Excess, however, will not be fatal. Society will accommodate itself to the new conditions of its existence; and then improvement will go on steadily, as well as rapidly.

"The most remarkable effect, if I may judge from my own narrow thought, will be the approach to a practical unity of the human race; of which we have never yet had a foreshadowing, except in the gospel of Christ. Actually, the race has been divided into as distinct portions as if they lived on separate planets. Jealous of one another, or mutually unknown, they have exchanged no sympathies, united in no common labors, recognized no obligations of kindred blood. What has China been to the rest of mankind for hundreds of years? Even on the maps of the geographer, what has the interior of Africa been, though now known to contain populous cities, but an arid desert? Can such ignorance and isolation continue after the lightnings shall

have been taken into the service of man, to go hither and thither at his command, saying, Here we are? The death-blow has been struck to barbarism. An exclusive policy must yield to the universal solvent. The telegraph is cosmopolitan. Not more British than American, it can neither be monopolized by government, nor stopped in its work of civilization by neglect. It is an institution for the people. Its office is, to diffuse intelligence; its effect, to allay differences. Men who talk together daily cannot hate or disown one another." — pp. 12 – 14.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — 1. *Maître Pierre.* Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 12mo. pp. 310.
2. *Nos Artistes au Salon de* 1857. Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 12mo. pp. 380.

We have to mention in our present issue two new books from the prolific pen of M. About. They well sustain his reputation as a brilliant writer and a genuine humorist. There is infinite variety in his wit, and the playfulness of his manner is bewitching, while it never falls into vulgarity or silliness.

"Maître Pierre" is in reality a sketch of that curious tract of territory between Bourdeaux and Bayonne, called the "Landes," — a territory not often described by tourists, much less by story-tellers. But M. About has found in it material, not only for a capital story, but for a most attractive description. His book is a series of pictures, both of the natural features and of the rustic life of the region. He draws the sand-hills, the marshes, the barren plains, the canals and pools, the meagre sheep, the ugly, diminutive cattle, the peasants stalking on stilts from three to six feet high, the fishermen with their coarse nets, the straggling huts of the villages, the costume of men and women, on work-days and play-days, the credulous clown, the pompous official, the dissipated fine gentleman, and the eccentric ranger, with an equally bold, rapid, and accurate touch. Maître Pierre is odd enough to be the hero of such a region, yet shrewd enough and good enough to be a hero anywhere. The vanity of this child of fortune fits charmingly in with his honesty and his broad sense, to make an original character. He has taken upon himself to regenerate this worthless and desolate tract, and to make of the Landes a healthy

and productive department of France. How far the ameliorations here described have actually gone, and how much of the plans so ingeniously argued, of draining the soil and changing marsh to pasture, and acres of sand to acres of forest, has been accomplished, we have no means of knowing. M. About seems to deal with facts, and certainly gives a great deal of valuable information about a region little known. Smart sayings of course abound. As an apology for giving only one day and half a dozen pages to the city of Bordeaux, M. About observes that a country where we have no acquaintance is very quickly finished, — "on a bientôt tout vu dans un pays où l'on ne connaît personne." He accounts for the great appetites of the Landais peasants by the unhealthy air which they are compelled to breathe. When they can get anything to eat, he says, they gorge themselves to keep out this bad air. "Le fait est que les habitants des Landes, lorsqu'ils ont de quoi manger, s'emplissent volontiers jusqu'à la bouche pour fermer la porte au mauvais air." The arguments of old John XVII. are comically put, especially that against Master Peter's marriage. A man so important to the community ought to remain single, he maintains. Great men ought always to be bachelors. An inventive mind ought not to be hampered with the plague of wife and children. It ought to be wedded to its own ideas. No honest woman ought to entice a genius away from his task, especially such a genius as the man who has undertaken the almost miraculous work of rescuing a province from desolation, and fifty thousand people from small-pox and famine.

The other work of M. About is of a different kind. He ventures to become the critic of art and artists, to discuss the laws of painting and sculpture, and to point out flaws of design, color, form, and taste. His style of criticism is very unlike that of Mr. Ruskin, and his ideas of art are not at all those of the defender of Turner and the defamer of Claude. He does not attempt any fine writing or any declamation about Art. Yet there is a vast deal of wisdom, as well as of humor, in his critical remarks. Their spirit is kindly, their tone candid, and their bearing practical. Of course, it is impossible for one who has not seen the Paris Salon of 1857 to pronounce absolutely that these criticisms are just; one can only say that they seem to be just, and that the writer seems to have no special friends to praise, and no enemies to punish, in his impartial censorship.

One is most surprised, in this affluent volume, to learn the *great number* of meritorious artists whose works are exhibited in the annual shows of Paris. Nearly three hundred are personally mentioned; and these, as we may infer from a remark in the opening chapter, are only half of those who have works on the walls of the exhibition. Of

those who have no redeeming qualities, and of whom no encouraging word is to be said, M. About takes no notice. He blames only those whom he can conscientiously praise. A very few wholly escape censure. The master-artists are scarcely half a dozen. The greatest are first noticed and most elaborately criticised, while to the host of minor brethren only single pages or paragraphs are given. The criticisms are so arranged as to preclude fatigue, and the volume is very far from being a mere illustrated catalogue. M. About varies his subject constantly, passing from small paintings to large, from history to landscape, from landscape to allegory, from allegory to portrait, thence perhaps to still life and back again to history, interspersing chapters on sculpture, drawing, architecture, engraving, and the like, and thus giving to his work all the charm of a brilliant sketch-book.

One or two specimens of M. About's pithy comments will show the quality of the book. "The public," says he, "calls anything *well drawn* which seems to it to be *finished*. But, good friends, it is not the *end* which makes drawings remarkable, it is the *beginning*." Speaking of Gerard Dow, whose exquisite finish so many admire, he exclaims: "That man a designer! Not at all; his place is not in the catalogue of artists, but in the calendar of saints. Patience is a virtue, but genius is a gift. Gerard Dow is a hero of the Simon Stylites kind. He has gained heaven, and nothing more." Speaking of the class of copyists and imitators, he says: "Nature, in the hands of these people, is like the milk carried into the great cities by the milkmen. At every stopping-place they take off a little cream and add a little water, till, at the end of the route, the cans are full of pure water and all the cream is left on the way." He mentions as the fault of M. Jadin that he not only imitates others, but constantly attempts to reproduce his own former paintings. "Now the imitation of one's self is a mistake as fatal as the imitation of another." "M. Jacquemart exhibits a *lion*, as in 1855. It seems that he must give us a lion at every exhibition, as pullets of a good breed lay an egg every day." Criticising the stiff attitudes of M. Benonville's landscapes, he remarks: "In no part of the world do men take the position of a statue to dance a rigadoon. One does not mount on stilts to gather meadow posies."

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2. — *La Turquie et ses Differents Peuples.* Par HENRI MATHIEU. In 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. pp. 784.

M. MATHIEU's work upon the Turkish Empire is at once the most

comprehensive, accurate, and readable of the numerous treatises upon that theme which have lately come under our notice. He is not altogether a Philhellene, nor does he express perfect confidence in the practicability of a new Greek empire in Byzantium; but his theory in regard to the Turkish government is substantially that of the late Czar. Turkey is "a sick man," and the end is near at hand. The Turks are an effete race, unable and unfit any longer to hold sway in the East, and their downfall is inevitable, in spite of the temporary relief which the Western powers may bring. No supply of French or English crutches can hold up much longer this decrepit and tottering dotard. This is M. Mathieu's theory, and he proves it by an ample array of facts and a very able historical survey.

The first volume of his work is devoted to an historical sketch of the Turkish race, conquests, and dominion, from the most distant ages to the present time. The barbaric tribes, whose fusion has given rise to this composite stock, are finely grouped; and if the ethnological argument be regarded as not wholly satisfactory, it must at least be accepted as plausible and praised as ingenious. He condemns as erroneous the prevalent notion that the Turks are only a scion of a Central Asian tribe, and maintains that the blood of Goths and Greeks is mingled in their veins with that of more savage races. Their rise and growth as a dominant race, and their victories first over the Arabs and Persians, and then over the Greeks, are skilfully traced, and we have an impartial estimate of the character of each Sultan in the long line, and the influence of each reign. M. Mathieu's careful study of Turkish polity has enabled him to offer many novel views of traditional customs. Occasionally we discover mistakes of statement, as where he attributes the Catholic prayer of the "Angelus" to the terror which the progress of the Turks aroused, and assigns its origin to a bull of Pope Calixtus, in the fifteenth century. The "Angelus" was in existence more than a century before the time of Calixtus, and had quite a different origin. It is not correct, again, to say, as M. Mathieu does, that Mahomet was the *first person* who taught the "Immaculate Conception." That opinion is only an inference from an obscure note in Sale's Koran. There is nothing in the text of the Koran which can be fairly construed into a statement of the doctrine. Moreover, by several writers of the fourth and fifth centuries the immaculate nature of Mary was mentioned in much more distinct terms, as is shown by Mr. Bryant, in his history of the dogma. There are several passages in the writings of Augustine more to the purpose than any hints of the Koran. We might also question the opinion of M. Mathieu concerning the expedition of Jason, — that it is proved to be a fact by the num-

ber of fables which are joined to it. In that way, half the myths in history might be proved to be facts. St. Patrick, King Arthur, and the Wandering Jew, have much larger resources in this kind than the classic hunters of the Golden Fleece.

In the second volume, which treats of the Turkish Empire as it is to-day, the different races which it holds in subjection, Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Kurds, Jews, and Gypsies, — the institutions, civil, social, and religious, — Legislation, Justice, Finance, Industry, Science and the Arts, the Army and the Navy, — we notice one or two inaccuracies, and a few assertions which need proof. M. Mathieu has not studied either the history or the opinions of the Druses with sufficient care, and is at fault also in his account of the Maronites. We are quite sure that the Armenian Church does not recognize as orthodox any "who believe that the Holy Spirit is of the female sex." Nor yet has the Armenian Church the organization which he describes. It has a chief "Catholicos," who resides at Erivan, and not *five* equal patriarchs. One of the highest dignitaries lives in Jerusalem.

Two remarkable assertions are made by M. Mathieu about Islam and the Koran. One is that fatalism is no part of the religion of Mohammed, and is not taught in the sacred book. This certainly denies a favorite and almost universal theory. M. Mathieu admits that the Turks are practically fatalists, but maintains that they never learned to be so from their religion or its founder. "Fatalism," he says, "has never been taught in Islam, and it is of constant inculcation among Mussulman doctors, that to deny the full liberty of human actions is to fall into *unbelief*." "It is the barbarism, and not the dogma," he adds, which makes fatalists of the Orientals.

The other assertion, still more surprising, is that the Koran has no authority as a test of faith and practice, and that tradition has superseded it as thoroughly as the Talmud with the Jews has superseded the ancient Law. He maintains that the study of the Koran in the schools is a purely literary exercise, and that no one thinks of regarding it as a text-book of morals, politics, or even theology. It is hardly more considered in courts of justice, or in the councils of the Ulemas, than the poems of Homer in the court of Otho. It has been usually supposed that the prohibition of printing the Koran arose from the excessive reverence in which the book was held, and such an explanation we have heard more than once from the lips of intelligent Moslems. But M. Mathieu says, that the prohibition grew out of a wish to screen from condemnation authorized sins; that it is not printed, for fear that the people should see the difference between its

teaching and the average public morality. We are not satisfied with this statement, nor are we prepared to believe that the Koran has lost with its devotees all influence or weight. M. Mathieu reiterates his assertion, and has no misgiving concerning it.

Another statement which he makes concerning the difference between the Sunnites and the Shiites in regard to the Koran as a created existence, the former maintaining that it began to be, while the latter asserts its eternity, is open to some question. Equally curious is his discrimination between the Greek and Latin Purgatories; the Latin Purgatory being a place of bodily suffering, while in the Greek, souls are purified by the expectation of bliss. The Greek Purgatory is a very pleasant place for the wicked.

All travellers in the East must have remarked the universal custom of carrying strings of beads, and twirling them in conversation. It is not easy to learn the reason for this custom from the men who practise it. But M. Mathieu insists that it is for the purpose of bringing the hands in front of the body. In a different posture, hostility is implied. A man who meets you with hands behind his back, must be regarded as your enemy. He is not the first to mention the resemblance of the Gypsy dialect to the Sanscrit, or the fact that Orientals worship the dove. Some may think him too harsh in stigmatizing all Turkish justice as venal, and representing bribery as the universal custom in the courts; but he has not much overstated the fact. The custom of compelling the winner, rather than the loser, to pay the costs of court, has no doubt a salutary effect in checking litigation. But it would require more space than we have to do justice to these very valuable and instructive volumes. The closing chapter on Turkish reforms, which M. Mathieu considers entirely chimerical, and the Appendix, which contains a careful description of the walls, the mosques, and the various Christian and mediæval remains of Constantinople, exhibit well the characteristics of the author's thought and style.

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3. *Shakspeare. Jules César, Tragedie traduite en Vers Français. Avec le Texte Anglais au Bas des Pages. Précédée d'une Étude et suivie de Notes.* Par C. CARLHAUT. Paris: Didot. 1856. 8vo. pp. 248.

ALL attempts to naturalize in France the dramas of Shakespeare seem destined to fail. The Germans boast that Schlegel's translations enable them to understand these great works better than the English themselves; and with reason they claim that Hamlet and

Macbeth are more adequately represented in the *Burg-theater* of Vienna than on any stage in the English metropolis. But in France the case is different. Neither French taste nor the French language can conform itself to the stately measure of Shakespeare's tragedies. Voltaire attempted, indeed, to introduce "Julius Cæsar" to his countrymen; yet his version is of only half the original, and is so varied from the text of Shakespeare that it is substantially a new work. M. Carlhaut could hardly expect to succeed where Voltaire had failed, and his preliminary note seems to tell us that he is quite aware of the extreme boldness of his attempt. He ventures, however. His work is divided into two parts. The first part, which occupies eighty pages, is a critical examination of the drama, in its subject and its form. It vindicates triumphantly the genius of Shakespeare from the assaults of French poets and playwrights, and exhibits with considerable skill the masterly use which the great dramatist has here made of his abundant material. M. Carlhaut's analysis will not compare, certainly, with that of the German or English critics of Shakespeare. It is not exhaustive, nor does it give us any new insight into the beauties or subtilties of the play. But it shows a candid and patient study, the result of which has become sympathy and enthusiasm. It shows also a brave forgetfulness of those tyrannous rules by which the old French Academy hampered all study of foreign works of art. M. Carlhaut has as much reverence for Corneille and Racine as any frequenter of the "Théatre Français" ought to have; but he will not judge the English romantic drama by the laws of that classic playhouse.

At the outset of his translation (which makes the second part of the volume) a serious difficulty presented itself. Portions of the original — the jesting of the rabble with the tribunes, the report of Casca to Cassius and Brutus, and the speech of Brutus himself to the people — are in plain prose. Should they be rendered into equivalent prose, or preserve, according to French taste, the heroic rhythm of the rest of the drama? M. Carlhaut has chosen the latter method, and has made these speeches rhyme as accurately as the periods of Antony's funeral oration. The necessity of rhyme, too, was another obstacle in the way of a faithful translation; and this makes some fine turns of the original feeble and ludicrous in the version. In the very first line, the need of finding a rhyme for "artisan," led to the rendering of "get you home" by "allez vous-en," which is certainly a poor dilution of the original. And sometimes this necessity compels an entire change of the English expression. For instance, in the interview of Brutus with Ligarius in Act II. Scene I., where Brutus says,

"A piece of work that will make sick men whole,"

and Ligarius answers,

"But are not some whole that we must make sick?"

the translation has it:—

"*Brutus.* Un effort
Qui rende à tous la vie."

"*Ligarius.* Et va donner la mort
Sans doute à quelques uns?"

Thus turning the poetic thought of Shakespeare to the blankest prose. We might multiply instances of this kind from every page of the translation. The excuse for such variations is, that the form of French tragic verse renders them inevitable. For the convenience of his readers, the author has placed at the foot of his page the English original. He thus furnishes to his English readers an opportunity to see how imperfect his renderings are.

The best thing that we can say of this translation of Julius Cæsar is, that it is faithful to the plot and the order of Shakespeare's play, and free from very gross blunders. M. Carlhaut has studied his theme carefully enough to apprehend its drift, but by no means sufficiently to discern the niceties of meaning in each choice word and epithet. He has translated the story, but not the poem. In his version it becomes nothing more than rhymed prose. Even the speech of Antony, in the French hexameters, is merely a jingling narrative, without any of that rhetorical pathos, fire, and cunning insinuation which make the original such a consummate piece of pleading.

The notes, which are few, are yet numerous enough to contain several errors. The mechanical execution of the volume is very superior, — in the best style of Didot. It is quite rare to find an English piece printed in Paris with so few typographical errors.

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4. — *Le Roman de la Momie.* Par THEOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris: Hachette. 1858. Petit 8vo. pp. 302.

WHO but a Frenchman would think of making a mummy the subject of a love-story? M. Gautier is an experienced artist in the manipulation of romantic fancies, and he has managed to extract from the unrolling of his mummy something better worth preserving than the mass of rags and bitumen which is the usual residuum of such efforts. Not the least entertaining chapter in the book is the prologue, in which the author tells how he came into possession of the precious history. In this prologue, he hits with pleasant satire the peculiarities of the Eng-

lish travelling aristocrat, the German antiquary, and the Greek dragoman. Lord Evandale, Doctor Rumphius, and Argyropoulos are all characters drawn to the life, all gentlemen whom we have met in Egypt.

By good luck and shrewdness, the wily Greek has discovered a tomb in the "Biban el Molouk" at Thebes, which had escaped the notice of previous investigators. He is not foolish enough to tell his secret, but reserves it until some rich Englishman comes along, who is ready to pay handsomely for the privilege of opening a new royal sepulchre and carrying off a genuine embalmed king. When Lord Evandale appears at Thebes, Argyropoulos recognizes in the costume and bearing of this noble traveller, who has been all over the world in his yacht, exactly the man for his purpose. He is sure that the German companion of this nobleman will second his scheme; the slovenly dress, the blue glasses, the prying inquisitiveness, and the ugly phiz, all betray the sanguine enthusiast. In a sly and insinuating style he makes his overtures; and for a thousand guineas at length agrees to introduce the party into a new and unviolated tomb, of which they are to appropriate all the contents. The excavations are at once commenced; the side of the mountain is attacked; tons of sand are scraped away; the door is found; passage after passage and hall after hall are visited and wondered at; and at last, after many trials, much doubting, and some swearing, the central chamber is reached, the sarcophagus is opened, and the form and features of a female mummy are revealed on the painted enclosure. They have discovered the famous Jahoser, the only female permitted to lie in the Valley of the Kings, royal in her own right. The mummy is forthwith borne to the cabin of Lord Evandale's cangia, where it is deliberately unwrapped, with a different *dénouement* from that which a few years ago amused on a similar occasion a select Boston audience.

Many treasures were found in the bandages of the embalmed queen; but that which Rumphius claimed for his share of the plunder was a roll of papyrus, which his practised eye saw to contain something more than the usual "hieratic formulas." For three years he buried himself in hieroglyphic investigations, until he astonished the world with a Latin translation of the papyrus, which M. Gautier has made intelligible by his French version, — the present romance.

We shall not attempt to give even an outline of the story itself. The scene is laid in Thebes, in the last years of the bondage of the Israelites. The heroine of the story is the daughter of the High-Priest Petamonouph, whose accomplishments and magnificence are surpassed only by her brilliant beauty. She loves a young Israelite, by name

Poeri. He cannot return her love, being affianced to Rachel, a poor maiden of his own hated race. The great Pharaoh, on the day of his triumphal entry into Thebes from his wars in Ethiopia, sees the splendid Jahoser, and determines to make her his queen. After various strange adventures, in which there is the usual amount of plotting and fate, Pharaoh possesses himself of his prize, and makes her queen against her will. The inferior love-stratagems are gradually eclipsed by the rising tragedy of the miracles of God. Moses and Aaron appear; one after another the plagues fall upon the land; and the story ends grandly with the passage of the Red Sea and the drowning of Pharaoh and his host. Jahoser is left sovereign queen, to reign her time, and to tell after four thousand years her story to a German professor.

M. Gautier has done for Thebes in this book what Max Uhlemann did for Memphis in his vision of three days in that city. He has transported us to the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, and shown us in a panorama the scenes of its varied and wonderful life, in palace and in temple, on the farm, the street, and the river, in the rich neighborhood and the squalid slave quarter, in holiday grandeur and in evening quiet. The description is fresh, accurate, and admirable.

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5. — *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters, and of the Progress of Painting in Italy.* By MRS. JAMESON. New Edition, with numerous Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1858. Post 8vo. pp. 364.

THE circumstances under which this new edition of Mrs. Jameson's "Italian Painters" has been published, have given rise to an unpleasant and somewhat acrimonious controversy, in which the lady herself has been drawn to take part. We are not competent to judge of the merits of the case; but if the present edition has forestalled any more complete and elaborate work, it is certainly much to be regretted. The great and patent defect of this book is its incompleteness. It leaves out some names in the period surveyed which are quite worthy of mention, and it says not a word about the school of Genoa and the greater school of Bologna. These, indeed, came later than the painters who pass under the author's notice; yet are not Guido, Domenichino, and the Caracci properly to be classed with the great Italian masters?

But it is ungracious to quarrel with so charming a volume because it ends too soon. What there is of it is exquisite. Mrs. Jameson's judgments in matters of art, especially of sacred and legendary art, have to us almost the force of law, so uniformly have we found them to

correspond with our own impressions. In this volume she does not give criticisms of pictures so much as sketches of the lives and estimates of the genius of the painters whom she notices. Beginning with Cimabue and ending with the Venetian school, her survey includes nearly all the great names in Italian painting for a period of three centuries. Though her favorites are evidently those whom the consenting voice of all subsequent time has placed first, Giotto, Da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, she yet gives to all the rest their fair proportion of notice, and an impartial and sympathetic treatment. There is no attempt to exalt any master at the expense of his brethren. In this respect the sketches and criticisms of Mrs. Jameson are in admirable contrast with the brilliant panegyrics and tirades of Mr. Ruskin.

The illustrations which embellish the volume are not wanting in spirit, yet we can hardly consider them as fit for such a work. New steel plates would doubtless have increased the cost, but we cannot well be content with such rough drawings of noble faces, and such faint outlines of great pictures. The representations of Raphael's cartoons are caricatures, and some of the heads are not much better.

The volume is without an index, which is certainly a serious defect in a work of this kind. Indeed, we cannot wonder that Mrs. Jameson should object to the manner of its publication. It is to be hoped that her design of enlarging and perfecting it will not be relinquished.

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6. — *Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. New Edition. Complete in One Volume, with a General Index and Additional Portraits. London: H. G. Bohn. 1858. Post 8vo. pp. 564.

MR. BOHN is doing good service in commencing his "Historical" Series with the learned studies of Mr. Jesse. Works so full of research deserve a larger circulation than they could have gained in the former expensive edition. The present work is a fit sequel to the history of England under the reign of the Stuarts, and finishes the record of that unfortunate royal race. The romances of Scott have rescued the heroism of the Jacobite party in Scotland from the disgrace of its failure; but Scott tells only a small part of the story, and that not always accurately. Mr. Jesse is impartial, and his account of battles is as careful and minute as his analyses of motive and character are acute and unsparing. He loves his theme, but he does not set the virtues of James or of Charles Stuart in such relief as to hide their vices. The weakness of the one and the rashness of the other are not covered

over by the writer's sense of James's patience or of Charles's valor. Nor does Mr. Jesse trace the beastly sottishness of the young Pretender's later life altogether to his disappointment. He acknowledges an early love of the bottle in this prince so nobly endowed, and hints that, if he had regained the throne of his ancestors, the style of Charles II.'s court might have been revived, and the father of Miss Walkenshaw's children might have equalled the sensuality of the lover of Nell Gwynn. The thrilling adventures of Charles Stuart in the months of his hiding in the fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands and the caverns of the Hebrides, — his numerous hairbreadth escapes, his excessive sufferings and hardships, the shifts and disguises to which he was forced, — make in Mr. Jesse's plain narrative a picture more striking than any rhetoric could have drawn. They portray the life and scenery of the Highlands better than any set description. The only fault we have to mention is, that so detailed a narrative is not accompanied by a good map of the localities, so that the various doublings and turnings, the flights by land and water, the glens traversed and the hamlets and castles visited, might be followed by the eye. Mere names of the places, without such a map, give to the common reader no idea of the extraordinary expedients which the young prince used to baffle his pursuers.

The secondary sketches of the book are well executed, with somewhat too minute detail of the circumstances of executions. Mr. Jesse has a fondness for scaffolds, hangings, and beheadings, and never omits to tell all that happened on Tower Hill. His biographical notice of the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal Henry of York, is too short. We should be glad to know how those splendid collections of coins, engravings, and works of art, which were pillaged by the French marauders, were originally gathered.

We trust that this volume may be followed by a new edition of Jesse's account of the city of London.

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7. — *School Days of Eminent Men.* With Illustrations. By JOHN TIMBS, F. S. A. London: Kent & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 320.

THE previous volumes of Mr. Timbs have shown him to be a most diligent collector of historical scraps and literary odds and ends. In the work which he has lately issued, there are many facts "not generally known." The first half is a fragmentary sketch of the progress of education in England from the age of the Druids to the reign of Queen Victoria. The continuity is rather that of bits of mosaic wrought into

line, than of any proper historical development. Every king comes in for notice, though not much is told about any one. The date of foundation, the names of benefactors, and the character of the first teachers of all the great public schools in the realm, are given; but the origin of the Universities is most imperfectly described. The second half of the volume contains notices of the early life of most of the famous poets, philosophers, scholars, statesmen, generals, and wits of England, from William of Wykeham to General Havelock. Some omissions, however, are unaccountable. Why should Wordsworth be left out of a summary which includes Cowper, Gray, and Byron? Why should Campbell and Young be left unmentioned? On what ground is the name of Fox omitted, where Burke and Pitt are remembered? Why should we be told about Watts, and not about Baxter; about Barrow, and not about Cudworth; about Samuel Butler, and not about Joseph Butler, the Bishop; about Bunyan, and not about George Fox? These deficiencies greatly lessen the value of the volume as a book of reference. Indeed, Mr. Timbs seems merely to have arranged chronologically the contents of his commonplace-book, without trying to make a complete work. He has relieved himself of so much accumulated store, and is now ready for a fresh collection.

With this drawback of want of completeness and coherence, the book may be commended as a handy manual, containing a great deal of curious information, told in a playful, conversational style. Tory prejudices break out here and there, as in the praise of Clarendon and the Stuart kings. The illustrations represent the interiors of the most noted school-rooms in the kingdom, and show how inferior are the accommodations at Eton, Westminster, and Harrow, to those of an ordinary New-England district school. The construction of the great "halls of learning" in England is one of magnificent discomfort. As school-rooms, they are absurdities. What teacher can teach respectably in a room sixty feet high and a hundred and eighty feet long? The maps and blackboards in such a hall are invisible to most of the pupils, and the teacher's voice must be inaudible, unless he have the lungs of Stentor. The benches seem expressly contrived to make study a prolonged penance. There is not a public school-house in England that will compare for convenience of arrangement with the school-houses in the city of Boston. If there ever was an army of martyrs, it is to be found within the walls of Christ's Hospital in study hours.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Timbs has not noticed at greater length the famous *teachers* of the English schools.

8. — *Works of* Samuel Dexter Bradford, LL.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858.

Possibly some apology may be necessary for the liberty we take with a volume which, from a feeling of modesty or delicacy, the author has not allowed to be placed on the shelves of the booksellers. In the "Dedication to his Sons" he says: —

"This collection has been made for circulation only amongst a few particular friends, so that it is not deemed necessary (as is so often done) to invoke even the tender mercies of critics or reviewers, should this work be ever so unfortunate as to pass into their hands and be considered worthy of their perusal."

With these words before us, we have had some misgivings about the propriety of noticing the book. But the motive for printing is so honorable both to the writer's head and heart, and so worthy is the example of the union of a busy mercantile life with intellectual culture and the pursuit of letters, that we waive our scruples.

"You will not be surprised," he writes, "at any errors you may find in the volume inscribed to you; nor can you expect those graces of style and composition which are found in the works of professed scholars, but are not expected in those of the active and busy merchant."

And yet no fault can be found with the style, which is correct, easy, and perspicuous. The contents of the volume are very miscellaneous, embracing some specimens of college exercises, political articles, obituaries, letters and speeches on different occasions, and on a great variety of subjects, agricultural, financial, and academical. Of course the opinions expressed on some of these subjects are not such as will find general acceptance. No matter. The author's long experience, manifest honesty of purpose, truthfulness, and integrity, entitle his views to respectful attention. For ourselves, we have read the volume with much interest, and conclude with expressing the hope that the writer may be induced to change his intention, and to allow others besides a "few particular friends" to receive the benefit and pleasure of its perusal.

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9. — *The History of the Origin and Rise of the Republic of Venice.* By William Carew Hazlitt. London: John Russell Smith. 1858. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xix. and 356, 482.

This History is designed to supply an admitted want in English literature; and Mr. Hazlitt is at least entitled to the praise which

belongs to the diligent explorer of a comparatively unwrought mine. His volumes show that he has carefully studied the original authorities, and that he has neglected no sources of information which were within his reach. Indeed, he tells us in his Preface, that the whole number of books consulted in the course of his labors "would probably be found to exceed three hundred separate and distinct works." Among the principal authorities upon which he relies are the contemporary memoirs of Dandolo and Da Canale, and the voluminous publications of Sandini, Marini, Filiasi, and Romanelli; but he does not appear to have had access to any unpublished documents. Of the histories of Daru and Langier he speaks very slightingly; and he does not hesitate to accuse Daru of gross inaccuracy, particularly in the earlier portion of his work. His own narrative is full, clear, and exact. Its most obvious defects are an excessive coldness and dryness. Mr. Hazlitt never allows himself to be moved with indignation or enthusiasm; and his style is as frigid and formal when he is describing a battle or a festival, as it is when he is giving a sketch of Venetian policy or a summary of Venetian laws. These features of style will doubtless prevent his volumes from meeting with the favorable reception to which their merits would otherwise entitle them. In another more important respect his History fails to satisfy the just requirements of the subject. Not only does a story so rich, various, and peculiar in interest as is that of the Venetian Republic demand some degree of brilliancy in its treatment, but it affords ample scope for the powers of a philosophical historian; and to this distinction Mr. Hazlitt possesses small claims. His grasp of his subject is by no means equal to his knowledge of it; and we search his volumes in vain for a single acute analysis or striking delineation of character, or for any exhaustive discussion of the causes which from time to time determined the course of events and gave to Venice her peculiar history. The disquisitions in which he occasionally indulges rarely touch the root of the matter. In a word, he can be regarded only as an accurate and painstaking chronicler. The two volumes before us bring down the narrative to the death of the Doge Giovanni Dandolo, in 1389. Commencing with a brief account of the ancient Veneti, and of the successive irruptions of the Goths, Vandals, and other nations, Mr. Hazlitt next traces the fortunes of the Republic through its first stormy years and its subsequent period of growing power and magnificence, pausing before he has reached the culminating point from which the decline and fall of Venice, as a great commercial and military state, may be dated. Though the history of Venice still remains to be written, we shall look with interest for a continuation of Mr. Hazlitt's work.

10. — *The Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti; with an Introductory Memoir of Eminent Linguists, Ancient and Modern.* By C. W. RUSSELL, D.D., President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. xiv. and 502.

THIS memoir, as we learn from the Preface, owes its origin to an article upon Cardinal Mezzofanti printed in the number of the Edinburgh Review for January, 1855. Encouraged by the favor with which that article was received, and by the offer of additional information from various sources, Dr. Russell determined to expand his essay into a volume, and thus to complete the portrait which he had sketched in outline. In the execution of this design he has been entirely successful; and the result is a Life of the great linguist which fully and fairly exhibits the nature and extent of his attainments. It is deficient, indeed, in those personal details and anecdotes which constitute the highest charm of a biography; but unfortunately it did not fall within the author's design to exhibit the Cardinal in this light. "The true purpose of this narrative," he says, — "to exhibit the faculty rather than the man, — seems to me to depend less on the accumulation of piquant anecdotes and striking adventures, than upon a calm and truthful survey of his intellectual attainments in the successive stages of his career." In this respect nothing more can be desired. Dr. Russell's materials have been drawn from the most remote quarters of the globe, as well as from his own recollections; and he has apparently exhausted every accessible source of information. Cardinal Wiseman furnished him with much material originally designed to be used in that prelate's "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," and contributions were also received from Mezzofanti's nephew. In the arrangement of these materials, Dr. Russell has shown excellent judgment, and though he is not free from that tendency to exaggerate the knowledge and virtues of his hero which is the pet sin of biographers, his volume furnishes all necessary materials for forming a just and impartial estimate of the value of Mezzofanti's attainments.

Born at Bologna on the 17th of September, 1774, and dying at Rome on the 15th of March, 1849, Cardinal Mezzofanti never passed beyond the confines of Italy; yet he was unquestionably the greatest linguist that has ever lived, and, as Lord Byron said, he might have been universal interpreter at the building of the tower of Babel. In regard to the number of languages with which he was acquainted, and the degree of his familiarity with each, there is considerable uncertainty. Dr. Russell has investigated the subject with much thorough-

ness and impartiality, and the result of his investigations may be briefly stated as follows; — that Mezzofanti spoke "with rare excellence" thirty languages, that he is said to have spoken "fluently" nine more, that he spoke "rarely and less perfectly" eleven, and "imperfectly" eight others, and that he had "studied from books, but is not known to have spoken" fourteen more, making in all seventy-two languages; and that in addition to these he was more or less familiar with upwards of thirty minor dialects. This number seems almost incredible; yet the evidence upon which Dr. Russell makes up his statement cannot be easily overthrown, and, after a careful consideration of the subject, we are not inclined to deduct much from the number specified. We cannot, however, concur with him in the opinion which he expresses in regard to Mezzofanti's acquaintance with general literature and other subjects not immediately dependent upon his knowledge of languages. It is clear that the Cardinal was a wonderful word-machine; and this appears to have been his chief, if not his only, claim to distinction. Except in the remarkable facility with which he mastered the difficulties of foreign tongues, he does not seem to have possessed much intellectual power. It is evident that his knowledge so far as it was tested was superficial, — "the kind of knowledge," as has been well said, "which passes current in society, and which is necessarily picked up by one who meets often with cultivated people of different countries." Nor did he ever write or print anything which could justify a claim to literary eminence. Dr. Russell admits that his sermons were commonplace; and it is certain that his letters have little merit as compositions. As a theologian, his reputation was low; and Bunsen, who knew him personally, says he had no idea of Hebrew criticism, and that "his knowledge of Greek criticism, too, was very shallow." "He remembered words and their sounds and significations almost instinctively," says this eminent scholar; "but he lived upon reminiscences: he never had an original thought." His personal character was blameless, and he seems to have borne his honors and his great reputation with becoming modesty. His charities were numerous and unobtrusive; and he was always ready to extend a helping hand to young students, particularly to those of the Propaganda. There he passed much of his time in his latter years, in familiar conversation with students from different countries.

Dr. Russell has prefixed to his memoir an introductory essay of about a hundred and twenty pages, comprising notices of the most celebrated linguists of ancient and modern times, exhibiting much curious information and great research, showing that the biography of a great linguist must be to him a labor of love. We ought to add, that

the volume is printed in a shamefully careless manner. Typographical blunders are provokingly frequent, and one is tempted to doubt whether the proofs were ever read.

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11. — *The Laws of Business for Business Men, in all the States of the Union. With Forms for Mercantile Instruments, Deeds, Leases, Wills, &c.* By THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LL.D., Professor of Law in the University at Cambridge. Compiled by the Author principally from his Treatises on the Law of Contracts and on the Elements of Commercial Law. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 504.

THE value of all such treatises as this must depend, not only upon the perfect familiarity of the writer with his subject, but also upon his ability to communicate his knowledge of it at once in a systematic form and in simple language. Tried by these tests, Mr. Parsons's volume must take high rank among the numerous works designed to popularize science. The practical knowledge of commercial law which he acquired while he was at the bar, and his reputation as a lawyer and a teacher, are a sufficient guaranty for the soundness of the principles which he lays down, and for the accuracy of his statements. The volume is divided into twenty-eight chapters, and most of these are subdivided into sections, treating severally of the minor divisions of his subject. His first two chapters are devoted to an explanation of the purpose and plan of the book, and to some remarks upon the general subject of commercial law, with definitions of the technical phrases of most frequent occurrence. Following these are chapters upon mercantile contracts, the statute of frauds, negotiable paper, the carriage of goods, the statute of limitations, the laws of bankruptcy and insolvency, the law of shipping, marine, fire, and life insurance, deeds, mortgages, leases, and other kindred topics. The Appendix contains numerous forms for contracts, deeds, leases, and other instruments; and the value of the work is still further enhanced by a very excellent and copious Index. We think that Mr. Parsons would have rendered his work still better adapted to its purpose by chapters upon the laws affecting trustees and property held in trust, and upon the revenue laws. They need not have added much to the size or cost of the work, and there are many points connected with these laws which are not generally understood. With this exception we have not observed any important omissions.

12. — *A Cyclopedia of Commerce and of Commercial Navigation.* Edited by J. Smith Homans, Corresponding Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce for the State of New York, and Editor of "The Bankers' Magazine and Statistical Register"; and by J. Smith Homans, Jr., B. S., Author of "An Historical and Statistical Sketch of the Foreign Commerce of the U. S." With Maps and Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 2007.

He who criticises this book unfavorably must aim his strictures at its omissions, and not at its contents. Some important omissions we have detected, and on some subjects which we expected to see largely treated, we find very little. But we have more than two thousand pages, with narrow margin, fine type, and double columns, entirely filled with valuable facts and statistics, comprising the history of commerce no less than its present condition. The range of titles includes countries, states, and seaports, commodities of merchandise, heads of mercantile law, maritime terms and equipments, and names of distinguished navigators. Many of the articles are highly elaborated treatises, with tabular statements. The work is peculiarly rich in figures, and, wherever practicable, carefully arranged numerical details are furnished. So far as we know, M'Culloch's Dictionary is the only work with which it can be brought into comparison, and of this it has greatly the advantage, not only in its being parallel with the present time, but also in its copiousness, and still more in its adaptation to the wants of the American public. As a reference-book it will be of incalculable worth, and its generous scope and skilful execution render it a monument of patient and well-directed industry, equally honorable to the accomplished editors and to the publishers whose enterprise has so liberally seconded their labors.

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13. — *The Life of Thomas Jefferson.* By Henry S. Randall, LL.D. In 3 volumes. New York: Derby and Jackson. 8vo.

The American public are under very great obligations to Dr. Randall for this work, and at the same time have strong reasons to find fault with the mode of its execution. Of materials to serve for the biography of Jefferson, it is a collection as full as could be desired, — over-full, say some critics, but we doubt whether any two readers could readily agree as to the portions to be omitted. Certainly we have never examined a memoir better adapted to place a great man before the world in the aspects in which he was seen by his family and his

intimate friends; and though we have prolix extracts from his expense-book and his farm-diary, even they are characteristic extracts, and do their part toward completing the portrait. Then, too, — what is worthy of all praise, — Jefferson is to a great extent made his own biographer, and, wherever his letters or memoranda cover the ground of the narrative, they take its place. Viewed thus closely, Jefferson's private character becomes interesting and attractive far beyond our expectation; and yet he seems to us a man rather of good intentions than of lofty principles, — one whose nature recoiled from everything dishonorable, but who was by no means capable of heroic virtue. He wins in this record our high respect, but falls short of our profound reverence.

While Dr. Randall's work has many of the merits of autobiography, it has more than its usual one-sidedness and exaggeration. It wholly lacks the judicial character of history. The author enters, with the feelings of a contemporary leader of party, into all political questions, and advocates Jefferson's opinions and measures with an intenseness of rancor towards opponents of which the sage of Monticello himself exhibited few traces. He evidently misunderstands the Federalists as a party, and vilipends with even coarse abuse their greatest and best men, among whom none fares so ill at his hands, or is so grievously caricatured, as the venerable Josiah Quincy. In not a single instance does he approach a generous appreciation of any political antagonist of his hero.

Dr. Randall's style is perspicuous, but not graceful; it ministers more to the unburdening of the author's, than to the delectation of the reader's mind, and sins not infrequently against the canons of grammar and of rhetoric.

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14. — *The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. III. Beam — Browning. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 768.

THE articles that appear on the title-page as the first and last of this volume, might well be assumed as specimens of the style in which the work has thus far been executed. The article *Beam* fills six closely printed columns, and comprises a detailed account of the various shapes of cast-iron and wrought-iron beams, the different modes of laying them and filling them in, practised both in Europe and America, and the rules and methods for determining their power of resistance and support. The articles *Browning* contain the personal and literary biography of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, the

names and subjects of all their longer poems, and criticisms of them, founded on those salient characteristics which must determine the verdict of posterity as to their merits. In turning over the pages, we have been particularly impressed by the thoroughness of an article on *The Blind*, which, in a carefully composed treatise on the causes and treatment of blindness and the modes of instruction for the blind, contains tabular views of the ratio of the blind to the whole population in different latitudes on the Eastern Continent (the ratio being greatest between 10° and 20°, least between 50° and 60°); of the ratio of the blind to the population in various countries; of the number of the blind where it has been ascertained by census; of the statistics of institutions for the blind in Europe and the United States; and of "eminent blind persons," with the grounds of their celebrity and their "works written during blindness." But there is no need of multiplying our specifications. We can turn to no title which does not confirm our confidence in the judicious distribution of the work. Each article seems to have been written by an expert in the department to which it belongs. There can be no doubt that, at least for the use of American readers, and in some respects wherever the English language is spoken, this Cyclopædia will greatly surpass in its value as a reference-book any similar compilation that has yet been issued on either side of the Atlantic. One slight, yet not unimportant omission, we have noticed, namely, that of the accents in foreign names. We can see no good reason why the orthography of these names should not be completed by the insertion of such vowel-marks as are never omitted in the languages to which they belong.

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15. — *The Works of* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. *The Plays edited from the Folio of* MDCXXIII., *with Various Readings from all the Editions and all the Commentators, Notes, Introductory Remarks, a Historical Sketch of the Text, an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama, a Memoir of the Poet, and an Essay upon his Genius.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Vols. II. – V. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. Small 8vo.

IN our last number we gave a synopsis of the contents and literary features of this edition; in our next, we hope to present a detailed discussion of its high and varied merits. We would now refer merely to the mechanical execution of these volumes. In texture and tint of paper, in neatness, clearness, and beauty of typography, and in all the accessories which munificent taste can furnish to the more costly issues

of the press, they are unequalled by any American, and unsurpassed by any English edition of a standard author designed for general circulation and use, and, indeed, are immeasurably to be preferred as specimens of art to nine tenths of the professedly ornamented books that are made to be looked at and not read. It is, in fact, such volumes as these that are needed to redeem the book-making craft from the discredit cast upon it by the gilded and satin-bound enormities that swarm on our booksellers' counters as often as Christmas recurs.

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16. — *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. From the Second London Edition. To which is added an Alphabetical Index. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 677.

WHEN our article on this volume went to press, we were unaware that the Appletons' edition of it was in progress. We need only name the publishers to give assurance that this work, so much in demand, may be as easily and pleasantly read (though at much less cost) in the reprint as in the London edition.

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17. — *A History of East Boston; with Biographical Sketches of its Early Proprietors, and an Appendix.* By WILLIAM H. SUMNER, A. M. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 801.

CONSIDERABLY more than half of this ponderous volume is devoted to materials of historical, antiquarian, and biographical interest, more or less intimately connected with the ownership and occupancy of Noddle's Island before it became East Boston. How rich a vein Mr. Sumner has mined our readers can imagine, when they are told that Samuel Maverick owned the island and lived upon it; that it was for several years in the middle of the seventeenth century a place of refuge for the Baptists from persecution on the mainland, and the seat of the only Baptist Church in the Province; that among the biographical notices, in addition to those of the Mavericks, Shrimptons, Shutes, and Hyslops, are life-sketches of such persons as Rev. Dr. Chauncy, Governor Increase Sumner, and his accomplished wife; and that this spot was the scene of military operations of no little importance during the war of the Revolution. Mr. Sumner has enriched his volume by numerous autographs, several well-executed portraits, and other appropriate illustrations. The work is honorable at once to his zeal in col-

lecting, and his taste in reducing to order, records, traditions, and reminiscences, derived from very numerous, diverse, and widely separated sources.

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18. — *A Text-Book of Vegetable and Animal Physiology. Designed for the use of Schools, Seminaries, and Colleges in the United States.* By HENRY GOADBY, M. D., Professor of Vegetable and Animal Physiology and Entomology in the State Agricultural College of Michigan. Embellished with upwards of Four Hundred and Fifty Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 313.

WHEN we first saw the title of this book, we supposed that there was no place for it, in the multitude of treatises similarly named. But on examination, we are inclined to think that it has a clear field. It is peculiarly an histology, — a treatise on tissues; it is founded on recent microscopic researches, and applies their results to the solution of familiar facts and phenomena. The engravings are chiefly of tissue, as seen through the microscope. They are executed in white on a black ground, and are thus especially adapted to the delineation of nerves, which are always white. The entire work bears abundant tokens of thorough comprehension of the subject, mature judgment, superior analytic power, ripe learning, and an eminent capacity of teaching. It is perfectly evident that the author has been an experienced and successful lecturer on physiology; for his whole style of presentation has at once the lucidness and the flexibility which could grow only from the habit of *viva voce* utterance on his somewhat recondite themes.

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19. — *Text-Book of Modern Carpentry; comprising a Treatise on Building-Timber, with Rules and Tables for calculating its Strength, and the Strains to which each Timber of a Structure is subjected; Observations on Roofs, Trusses, Bridges, &c.; and a Glossary, explaining at length the Technical Terms in Use among Carpenters.* By THOMAS W. SILLOWAY, Architect of the New Capitol at Montpelier, Vermont. Illustrated by Twenty Copperplates. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 180.

WE welcome every well-conceived endeavor to unite science and the useful arts, both as tending to elevate the intellectual standard of the artisan, and as insuring a higher value for his work. In many of our new towns and cities the construction of ruins might have seemed the

aim of the builders, so early do roofs leak, and walls settle, and floor-timbers yield, and doors and partitions shrink. Many are the structures, whose members less support one another than break one another's fall, and whose continued existence is due to a certain *vis inertiæ*. The book before us fulfils the promise of its title, and cannot fail of a grateful reception with all carpenters who are intelligent enough to use it, and those who are not so are out of their place when they profess to be master-workmen.

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20. — *The Coopers: or, Getting under Way.* By ALICE B. HAVEN, Author of "No such Word as Fail," "All's not Gold that Glistens," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 336.

THIS is a plain story of a young married pair by no means highly endowed or possessed of interesting traits of character, — a bank-clerk of limited culture and a wife but very little his superior. The tale gives a lifelike narrative of their trials and straitnesses at the outset, their honest endeavors to overcome them, their profiting in the stern school of painful experience, the gradual growth of their domestic capacities and virtues, and the accession of the crowning grace of sincere Christian piety. This unambitious plot is naturally developed in such a way as to be eminently suggestive of prudent counsel, high motive, and strenuous endeavor, while the author never assumes the didactic form, but moralizes only by the skilful collocation of actions and their consequences, incidents and their issues.

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21. — *Memoir of Joseph Curtis, a Model Man.* By the Author of "Means and Ends," "The Linwoods," "Hope Leslie," "Live and Let Live," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 200.

JOSEPH CURTIS, never a rich man, and at times very poor, exerted an amount of benevolent activity, and accomplished an amount of good, which left him in the city of New York few equals and no superiors. Unlike too many philanthropists, he suffered his charity to begin at home, and his domestic affections were the laboratory of a more diffusive kindness. He was the most active member of the Manumission Society of New York, and is believed to have been mainly influential in the final abolition of slavery in that State. He was, not by pecuniary donations, (for these were then beyond his power,) but by persevering effort, virtually the founder of the House of Refuge for Juvenile

Offenders, of which he subsequently became the superintendent. At a later period, being engaged in a business in which he had many apprentices, he organized them into a body politic for mutual discipline and improvement under his own paternal supervision, on a plan much resembling in its features and its spirit that which has gained such just celebrity in Price's Candle-Factory. He was for many years engaged in the management of the public-school system of New York, and was unweariedly assiduous in offices of delicate kindness toward teachers and pupils. His life was full of usefulness, and his character won universal reverence and affection. Miss Sedgwick has discharged her duty as a biographer faithfully and lovingly, in a style of literary execution worthy the prestige given to the work by her name and her previous writings.

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22. — *Brandon: or, A Hundred Years Ago.* By Osmond Tiffany. New York: Stanford and Delisser. 1858. 12mo. pp. 289.

This first appearance of Mr. Tiffany in the field of fiction will lead us to watch with no small interest for the second; for the merits of this work are so genuine and great, and its faults so few and superficial, that a very distinguished success is not unlikely to attend his next trial. The heroine of "Brandon" is exquisitely sketched; and though she marries the wrong man, we are told in the Preface that the tradition of precisely such a mis-marriage about a century ago suggested the plot. While the main incidents are thus founded on fact, the novel may not unfitly be termed an historical novel. Eminent Virginians of the day, and leading personages and events in the siege and capture of Quebec, are introduced; Virginian manners and costume are admirably portrayed; and Boston, Newport, and Cambridge, as they then were, are described with great fidelity. In fine, the author has caught the spirit of the times, and the chapter devoted to a Christmas gathering in the "Old Dominion" reads almost like a contemporary chronicle. The sketches of natural scenery also display a high order of graphic talent. The style is characterized by smoothness and euphony. Indeed, it would bear roughening, and gain by the process. The only change that we should want to make would be the striking out, not infrequently, of an epithet which swells the rhythm, but attenuates the thought. For this healthful exercise, however, we should find the chief demand in the earlier part of the volume; when the story begins to glow under the author's hands, his diction becomes more compact and nervous.

23. — *Analytic Grammar of the English Language, for the Use of Schools.* By I. H. NUTTING, A. M., M. D., Principal of Mount Hollis Seminary. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 112.

WE had determined never again to look into an English Grammar; but the modest dimensions of this book tempted us to break our resolution. We rejoice that we have done so. We can speak of Dr. Nutting's Grammar with unqualified praise. We do not know him, nor have we any idea of the *situs* of "Mount Hollis"; but we feel sure that his "A. M." means something. He is a linguist of superior attainments and in a considerable diversity of tongues; for the simplicity of his analysis indicates an author who has risen, through the collation of *languages*, to a comprehensive grasp of *language*. His treatise is the simple application of the essential canons of universal grammar to the English tongue. There is not a definition or a rule that could be dispensed with. Indeed, his rules of syntax are statements of fundamental laws; while the prolix rules of the school-grammars in general are awkward descriptions of observed facts in speech, of the theory of which the writers are wholly ignorant. The mere saving of time by the introduction of this book into the common schools of New England would be great beyond our easy calculation. Then, too, the time spent on grammar now is *all* wasted, — no child learns anything about language from his school-manual; while from this book a child would derive definite ideas and positive knowledge.

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24. — *Book-Keeping, by Single and Double Entry. For Schools and Academies. Adapted to Payson, Dunton, and Scribner's Combined System of Penmanship.* By L. B. HANAFORD, A. M., and J. W. PAYSON, Principals of the "Boston Mercantile Academy." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 4to. pp. 108.

HERE, also, we have a school-book faultlessly excellent. The explanations and rules are concise, explicit, and intelligible, — such, we imagine, as would enlighten not a few experienced book-keepers as to the theory of operations which they have been wont to perform mechanically. The specimen-books present an adequate variety of entries, and the examples for practice are well chosen and arranged. The various kinds of subsidiary books are described and illustrated, and the usual business-forms are very happily explained. We trust that this manual will have extensive circulation; for even among

merchants there is a great deal of loose book-keeping, while the art is one which ought to be understood by every man and woman who holds any pecuniary trust for others, or who stands in any business relation which admits of open accounts or suspended dues on either side.

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25. — *Memoir of the Life of John Quincy Adams.* By JOSIAH QUINCY, LL. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 429.

WE supposed, until it was too late to supply the deficiency, that we had secured a full-length review of this work, which an almost filial love for the author, and profound interest in his subject, made us solicitous to welcome at the earliest moment. The book stands almost alone in literary history, as written by one far advanced towards fourscore years and ten, yet with unabated vivacity and vigor of thought, nay, with enthusiasm unquenched, and with no mark of senility except ripened wisdom. We love to think of his life, — its finished chapters dating far back toward the birth of our republic, and themselves portions of its fairest history, while the literary activity of his old age is adding the fame of successful authorship to the civic crown and the academic wreath. A statesman and legislator whose uprightness and purity maddened antagonists could not but acknowledge, a judge who dared to sweep away immemorial precedent when opposed to the right, a municipal magistrate whose wise forethought generations to come will have reason to bless, an educator of youth who could show them in history no worthier example than his own, and now the biographer of one his peer in firmness and integrity, and with whom, as we cannot help comparing them, he presents contrasts and resemblances equally numerous and impressive, — a monument of generations that have almost disappeared, and still keeping even step with the foremost ranks of the present, and the boldest pioneers of a better future, — he multiplies claims upon our reverence, such as belong to no living citizen of our country.

Mr. Quincy has performed his task in the work before us with eminent skill and with entire impartiality; nay, more, in certain parts of the narrative, with a judicious, but to us wonderful, reserve as to his own dissent and dissiliency from some of Mr. Adams's opinions and measures. Himself an ardent Federalist, and none the less so in his retrospect on the agitating questions of Jefferson's and Madison's administrations than when he was actively engaged in their discussion, he yet does ample justice to Mr. Adams's motives in those transactions by

which he lost for a season the confidence and support of the Federalists in his native State. That party, indeed, had, we imagine, claimed Mr. Adams less on personal than on hereditary grounds. Probably no party ever had his allegiance. Certainly he disappointed and opposed all. His orbit was beyond the calculation of political speculators. His vote or action could never be determined on antecedent grounds. He viewed every question on its own independent merits, and cast his vote, or shaped his policy, as he would had it been referred to his sole decision as an autocrat.

We have no time to enter into the discussion of Mr. Adams's character, to recount his signal and triumphant efforts for the freedom of debate and petition, to recall his noble plea for the liberty of the Amistad negroes, to trace the evidences of a profoundly religious spirit as the source of his civic virtues, or to exhibit the testimonials of a nation's honor and grief when the sudden arrow struck him down on the post of duty. For all this we hope to find the fitting pen in a future number. We will now add only our earnest desire that Mr. Quincy's Memoir may have the national circulation and acceptance it merits, and may perform its designed office in commending the uncorrupt, disinterested patriotism of an earlier generation to what is certainly a more venal age and a less scrupulous public.

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26. — *Liberal Education. An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, July* 22, 1858. By Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1858.

As we listened to this address, the orator seemed to us as one standing on the elevated table-land which commands a near view of the separate summits of the several sciences, and communicating the results of his observation to those below in language as transparent as the atmosphere on those serene heights. The first impression is only deepened by the perusal of what it was our privilege to hear. It required courage in Mr. Hill to appear on such an occasion without a single paragraph or sentence that could be termed eloquent, — with a discourse as bare of ornament as a mathematical treatise; but the experiment was perfectly successful, — severe simplicity enrobed his thoughts with rare beauty, plain sense and sound philosophy transcended the ordinary mark of brilliant rhetoric, and the hearers were held in the same attitude of eager and gratified attention to which an audience is wont to be raised only by the strong effort of ambitious oratory.

The Address has for its aim to determine the order in which the young mind should have the different objects of knowledge and subjects of study presented, in order to the symmetrical development of its powers, and the thorough comprehension of what it professes to know. In "the hierarchy of sciences" the author recognizes five divisions, Theology, Psychology, History (including language, and all that appertains to human development), Natural History (including chemistry and mechanics), and Mathematics. In mathematics we depend on intuitive perception for facts and laws, on observation for their embodiment in space and number; in theology we rest ultimately on the interior consciousness; while natural history bears close kindred to mathematics, and psychology to theology. As the perceptive faculties are first matured, while the reflective powers and the introspective faculties are of later growth, education should follow, in the main, the inverse order of the hierarchy. Religious instruction indeed should not be wanting to the very earliest years, and, as the powers are developed simultaneously, though with different degrees of rapidity, neither of the sciences should be wholly excluded from any stage of education; but the order in which the powers attain maturity should govern the stress to be laid upon each in educational processes. In the course of the discussion, the prime importance of natural history, as a prominent branch of instruction, and its fitting precedence, in the order of time, of the "historical" study of language, is illustrated with equal justice and power. We regret that we have not space to follow out the reasoning of this admirable discourse, which, with this brief sketch, we earnestly recommend to the careful study of our readers.

ERRATA.

Page 327, line 5 from bottom, *for* 30° 30′, *read* 36° 30′.

In Art. II., the reference to an Oxford Professor, as the probable author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," is believed to be erroneous.

Page 494, the sentence commencing at the fifth line should read as follows: — "They form the substratum of the population of historical Greece, on both sides of the Ægean, — 'the dark background of its history.'"

Page 505, line 13, *for* "state," *read* "states."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, August 28, 1856. Second Edition. Albany. 1858. pp. 100.

The Dudley Observatory and the Scientific Council. Statement of the Trustees. Albany. 1858. pp. 173.

Statements and Documents concerning the Recent Action of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, touching the Standard Edition of the English Scriptures, as circulated by that Society. Published by Members of the late Committee of Versions. New York: N. A. Calkins. 1858. pp. 112.

Report of the Committee of the Association of the Alumni of Harvard College, appointed to take into Consideration the State of the College Library, in accordance with a Vote of the Association passed at the Annual Meeting, July 16, 1857. Cambridge. 1858.

Annual Circular of the Medical Department of the University of Louisiana. Session of 1858 – 59. New Orleans. 1858.

Massachusetts School of Agriculture. Boston. 1858.

Reports of the Board of Visitors, Trustees, Treasurer, and Superintendent of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, June Session, 1858. Concord. 1858.

Catalogue of the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio, and Kenyon College, 1857 – 58. Gambier. 1858.

Ninth Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College. Boston. 1858.

Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Provident Association. Boston. 1858.

Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, with the By-laws, List of Officers, Life-Members, etc., etc. Presented May 19, 1858. Boston. 1858.

Fiftieth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, presented May 5, 1858. With an Appendix, containing the Treasurer's Account, the Reports of Auxiliaries, List of Auxiliary Societies, Life-Members, etc. Philadelphia. 1858.

The Thirty-Fourth Annual Report of the American Sunday-School Union; presented at the Annual Meeting, May 4th, 1858. Philadelphia. 1858.

State Normal School, Salem, Mass. Salem. 1858.

The Cloud and the Bow. Devoted to the Benefit of the Friendless, the Tempted, and the Erring. Vol. I. No. 1. Chicago. July 7, 1858. (Newspaper in 4to.)

Peace Better than War. Address delivered before the American Peace Society, at its Thirtieth Anniversary, held in the City of Boston, May 24, 1858. By Hon. Gerritt Smith. Boston. 1858.

An Inquiry into the Right of Visit or Approach, by Ships of War. By James Whitman, Esq., B. A., Barrister at Law, of Nova Scotia. New York: James Miller. 1858.

The Young Men of America, considered in their several responsible Relations, as follows, viz.: 1st. Social, 2d. Moral and Religious, 3d. Business and Professional, 4th. Literary and Scientific. Prize Essay: by Samuel Batchelder, Jr., of Cambridge, Mass. New York: N. A. Calkins. 1858.

The Question of Priesthood and Clergy. Being a Reply to the Review of "Perambulator" in the New Church Herald of July, August, and September, 1857. By "Compaginator." New York. 1858.

Revolutions to be Accomplished. A Discourse delivered in Holliston, Mass., on Sabbath Afternoon, July 4th, 1858, being the Eighty-Second Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. By J. T. Tucker, Minister of the First Parish. Holliston: Edward G. Plimpton. 1858.

A Farewell Discourse delivered at the Thirteenth Congregational Church, on Occasion of resigning his Charge, Sunday, July 4, 1858. By J. I. T. Coolidge. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1858.

The Reasonableness of Eternal Life, a Sermon, first delivered in Portsmouth, N. H., and repeated to the Rockingham Conference of Universalists, at Fremont, N. H., May 19, 1858. By T. H. Miller. Portsmouth. 1858.

Service, the End of Living. Delivered at the Anniversary of the "Boston Young Men's Christian Association," Monday Evening, May 24, 1858, by Andrew L. Stone, Pastor of Park Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

A Chapter of Theological and Religious Experience. Boston: R. F. Wallcut. 1858.

Remarks on Social Prayer-Meetings, by the Rt. Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold, D. D., late Bishop of the Eastern Diocese. With an Introductory Statement, by Rev. George D. Wildes, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

Truths for the Times. No. 4. God is Love. A Supplement to the Author's Discourse on the Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment. With a Brief Notice of Rev. T. S. King's two Discourses in Reply to said Discourse. — No. 5. Our Bible. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Pastor of the Essex Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

The Sons of Usna: a Tragi-Apotheosis, in Five Acts. By T. H. Chivers, M. D. Philadelphia. 1858.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. St. Ronan's Well. — Redgauntlet. — The Betrothed. The Highland Widow. 2 volumes each. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856. From Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. VIII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 757.

The U. S. Naval Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, during the Years 1849 – '50 – '51 – '52. Vol. III. Observations to determine the Solar Parallax. By Lieut. J. M. Gilliss, LL. D., Superintendent. Washington. 1856. 4to. pp. cclxxxviii., 492.

Proceedings at the Dedication of the Building for the Public Library of the City of Boston, January 1, 1858. Boston. 1858. 8vo. pp. 194.

Annual Report of the School Committee of the City of Boston, 1857. Boston. 1858. 8vo. pp. 352.

Addresses of the newly-appointed Professors of Columbia College, with an Introductory Address by William Betts, LL. D. February, 1858. New York. 1858. 8vo. pp. 201.

The Cruise of the Betsey; or, A Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides. With The Rambles of a Geologist; or, Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland. By Hugh Miller, LL. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 524.

Men and Things; or, Short Essays on Various Subjects, including Free Trade. By James L. Baker. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 287.

History of King Richard the Second of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 347.

History of King Richard the Third of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 337.

The Progressive Speaker and Common-School Reader; comprising choice Selections for Reading, Recitation, and Declamation. With Explanatory Notes and Biographical Sketches. Also, The Principles of Correct Utterance simplified in Exercises for the Voice. With Pictorial Illustrations of Gesture and Attitude. By an Eminent Practical Teacher, Author of "Progressive Primer," and several other popular School-Books. Boston: Sanborn, Bazin, & Ellsworth. 1858. 12mo. pp. 518.

Mensuration and Practical Geometry; containing Tables of Weights and Measures, Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, Mensuration of Areas, Lines, Surfaces, and Solids, Lengths of Circular Arcs, Areas of Segments and Zones of a Circle, Board and Timber Measure, Centres of Gravity, &c., &c. To which is appended a Treatise on the Carpenter's Slide-Rule and Gauging. By Charles H. Haswell, Civil and Marine Engineer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 322.

Travels in England, France, Italy, and Ireland. By the Rev. George Foxcroft Haskins, Rector of the House of the Guardian Angel. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1856. 12mo. pp. 292.

Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., the Incumbent. Third Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. 12mo. pp. 324.

Stand up for Jesus! A Christian Ballad; with Notes, Illustrations, and Music, and a few Additional Poems, by the same Author. Philadelphia: T. H. Stockton. 12mo. pp. 48.

A Handy Book on Property Law, in a Series of Letters. By Lord St. Leonards. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 216.

Hadji in Syria; or, Three Years in Jerusalem. By Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson. Philadelphia: James Challen & Sons. 1858. 12mo. pp. 303.

Belle Brittan on a Tour, at Newport, and Here and There. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1858. 12mo. pp. 359.

Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de B——. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 376.

Lord Montagu's Page: an Historical Romance of the Seventeenth Century. By G. P. R. James. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1858. 12mo. pp. 456.

Doctor Thorne. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "The Three Clerks," "Barchester Towers," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 520.

The Age; a Colloquial Satire. By Philip James Bailey, Author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 16mo. pp. 208.

Two Millions. By William Allen Butler, Author of "Nothing to Wear." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 93.

On the Authorized Version of the New Testament in Connection with some recent Proposals for its Revision. By Richard Chenevix Trench. New York: Redfield. 1858. 12mo. pp. 188.

Statement of Christian Faith held by the Channing Congregational Church, Newton, Massachusetts, 1858. Boston. 1858.

Rough Notes on the Errors of Grammar, and the Nature of Language. An Original Work, by J. Wilson, A. M. Canajoharie. 1858. pp. 128.

The Angels told me so. Duett and Chorus. Words by Rev. Sydney Dyer. Music by Horace Waters. Arranged for the Piano Forte by Augustus Cull. New York: Horace Waters. 1858.

The Gospel according to Mark explained. By Joseph Addison Alexander. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. 12mo. pp. 444.

Peter Oliver's "Puritan Commonwealth" Reviewed. By J. Wingate Thornton. Boston. 1857. 8vo. pp. 79.

Visitation and Search; or, An Historical Sketch of the British Claim to exercise a Maritime Police over the Vessels of all Nations, in Peace as well as in War, with an Inquiry into the Expediency of terminating the Eighth Article of the Ashburton Treaty. By William Beach Lawrence, Editor of Wheaton's Elements of International Law. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 218.

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